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THE

HISTORY OF FICTION:

BEING

A CRITICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

PROSE WORKS OF FICTION,

FROM THE EARLIEST GREEK ROMANCES TO THE NOVELS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

By JOHN DUNLOP.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

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TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

When two volumes of the following work were printed, and most part of the third sent to the press, I received the 26th Number of the Quarterly Review, containing a criticism on the first edition *of the History of Fiction. In the present edition, I flatter myself I have greatly improved the book, partly by adding a variety of new articles—partly by a more exact analysis of some rare productions, of which I had formerly been unable to obtain a perusal, and concerning which I was therefore obliged to trust to*

secondary sources. It is not impossible, however, that those who candidly admit that they engage in the charitable "employment of groping about for flaws and blemishes," (Quart. Review, p. 406.) may still discover or make some of their Dulcia Vitia. *I certainly do not yet pretend to have visited "all the ancient and secluded regions of romance," by which, I suppose, is meant every "lumber-house of books" in the country, but have myself taken considerable pains, and (as some possessors of old romances will probably allow) have given considerable trouble to others on the subject. In professing, however, to exhibit an accurate analysis of the chief prose works of fiction, I certainly would not be understood to mean, that the work is so minutely exact, as to contain a muster-roll of all the knights who fought with Lancelot, or a* return *of all the giants who were slain by Amadis or Esplandian, on the* coast *of Ethiopia.*

Although I am by no means desirous to be considered of the number of those who "speken" with irreverence

——— *Of men that romances rede*
Of Keveloke, Horn, and of Wade,

nevertheless, I cannot help remarking an unlucky peculiarity which takes place in the republic of black *letters, and which may be set down as a salutary caution to those who presume to venture into that region. In most other districts of literature,* the possession of a book *is not supposed to confer, like an amulet, any supernatural skill on its owner; nor does a person, for example, who is so lucky as to have a copy of the Æneid, suppose himself qualified, from this sole circumstance, to write a* critique *on epic poetry, or a review of Roman literature. The case is different in the republic to which I have alluded.* There, *if a person chance to light on a few leaves, which were in former times*

Redeemed from tapers and defrauded pies,

he immediately sets up as an adept, and is even by his brethren acknowledged as such, though all the information he has to bestow, is, of how many pages

or lines his fragment consists. It matters not how perfectly unimportant may be this fragment of

The classics of an age that heard of none;

and those who have not learned how many lines, half lines, capital letters, and blank pages it contains, are regarded as no more "entitled to courtesy than the Hermanticor of the Heafrates."

The author of the critique *in the Quarterly Review, after begging leave to shut his eyes on* paganism, *(by which is meant the romances written by the Bishop of Tricca and others, during the reigns of the Christian and orthodox emperors of Constantinople,) proceeds to compare himself and his coadjutors to the "Seven Sleepers of Ephesus,"* (Quart. Review, p. 386.) *And sorry I am to observe, that (unless the critic procured only a fragment of my work) sleeping he must have been, or he could not have made the following observation: "Mr Dunlop has confined himself to the French romances relating to Arthur and Charlemagne; but it would have been*

advisable to include in a History of Fiction, an account of such of the ancient romances, as, though irreducible to either of these classes, are valuable from their intrinsic merit or literary relationship." (*p.* 395.) *Now, so far from confining myself to romances relating to Arthur and Charlemagne, I have devoted nearly half a volume, both in the present and* former edition, *to Amadis and his descendants, and to those romances of which classical or mythological characters are the heroes.*

The same slumber which closed his eyes on this part of the work, has exhibited to the Reviewer a tower in the romance of Merlin, where no tower existed. He has attributed to me an inaccuracy, in stating that the enchanter was enclosed in a bush instead of a tower; but any person who reads the passage, will see that he was in reality enclosed in the bush, but that, by the force of magic, it appeared to him that he was shut up in a strong tower. "*La Damoyselle fist ung cerne autour* du buysson *et entour Merlin, &c., et quant il s' esveilla*

luy fut advis qu' il estoit enclos en la plus forte tour du monde." *This phrase,* luy fût advis, *is the one constantly used in romance, to express the delusions of enchantment. Thus, when Perceforest mistakes the magician Darnant for his wife Idorus, when the sorcerer had assumed her appearance, it is said,* " *Lors dresse l' espée pour luy coupper la tete, et le prent par les cheveulx, et le voulut ferir ;* mais il luy fut advis *qu' il tenoit la plus belle damoiselle que oncques veit par les cheveulx.*" *That Merlin was enclosed in a bush, is also the interpretation of the editors of the* Bibliotheque des Romans, *who, whatever may be their faults in other respects, at least understood French as well as the reviewer, and who, in their account of Merlin, say,* " *Messire Gauvain et autres chevaliers se mirent en marche pour le* (*Merlin*) *chercher en differentes contrées, mais ce fut inutilement, et sa voix seule fut entendue dans la foret de Broceliande, ou Messire Gauvain* le trouvoit enclos, arreté et invisible, a l' ombre d' un bois d' aubepine *par le moyen d' un charme.*" *&c.*

But I have much better authority to produce on this subject, than either my own or that of the authors of the Bibliotheque des Romans. In the romance of Ysaie le Triste, the fairy Glorianda, whose credibility on this point cannot be called in question, depones to the confinement of Merlin in a tree. She and other fairies, protectresses of Ysaie, having informed the hermit, by whom the child of Tristan was brought up, of the demise of his parents, the recluse, who was not aware of the quality of his guests, presumes to ask their authority for these melancholy tidings. " Il n' y a gueres," replies the eldest of their number, " que nous estions en la Grande Bretaigne, en un bois que l' on appelle la forest d' Avaritez ; et environ au meilleu a le plus bel arbre *que oncques vissiez,* dessoubz lequel Merlin est enfermé par l' engin de la Dame du Lac : *nè jamais ne bougera tant que le siecle durera. Or avons accoustume que quand nous allons jouer par la forest voluntiers nous y reposons, et parlons a icelluy Merlin ; et il nous respond : Là*

nous divisons, aucunes fois toute la nuit entiere." (*L'Histoire de Isaie le Triste, c. iii.*) *So much for the belief of the reviewer that Merlin inhabits an aerial garret of the highest tower in the universe!*

Nor need the reviewer "admire the caprice which induced Mr Dunlop to confine himself to little more than a meagre outline of the life of the prophet," (*p.* 394); *for, though one of the most curious romances of the class to which it belongs, "the Book of Merlin exactly corresponds," as the reviewer well remarks, "with the metrical romance so ably analyzed by Mr Ellis," and of course is already known to the English reader in a form more agreeable than I could pretend to exhibit it. A similar* caprice *has induced me to "confine myself to little more than a meagre outline" of the romance of Amadis de Gaul, though "one of the most curious of the class to which it belongs," because it has recently been faithfully and ably translated by Mr Southey.*

The mention of Amadis de Gaul reminds me of another heavy charge—that I have not treated the

romances of chivalry in a manner sufficiently serious, and have even presumed to sneer at the society I have chosen (*p.* 408). *Now certainly I did not think it necessary to contemplate the exploits of chivalry with the gravity of Ysaie le Triste, or the productions in which they are detailed, with the sad and sorrowful solemnity of the Knight of the Woful Countenance. Had I used the privilege recommended to me by the reviewer,*

Nominibus mollire licet mala; fusca vocetur
Nigrior Illyricâ cui pice sanguis erit,

I fear I should be considered as having fallen into the phrensy of him who discovered a beautiful infanta in the coarse skin of Maritornes, and "mistook her hair, which was rough as a horse's mane, for soft flowing threads of curling gold." It is indeed difficult to know how to proceed, since it appears, from the same CRITIQUE, *that* gravity *is equally fatal to romantic topics, and equally to be avoided as levity: We are there informed of the*

melancholy fact, That the "last legend of Wade has missed us, in consequence of the provoking gravity of Speght and Kynaston, who have left untold the wonderful birth of Wade, or Vade, the son of King Vilkinus and the Sea Queen!" (p. 397.) I share all the critic's indignation at this hystorie, which I doubt not would have been right pleasaunt and delectable to rede, having missed us; and promise, on my own part, to assume the proper solemnity, whenever a graduated and accredited scale is published for that purpose.

There is, however, one important charge made in the critique, and on which I shall be as serious as the reviewer chuses. It is said, that in stating the machinery of early romance to be rather of classical than oriental origin, I have concealed that the honour of this discovery is due to Mr Southey; and the charge is so worded as ingeniously to imply that I wished to appropriate the hypothesis to myself (p. 390). Now, in the first place, in introducing this subject I have said, "A fourth hypothesis has been

suggested, which represents the machinery and colouring of fiction, the stories of enchanted gardens, &c. which have been introduced into romance, as derived from classical and mythological authors." (*Hist. of Fic. vol. i. p.* 140, 1*st ed.*—*p.* 167, 2*d ed.*) *In the next place, I have said that Mr Ritson* had *successively ridiculed the Gothic, Arabian, and* classical *systems—an observation which, whether correct or not as to Ritson, shows at least that I had no design of appropriating the credit of the hypothesis to myself. "Mr Ritson," says the Review, "could not well ridicule this classical system, since,* as it happens, *it had not then been promulgated."* (*p.* 390.) *If by not being promulgated, the critic means that it was not inserted in the Acts of Parliament, he is more correct than usual; but nothing can be more erroneous than to suppose that the hypothesis was suggested for the first time in Mr Southey's preface to Amadis de Gaul. The reviewer's head is probably "stuffed too full of Gammer Gurton's Needle," and the Pytefull Kronykil of Appollyn of Tire, to have*

room for publications of more modern literature, or he might have known that Joseph Warton, in his Essay on the Genius of Pope, which was written about 1760, *shows that the romantic stories of the middle ages are in general mere modifications of the classical fables.* "*The writers,*" *says Warton,* "*of the old romances, from whom Ariosto and Spenser have borrowed so largely, are supposed to have had copious imaginations; but may they not be indebted for their invulnerable heroes, their monsters, their enchantments, their gardens of pleasure, their winged steeds, and the like, to the Echidna, to the Circe, to the Medea, to the Achilles, to the Syrens, to the Harpies, to the Phryxus, and the Bellerophon of the ancients?*" *Then, after adducing a variety of other examples, he continues,*"" *Some faint traditions of the ancients might have been kept glimmering and alive during the whole barbarous ages, as they are called; and it is not impossible, but these have been the parents of the Genii in the eastern, and the Fairies in the western world. To say that Amadis*

and Sir Tristan have a classical foundation, may at first sight appear paradoxical; but if the subject were examined to the bottom, I am inclined to think that the wildest chimeras in those books of chivalry, with which Don Quixote's library was furnished, would be found to have a close connection with classical mythology." (*vol. ii. sec.* 8. *p.* 65, *&c.*) It so happens *that the same system has been* promulgated *by various other writers: And Mr Southey surely has too many genuine titles to public esteem and admiration to require or lay claim to such as are fictitious.*

But the reviewer denies that Mr Ritson has ridiculed any of the systems invented to account for the origin of romantic fiction: "*Mr Dunlop is incorrect in saying that Mr Ritson successively ridiculed the Gothic, Arabian, and Classical fictions. Ritson did no such thing,*" (*p.* 390). *I therefore beg leave to extract a few passages from Ritson's Introduction to the Metrical Romances. In speaking of Warton*

and his Arabic system he says, " *This* eloquent *and flowery historian, whose duty it was to ascertain truth from the evidence of facts, and not to indulge his imagination in* reverie *and romance, has not the slightest authority for this visionary system,*" (*p.* 22). *And again,* " *This* poetical historian *is very ready at* a venture *to affirm any thing, however imaginary: he says, that Gormund, king of the Africans, occurs; and to prove how* well *he understood Geoffrey of Monmouth, and how* accurately *this impostour was acquainted with Arabian allusions, this Gormund was a king of the Danes!*" (*p.* 23). *A few pages on, he calls Mister Warton a lyeing coxcomb, and concludes,* " *Warton, misled by that* ignis fatuus *Warburton, and even wishing, it would seem, to* emulate and outdo *that confident and mendacious prelate, has been induced to assert, 'Before these expeditions into the east became fashionable, the principal and leading subjects of the old fables were the exploits of King Arthur; but in the romances written after the Holy War, a new set of champions,*

&c. were introduced into romance.' In all this rhapsody *there is scarcely a single word of truth,"* (*p.* 51 *and* 52). *Percy and his Gothic system are ridiculed in similar terms.*

In their approach to the more modern fictions, the "Seven Sleepers" have not been able to shake off the drowsiness that has hung on their eye-lids during their progress through the romances of chivalry. Thus, in speaking of the heroic romances of Calprenede and Mad. Scuderi,—"It is observed by Mr Dunlop, that much of the heroic romance has been also derived from the ancient Greek romances; but it appears to us *that the Cleopatra and Cassandra arose out of the Amadis," &c.* (*p.* 399.) *Now, from this passage, the reader would suppose that I had denied the influence of romances of chivalry on the heroic romance, or at least that I had written nothing on the subject. I have said, however, in the very commencement of the chapter, which treats of Heroic Romance, "Many of the elements of which the heroic romance is compounded must be sought in*

anterior and more spirited compositions. Thus, we find in the heroic romance, a great deal of ancient chivalrous delineation," (*vol. iii. p.* 179, *in* 1*st edition,—p.* 221 *of* 2*d edition.*) *And in mentioning the Polexandre, which is usually considered as the earliest heroic romance, " This ponderous work may be regarded as a sort of intermediate production between these later compositions and the ancient fables of chivalry. It has, indeed, a closer affinity to the heroic romance, but many of the exploits of the hero are as extravagant as those of a paladin or knight of the Round Table. In the episode of the Peruvian Inca, there is a formidable giant; and, in another part of the work, we are introduced to a dragon, which lays waste a whole kingdom. An infinite number of tournaments are also interspersed through the volumes. In* some *of its features, Polexandre bears a striking resemblance to the Greek romance,"* (*vol. iii. p.* 186, 1*st ed.—p.* 230, 2*d. ed.*) *The origin, however, of the heroic romance has been more fully considered in the present edition.*

While alluding to the improvements in this new edition of my work, I cannot omit expressing my obligations to those by whom my researches have been facilitated. The names of Mr Scott, Mr Douce, and Mr Heber, need only be mentioned, since any eulogy of mine would merely be repeating to a few what is universally known and acknowledged. To Mr Goldsmid, Mr Utterson, and several other individuals, I am also much indebted: and I shall ever regard it as one of the most agreeable circumstances which have attended the publication of the History of Fiction, that it introduced me to the acquaintance of a number of gentlemen, equally distinguished by their talents and by their readiness to oblige.

Even to the Sleepers of Ephesus, *I must express my acknowledgments, for having half opened their eyes on the first edition of so trifling a publication as the History of Fiction: And I beg leave to wish them in return many a comfortable nap (though not quite so long as that of their prototypes,) over the*

quarto bokes emprynted by Wynkin, or the folio pages of the Mirrour of Knighthood and Delectable Legend of Don Belianis.

EDINBURGH, 10*th Feb.* 1816.

INTRODUCTION.

THE art of fictitious narrative appears to have its origin in the same principles of selection by which the fine arts in general are created and perfected. Among the vast variety of trees and shrubs which are presented to his view, a savage finds, in his wanderings, some which peculiarly attract his notice by their beauty and fragrance, and these he at length selects, and plants them round his dwelling. In like manner, among the mixed events of human life, he experiences some which are peculiarly grateful, and of which the narrative at once pleases himself, and excites in the minds of his hearers a kindred emotion. Of this kind are unlooked-for oc-

currences, successful enterprise, or great and unexpected deliverance from signal danger and distress. As he collected round his habitation those objects with which he had been pleased, in order that they might afford him a frequent gratification, so he rests his fancy on those incidents which had formerly awaked the most powerful emotions; and the remembrance of which most strongly excites his tenderness, or pride, or gratitude.

Thus, in process of time, a mass of curious narrative is collected, which is communicated from one individual to another. In almost every occurrence of human life, however, as in almost every scene of nature, something intervenes of a mixed, or indifferent description, tending to weaken the agreeable emotion, which, without it, would be more pure and forcible. For example,—in the process of forming the garden, the savage finds that it is not enough merely to collect a variety of agreeable trees or plants; he discovers that more than this is necessary, and that it is also

essential that he should grub up from around his dwelling the shrubs which are useless or noxious, and which weaken or impair the pure delight which he derives from others. He is careful, accordingly, that the rose should no longer be placed beside the thistle, as in the wild, but that it should flourish in a clear, and sheltered, and romantic situation, where its sweets may be undiminished, and where its form can be contemplated without any attending circumstances of uneasiness or disgust. The collector of agreeable facts finds, in like manner, that the sympathy they excite can be heightened by removing from their detail every thing that is not interesting, or that tends to weaken the principal emotion, which it is his intention to raise. He renders, in this way, the occurrences more unexpected, the enterprises more successful, the deliverance from danger and distress more wonderful. "As the active world," says Lord Bacon, "is inferior to the rational soul, so *Fiction* gives to mankind what history denies,

and, in some measure, satisfies the mind with shadows when it cannot enjoy the substance: For, upon a narrow inspection, *Fiction* strongly shows that a greater variety of things, a more perfect order, a more beautiful variety, than can any where be found in nature, is pleasing to the mind. And as real history gives us not the success of things according to the deserts of vice and virtue, *Fiction* corrects it, and presents us with the fates and fortunes of persons rewarded or punished according to merit. And as real history disgusts us with a familiar and constant similitude of things, *Fiction* relieves us by unexpected turns and changes, and thus not only delights, but inculcates morality and nobleness of soul. It raises the mind by accommodating the images of things to our desires, and not, like history and reason, subjecting the mind to things."[1]

From this view of the subject, it is obvious

[1] De Aug. Scient. lib. II. p. 1.

that the fictions framed by mankind, or the narratives with which they are delighted, will vary with their feelings, and with the state of society. Since Fiction may be regarded as select and highly coloured history, those adventures would naturally form the basis of it which had already come to pass, or which were most likely to occur. Accordingly, in a warlike age, it would be peculiarly employed in tales of enterprise and chivalry, and, in times of gallantry, in the detail of love adventures.

The History of Fiction, therefore, becomes, in a considerable degree, interesting to the philosopher, and occupies an important place in the history of the progress of society. By contemplating the fables of a people, we have a successive delineation of their prevalent modes of thinking, a picture of their feelings and tastes and habits. In this respect prose fiction appears to possess advantages considerably superior either to history or poetry. In history there is too little individu-

ality; in poetry too much effort, to permit the poet and historian to pourtray the manners living as they rise. History treats of man, as it were, in the mass, and the individuals whom it paints are regarded merely, or principally, in a public light, without taking into consideration their private feelings, tastes, or habits. Poetry is in general capable of too little detail, while its paintings, at the same time, are usually too much forced and exaggerated. But in Fiction we can discriminate without impropriety, and enter into detail without meanness. Hence it has been remarked, that it is chiefly in the fictions of an age that we can discover the modes of living, dress, and manners of the period. "Finally," says Borromeo, (in the preface to the Notizia de Novellieri Italiani,) "we should remark the light that novels spread on the history of the times. He who doubts of this may read the Eulogium of Bandello, and he will be satisfied that his *Novelliero* may be regarded as a magic mirror, which distinctly reflects the

customs and manners of the sixteenth century, an age fertile in great events; and it also acquaints us with many literary and political anecdotes, which the historians of the revolutions of our states have not transmitted to posterity. I, myself, can affirm that in these tales I have found recorded authentic anecdotes of the private lives of sovereigns, which would in vain be sought for in ordinary histories."

But even if the utility which is derived from Fiction were less than it is, how much are we indebted to it for pleasure and enjoyment! It sweetens solitude and charms sorrow—it occupies the attention of the vacant, and unbends the mind of the philosopher. Like the enchanter, Fiction shows us, as it were in a mirror, the most agreeable objects; recalls from a distance the forms which are dear to us, and soothes our own griefs by awakening our sympathy for others. By its means the recluse is placed in the midst of society; and he who is harassed and agitated in the city is

transported to rural tranquillity and repose. The rude are refined by an introduction, as it were, to the higher orders of mankind, and even the dissipated and selfish are, in some degree, corrected by those paintings of virtue and simple nature, which must ever be employed by the novelist, if he wish to awaken emotion or delight.

And such seems now to be the common idea which is entertained of the value of Fiction. Accordingly, this powerful instrument of virtue and happiness, after having been long despised, on account of the purposes to which it had been made subservient, has gradually become more justly appreciated, and more highly valued. Works of Fiction have been produced, abounding at once with the most interesting details, and the most sagacious reflections, and which differ from treatises of abstract philosophy only by the greater justness of their views, and the higher interest which they excite. And it may be presumed, that a path, at once so useful and delightful,

will continue to be trod: It may be presumed, that virtue and vice, the conduct of human life, what we are expected to feel, and what we are called on to do and to suffer, will long be taught by example, a method which seems better fitted to improve the mind than abstract propositions and dry discussions.

Entertaining such views of the nature and utility of fiction, and indebted to its charms for some solace and enjoyment, I have employed a few hours of relaxation in drawing up the following notices of its gradual progress. No works are perhaps more useful or agreeable, than those which delineate the advance of the human mind—the history of what different individuals have effected in the course of ages, for the instruction, or even the innocent amusement, of their species. Such a delineation is attended with innumerable advantages: It furnishes a collection of interesting facts concerning the philosophy of mind, which we thus study not in an abstract and introspective method, but in a manner certain and

experimental. It retrieves from oblivion a number of individuals, whose now obsolete works are perhaps in detail unworthy of public attention, but which promoted and diffused, in their own day, light and pleasure, and form as it were landmarks which testify the course and progress of genius. By contemplating also not only what has been done, but the mode in which it has been achieved, a method may perhaps be discovered of proceeding still farther, of avoiding the errors into which our predecessors have fallen, and of following the paths in which they have met success. Retrospective works of this nature, therefore, combine utility, justice, and pleasure; and accordingly, in different branches of philosophy and literature, various histories of their progress and fortunes have appeared.

I have attempted in the following work to afford such a delineation as is now alluded to, of the origin and progress of fiction, of the various forms which it has successively assumed, and the different authors by whom the

prose works in this department of literature have been most successfully cultivated and promoted. I say *prose* works, since such alone are the proper objects of this undertaking. It was objected to a former edition, that I had commenced the History of Fiction only in the decline of literature, and had neglected the most sublime and lofty efforts of mythology and poetry. But it never was my intention to consider fiction as connected with these topics, (an enquiry which, if properly conducted, would form a work of greater extent than the whole of the present volumes, and which well deserves a peculiar treatise,) but merely to consider the different fictions in prose, which have been given to the world under the name of romance or novel. That I have begun late, arises from the circumstance, that the works of which I have undertaken a description were late in making their appearance; and I am the more strongly induced to direct my enquiries to this subject, as I am not aware that any writer has hitherto pre-

sented a full and continued view of it, though detached parts have been separately treated with much learning and ingenuity.

Huet, who was the first that investigated this matter, has given us a treatise, formally entitled *De Origine Fabularum*. That part of his essay which relates to the Greek romances, though very succinct, is sufficiently clear, and stored with sound criticism. But having brought down the account of fiction to the later Greeks, and just entered on those composed by the western nations, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, "he puts the change on his readers," as Warburton has remarked, (Notes to Love's Labour's Lost,) "and instead of giving us an account of the Tales of Chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject of which he promised to treat, he contents himself with an account of the poems of the Provençal writers, called likewise romances; and so, under the equivoque of a common term, he drops his proper subject,

and entertains us with another which had no relation to it except in the name."

Subsequent to the publication of this treatise by Huet, several works were projected in France, with the design of exhibiting a general view of fictitious composition. The first was the *Bibliotheque des Romans,* by the Abbé Lenglet Dufresnoy, in two volumes, published in 1735, under the name of Gordon de Percel. It is a mere catalogue, however, and wants accuracy, the only quality which can render a catalogue valuable.

In 1775, a work, also entitled *Bibliotheque des Romans,* was commenced on a much more extensive plan, and was intended to comprise an analysis of the chief works of fiction from the earliest times. The design was conceived and traced by the Marquis de Paulmy, whose extensive library supplied the contributors with the materials from which their abstracts were drawn. The conductor was M. de Bastide, one of the feeble imitators of the younger Crebillon. He supplied, however, few ar-

ticles, but enjoyed as co-operators, the Chevalier de Mayer, and M. de Cardonne; as also the Comte de Tressan, whose contributions have been likewise published in the collection of his own works, under the title *Corps d' Extraits.*

In the Bibliotheque des Romans, prose works of fiction are divided into classes, and a summary of one romance from each order is exhibited in turn. This compilation was published periodically till the year 1787, and four volumes were annually given to the world.

Next to the enormous length, and the frequent selection of worthless materials, the principal objection to the work is the arrangement adopted by the editors. Thus, a romance of chivalry intervenes between two Greek romances, or is presented alternately with a French heroic romance, or modern novel. Hence the reader is not furnished with a view of the progress of Fiction in continuity; he cannot trace the imitations of

successive fablers, nor the way in which fiction has been modified by the manners of an age. There is besides little or no criticism of the novels or romances which are analyzed, and the whole work seems to have been written under the eye of the sultan who said he would cut off the head of the first man who made a reflection. But even the utility of the abstracts, which should have been the principal object of the work, is in a great measure lost, as it appears to have been the intention of the editors rather to present an entertaining story, somewhat resembling that of the original, than a faithful analysis. Characters and sentiments are thus exhibited, incongruous with ancient romance, and abhorrent from the opinions of the era whose manners it reflects. It is only as presenting a true and lively picture of the age, that romance has claims on the attention of the antiquarian or philosopher; and if its genuine remains be adulterated with a mixture of sentiments and manners of modern growth, the composition

is heterogeneous and uninstructive. (Rose's Amadis de Gaul.)

Abstracts of romances omitted in the *Bibliotheque des Romans* have been published in *Melanges tirées d' une Grande Bibliotheque,* which is a selection from the scarce manuscripts and publications contained in the library of the Marquis de Paulmy. The work has also been continued in the *Nouvelle Bibliotheque des Romans,* which comprises abridgments of the most recent productions of the French, English, and German novelists.

In this country there has been no attempt towards a general History of Fiction. Dr Percy, Warton, and others, have written, as is well known, with much learning and ingenuity, on that branch of the subject which relates to the origin of *Romantic* Fiction—the marvellous decorations of chivalry. This enquiry, however, comprehends but a small part of the subject, and even here research has oftner been directed to the establishment of a theory, than to the investigation of truth.

In the following work I shall try to present a faithful analysis of those early and scarce productions which form, as it were, the landmarks of Fiction. Select passages will occasionally be added, and I shall endeavour by criticisms to give such a sketch as may enable the reader to form some idea of the nature and merit of the works themselves, and of the transmission of fable from one age and country to another.

ERRATA.

Vol. I.

P. 128, l. 16, *for* auriæ, *read* aureæ.

Vol. II.

P. 7, l. 7, *for* Diano, *r.* Diana.
— 244, l. 9, *for* translated, *r.* written.
— 245, l. 7, *for* rogues, *r.* rings.
— 271, l. 3, *for* Angelor, *r.* Angelo.
— 287, l. 7, *for* Lysander, *r.* Lysimachus.
— 322, l. 19, *for* 3, *r.* 4.

Vol. III.

P. 62, l. 5, *for* goose, *r.* pig.
— 176, l. 10, *for* to remain, *r.* to bear his misfortunes.
— 425, l. 16, *for* female, *r.* feeble.

HISTORY OF FICTION, &c.

HISTORY OF FICTION, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Origin of fictitious Narrative.—Earliest Writers of Greek Romance.—Heliodorus.—Achilles Tatius.—Longus.—Chariton.—Joannes Damascenus.—Eustathius.—Remarks on this Species of Composition.

The nature and utility of fiction having been pointed out, and the design of the work explained in the introductory remarks, it now remains to prosecute what forms the proper object of this undertaking,—the origin and progress of prose works of fiction, with the analysis and criticism of the most celebrated which have been successively presented to the world.

We have already seen that fiction has in all ages formed the delight of the rudest and the most po-

lished nations. It was late, however, and after the decline of its nobler literature, that fictions in prose came to be cultivated as a species of composition in Greece. In early times, the mere art of writing was too difficult and dignified to be employed in prose, and even the laws of the principal legislators were then promulgated in verse. In the better ages of Greece, all who felt the *mens divinior*, and of whose studies the embellishments of fiction were the objects, naturally wrote in verse, and men of genius would have disdained to occupy themselves with a simple domestic tale in prose. This mode of composition was reserved for a later period, when the ranks of poetry had been filled with great names, and the very abundance of great models had produced satiety. Poetical productions too, in order to be relished, require to be read with a spark of the same feeling in which they are composed, and in a luxurious age, and among a luxurious people, demand even too much effort in the reader, or hearer, to be generally popular. To such, a simple narrative, a history of ludicrous or strange adventures, forms the favourite amusement; and we thus find that listening to the recital of tales has at all times been the peculiar entertainment of the indolent and voluptuous nations of the East. A taste,

accordingly, for this species of narrative, or composition, seems to have been most early and most generally prevalent in Persia and other Asiatic regions, where the nature of the climate and effeminacy of the inhabitants conspired to promote its cultivation.

The people of Asia Minor, who possessed the fairest portion of the globe, were addicted to every species of luxury and magnificence; and having fallen under the dominion of the Persians, imbibed with the utmost avidity the amusing fables of their conquerors. The Milesians, who were a colony of Greeks, and spoke the Ionic dialect, excelled all the neighbouring nations in ingenuity, and first caught from the Persians this rage for fiction: but the tales they invented, and of which the name has become so celebrated, have all perished. There is little known of them, except that they were not of a very moral tendency, and were principally written by a person of the name of Aristides, whose tales were translated into Latin by Sisenna, the Roman historian, about the time of the civil wars of Marius and Sylla. Huet, Vossius,[1] and the other writers by whom the stories of Aristides have been mentioned, concur in

[1] De Historicis Græcis—*Aristides.*

representing them as short amatory narratives in prose; yet it would appear from two lines in Ovid's Tristia, that some of them, at least, had been written in verse:—

> Junxit Aristides Milesia carmina secum—
> Pulsus Aristides nec tamen urbe sua est.

But though the Milesian tales have perished, of their nature some idea may be formed from the stories of Parthenius Nicenus,[1] many of which, there is reason to believe, are extracted from these ancient fables, or at least are written in the same spirit. The tales of Nicenus are about forty in number, but appear to be mere sketches. They chiefly consist of accounts of every species of seduction, and the criminal passions of the nearest relations. The principal characters generally come to a deplorable end, though seldom proportioned to what they merited by their vices. Nicenus seems to have grafted the Milesian tales on the mythological fables of Apollodorus and similar writers, and also to have borrowed from early historians and poets, whose productions have not descended to us. His work is inscribed to the Latin poet Cornelius Gallus, the contemporary

[1] Παρθενίου Νικαέως περὶ ἐρωτικῶν παθημάτων.

and friend of Virgil.[1] Indeed the author says that it was composed for his use, to furnish him with materials for elegies and other poems.

The inhabitants of Asia Minor, and especially the Milesians, had a considerable intercourse with the Greeks of Attica and Peloponnesus, whose genius also naturally disposed them to fiction: they were delighted with the tales of the eastern nations, and pleasure produced imitation.

Previous, however, to the age of Alexander the Great, little seems to have been attempted in this style of composition by the European Greeks; but the more frequent intercourse which his conquests introduced between the Greek and Asiatic nations, opened at once all the sources of fiction. Clearchus, who was a disciple of Aristotle, and who wrote a history of fictitious love adventures, seems to have been the first author who gained any celebrity by this species of composition. Of the romances, however, which were written previous to the appearance of the Theagenes and Chariclea of Heliodorus, I am compelled to give a very meagre account, as the works themselves have perished, and our knowledge of them is

[1] Eclog. 10.

chiefly derived from the summary which is contained in the Bibliotheca of Photius.

Some years after the composition of the fictitious history of Clearchus, Antonius Diogenes wrote a more perfect romance than had hitherto appeared, founded on the wandering adventures and loves of Dinias and Dercyllis, entitled, "Of the incredible Things in Thule."[1] That island, of which the position is one of the most doubtful points in ancient geography, was not, according to Diogenes, the most distant of the globe, as he talks of several beyond it: Thule is but a single station for his adventurers, and many of the most incredible things are beheld in other quarters of the world. The idea of the work of Diogenes is said to have been taken from the Odyssey, and in fact many of the incidents seem to have been borrowed from that poem. Indeed the author mentions a number of writers prior to himself, particularly Antiphanes, from whom he had collected these wonderful relations. Aulus Gellius informs us, that coming on one occasion from Greece to Italy, he landed at Brundusium, in Calabria, where he purchased a collection of fabulous histories,

[1] Αντωνιος Διογενης τα υπερ Θουλην απιστα λογοι.

under the names of Aristeus, Ctesias, and Onesicritus, which were full of stories concerning nations which saw during night, but were blind during day, and various other fictions, which, we shall find, were inserted in the "Incredible Things in Thule." The work of Diogenes is praised by Photius for its purity of style, and the delightful variety of its adventures: yet, to judge from that author's abridgment, it seems to have contained a series of the most improbable incidents. But though filled with the most trifling and incredible narrations, it is deserving of attention, as it seems to have been a repository from which Achilles Tatius and succeeding fablers derived the materials of less defective romances.

Dinias flying from Arcadia, his native country, arrives at the mouth of the river Tanais. Urged by the intensity of the cold, he proceeds towards the east, and, having made a circuit round the globe, he at length reaches Thule. Here he forms an acquaintance with Dercyllis, the heroine of the romance, who had been driven from Tyre along with her brother Mantinia, by the intrigues of Paapis, an Egyptian priest. She relates to Dinias how she had wandered through Rhodes and Crete, and also among the Cimmerians, where she had a view of the infernal regions, through favour of her

deceased servant Myrto ;—how, being separated from her brother, she arrived with a person of the name of Ceryllus at the tomb of the Syrens, and afterwards at a city in Spain, where the people saw during the night, a privilege which was neutralized by total blindness during day.—Dercyllis farther relates how she travelled among the Celts, and a nation of Amazons ; and that in Sicily she again met with her brother Mantinia, who related to her adventures still more extraordinary than her own ; having seen all the sights in the sun, moon, and most remote islands of the globe. Dercyllis, after many other vicissitudes, arrives in Thule, whither she is followed by her old enemy Paapis, who, by his magic art, makes her die every night and come alive again in the morning ;—an easy kind of punishment, being equivalent to a refreshing nap. The secret of these incantations, which chiefly consisted in spitting in the victim's face, is detected by Azulis, who had accompanied Dinias into Thule, and the spells of the powerful magician being through his means broken, Dercyllis and Mantinia return to their native country. After the departure of his friends, Dinias wanders beyond Thule, and advances towards the Pole. In these regions he says the darkness continued sometimes a month, sometimes six months, but

at certain places for a whole year; and the length of the day was proportioned to that of the night. At last, awakening one morning, he finds himself at Tyre, where he meets with his old friends Mantinia and Dercyllis, with whom he passes the remainder of his life.

Besides the principal subject of the romance, of which an abstract has been given by Photius, Porphyrius, in his Life of Pythagoras, has preserved a long and fabulous account of that mysterious philosopher, which, he tells us, formed an episode of the Incredible Things in Thule, and was related to Dercyllis by Aristæus, one of the companions of her flight from Tyre, and an eminent disciple of Pythagoras. Mnesarchus one day found, under a large poplar, an infant, who lay gazing undazzled on the sun, holding a reed in his mouth, and sipping the dew which dropped on him from the poplar. This child was carried home by Mnesarchus, who bestowed on him the name of Aristæus, and brought him up with his youngest son Pythagoras. At length Aristæus became one of the scholars of that philosopher, along with Zamolxis, the legislator of the Getæ, after he had undergone an *inspectio corporis*, to which the Samian sage invariably subjected his disciples, as he judged of the mental faculties by the external

form. Aristæus was thus enabled to give an account of the travels of his master, and the mystical learning he acquired among the Egyptians and Babylonians; of the tranquil life which he passed in Italy, and the mode in which he healed diseases by incantations and magic poems; for he knew verses of such power that they produced oblivion of pain, soothed sorrow, and repressed all inordinate appetites.

The romance of the "Incredible Things in Thule" consisted of twenty-four books, in which Dinias was represented as relating his own adventures, and those he had heard from Dercyllis, to Cymba, who had been sent to Tyre by the Arcadians to prevail on him to return to his native country. The account of these adventures is, at the beginning of the romance, described as having been engraved on cypress tablets by one of Cymba's attendants; at the request of Dinias they were placed in his tomb after his death, and are feigned to have been discovered by Alexander the Great during the siege of Tyre.[1]

After the composition of the Dinias and Dercyllis of Diogenes, a considerable period seems

[1] Photius Bibliotheca Cod. 166, p. 355, ed. 1653. Rothomagi.

to have elapsed without the production of any fictitious narrative deserving the appellation of a romance.

Lucius Patrensis and Lucian, who were nearly contemporary, lived during the reign of the emperor Marcus Aurelius: Lucius collected accounts of magical transformations; Photius remarks, that his style is delightful by its perspicuity, purity, and sweetness,[1] but as his work comprehends a relation of incidents professedly incredible, without any attempt on the part of the author to give them the appearance of reality, it cannot perhaps be properly admitted into the number of romances.

A considerable portion of the Metamorphoses of Lucius were transferred by Lucian into his Ass, to which he also gave the name of Lucius; a work which may perhaps be again mentioned when we come to speak of the Golden Ass of Apuleius, a longer and more celebrated production of the same species.

About the time these authors lived, Jamblichus wrote his Babylonica.[2] The romance itself has been lost, but the epitome given by Photius shows

[1] Ἔστιν δὲ τὴν φράσιν σαφὴς τε καὶ καθαρὸς καὶ φίλος γλυκύτητος. —Photius. Bib.

[2] Ιαμβλιχου Αραμαϊκων, λθ. App. No. I.

that little improvement had been made in this species of composition, during the period which had elapsed since the production of the Dinias and Dercyllis of Diogenes.

Garmus, king of Babylon, having fallen in love with Sinonis, but not being agreeable to the object of his affections, the lady escapes from his power along with her lover Rhodanes. The probability of this event having been anticipated, Damas and Saca, two eunuchs who had been appointed to watch them, (after having their nose and ears cut off, for their negligence in allowing their flight,) are sent out by the king to re-commit them. The romance principally consists of the adventures of the fugitives, and their hair-breadth escapes from these royal messengers. We are told that the lovers first sought refuge with certain shepherds in a meadow, but a demon, or spectre, which haunted that quarter in the shape of a goat, (τραγε τι φασμα,) having become enamoured of Sinonis, she is compelled to leave this shelter, in order to avoid his fantastic addresses. It is then related how Sinonis and Rhodanes conceal themselves in a cavern, in which they are beleaguered by Damas; but the eunuch and his forces are routed by a swarm of poisonous bees. By this intervention the lovers escape from the cave, but having par-

taken of the honey of their deliverers, which was of a noxious quality, they faint on the way, and during this swoon are passed as dead by the troops of Damas. Having at length recovered, they proceed in their flight, and take up their abode with a man who poisons his brother, and afterwards accuses them of the murder; a charge from which they are freed by the accuser laying violent hands on himself. With singular luck in meeting good company, they next quarter themselves with a robber. During their stay his habitation is burned by the troops of Damas, but the lovers escape from the eunuch, by alleging that they are the spectres of those whom the robber had murdered in his house. Further prosecuting their flight they meet with the funeral of a young girl, who is discovered, when on the point of interment, to be yet alive. The sepulchre being left vacant, Sinonis and Rhodanes sleep in it during that night, and are again passed as corpses by their Babylonian pursuers; but Sinonis having made free with the dead clothes, is taken up while attempting to dispose of them, by Soræchus, the magistrate of the district, who announces his intention of forwarding his prisoner to Babylon. In one of the respectable dwellings which they had visited in their flight, our lovers had enjoyed an opportunity of providing

themselves with poison, for an emergency of this description. Their design, however, being suspected by their guards, a soporific draught is substituted, of which our hero and heroine partake, and awaken, to their great surprise, from the trance into which it had thrown them, when in the vicinity of Babylon. Sinonis in despair stabs herself, but not mortally; and the compassion of Soræchus being now excited, he consents to the escape of his captives, who experience a new series of adventures, rivalling in probability those which have been related. They first come to a temple of Venus, situated in an island of the Euphrates, where the wound of Sinonis is cured. Thence they seek refuge with a cottager, whose daughter being employed to dispose of some trinkets belonging to Sinonis, is mistaken for our heroine, and Garmus is forthwith apprized that she had been seen in the neighbourhood. The cottage girl, who had remarked the suspicions of the purchasers, flies with all possible dispatch. On her way home she enters a house, where she witnesses the horrible spectacle of a lover laying violent hands on himself, after murdering his mistress; and, sprinkled with the blood of these unfortunate victims, she returns to her paternal mansion. Sinonis, perceiving from the report of this girl, that she could

no longer remain with safety in her present habitation, prepares for departure. Rhodanes, before setting out with his mistress, salutes the peasant girl; but Sinonis perceiving blood on his lips, and being aware whence it had come, is seized with transports of ungovernable jealousy; she is with difficulty prevented from stabbing her imaginary rival, and flies to the house of Setapo, a wealthy but profligate Babylonian. Setapo immediately pays his addresses; Sinonis feigns to yield to his solicitations, but contrives to intoxicate him in the course of the evening, and murders him during night. Having escaped at daybreak, she is pursued by the slaves of Setapo, and committed to custody, in order to answer for the crime. By this time, however, the false intelligence that Sinonis was discovered, had reached the king of Babylon, who signalizes the joyful news by a general jail delivery throughout his dominions, in the benefit of which the real Sinonis is of course included. While our heroine was experiencing such vicissitudes of fortune, the dog of Rhodanes (for he too has his adventures) scents out the place, where, it will be recollected, a lover had murdered his mistress. The father of Sinonis arrives at this spot while the animal is employed in devouring the remains of this unfor-

tunate woman, and mistaking the dead body for that of his daughter, he gives it interment, and erects over it a monument, with the inscription, "Here lies the beautiful Sinonis."—Rhodanes visiting this place a short while afterwards, and perceiving the inscription, adds to it, "and also the beautiful Rhodanes," (Καὶ Ροδάνης ὁ Καλός,) but is prevented from accomplishing his intention of stabbing himself by the approach of the peasant girl, who had been the cause of the jealousy of Sinonis, and who informs him that it was another than his mistress who had perished there. At this time the unfortunate detention and threatened punishment of Soræchus, by whom the lovers had originally been allowed to escape, enables the Babylonian officers to trace the flight of Rhodanes. He is in consequence delivered up to Garmus, and is speedily nailed to the cross by that monarch. While he is in this crisis, and while Garmus is dancing and carousing round the place of execution, a messenger arrives with intelligence that Sinonis is about to be espoused by the king of Syria, into whose dominions she had ultimately escaped. Rhodanes is taken down from the cross, and appointed general of a Babylonish army, which is sent against that monarch. This is a striking but deceitful change of fortune, as the inferior officers are ordered by Garmus to kill Rhodanes,

should he obtain the victory, and to bring Sinonis alive to Babylon. The king of Syria is totally defeated, and Rhodanes recovers Sinonis; but instead of being slain by the officers of his army, he is chosen king of the Babylonians. All this indeed had been clearly foreshown by the portent of the swallow, which was seen by Garmus, pursued by an eagle and a kite, and after escaping the talons of the former, became the victim of an enemy apparently less formidable![1]

The romance, of which the above account has been given, is divided into sixteen books. If we may judge of the original from the epitome, transmitted by Photius, the ground-work of the story was well conceived, since the close and eager pursuit by the eunuchs gives rise to narrow escapes, which might have been rendered interesting. But the particular adventures are unnatural and monotonous. The hero and heroine generally evade the search of their pursuers by passing as defuncts, or spirits, which produces a disagreeable sameness in a subject which admitted of much variety. There is, besides, an unpleasant ferocity in the character of Sinonis, and too many of the scenes are laid among tombs and caverns, and the haunts

[1] Photii Bibliotheca, cod. 94, p. 235.

of murderers. Indeed most of the incidents, though often abundantly ludicrous, are of a dark and gloomy cast; a character which by no means appertains to the adventures in the subsequent romances of Heliodorus, Chariton, or Tatius.

Besides these faults in the principal story, the episodes of Berenice, queen of Egypt, and of the Temple of Venus, situated on an island formed by the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris, seem to have been extremely tedious and ill placed. Part of the last episode, however, is curious, as presenting us with a discussion resembling the *Tensons*, or pleas for the courts of love, in the middle ages. Mesopotamia, the youngest daughter of the priestess of Venus, had three lovers, on one of whom she bestowed a goblet from which she usually drank; on the head of the second she placed a chaplet of flowers which had encircled her brow, while the third received a kiss. The lovers contend which had obtained the most distinguished mark of favour, and plead their cause in presence of Borochus, a distinguished amatory judge, who decides in favour of the kiss.

Jamblichus has been censured by Huet,[1] for the awkward introduction of his episodes, and the

[1] De Orig. Fab.

inartificial *disposition* of the whole work. He seems, according to that author, to have entertained a complete contempt for the advice of Horace, with regard to hurrying his readers into the middle of the action;—he never departs from the order of time, and trudges on according to the era of dates, with all the exactness of a chronologer.

About two centuries elapsed from the death of Jamblichus, till the composition of the Theagenes and Chariclea of Heliodorus,[1] Bishop of Tricca, an author who in every particular, but especially in the arrangement of his fable, far excelled his predecessors.

There are three points chiefly to be considered in a novel or romance, the *Subject*, the *Disposition*, and the *Ornaments*; a classification which may be regarded as comprehending the means of estimating the most material beauties and defects of any fictitious narrative.

In adopting these principles of criticism, I do not mean to affirm that a good work can be written by rule, or that a romance is excellent merely in proportion to its conformity to certain critical precepts. Nothing, for instance, can be more irregular than Tristram Shandy, and nothing can

[1] See Appendix, No. 2.

be more regular than some of the novels of Cumberland; yet no one prefers the novels of Cumberland to the work of Sterne. A man of genius will produce an interesting composition in defiance of the laws of criticism, while one without talent will compose a work by rule, as a stone-cutter may hew out a statue according to the most approved proportions, which will be totally lifeless and insignificant. But though the province of criticism is not to confine genius to one narrow and trodden path, it does not follow that critical rules are to be altogether disregarded. The work of the man of genius would have been still better had he not wantonly transgressed them, and even the labour produced by the person of inferior talents, would have been worse had he not rigidly adhered to them. In estimating all the productions of the fine arts, we are obliged to analyze them, and to describe them by their grosser parts, as the etherial portion, or that which pervades the heart and feelings, cannot be represented. We judge of the paintings of Raphael, and criticise them under the heads of design and invention and colouring; but we can no more express the emotions they produce, than we can paint the odours of the rose, though we delineate its form and portray its colours.

The story, or subject, of Theagenes and Chariclea,[1] does not possess any peculiar excellence, as will appear from the following summary.

The action of the romance is supposed to take place previous to the age of Alexander the Great, while Egypt was tributary to the Persian monarchs. During that period a queen of Ethiopia, called Persina, having viewed at an amorous crisis a statue of Andromeda, gives birth to a daughter of fair complexion. Fearing that her husband might not think the cause proportioned to the effect, she commits the infant in charge to Sisimithres, an Ethiopian senator, and deposits in his hands a ring and some writings, explaining the circumstances of her birth. The child is named Chariclea, and remains for seven years with her reputed father. At the end of this period he becomes doubtful of her power to preserve her chastity any longer in her native country. He therefore determines to carry her along with him, on an embassy to which he had been appointed to Oroondates, satrap of Egypt. In that land he accidentally meets Charicles, priest of Delphos, who was travelling on account of domestic afflictions, and to him he transfers the care of Chariclea.

[1] Ἡλιοδώρου Αἰθιοπικῶν βιβλία δέκα.

Charicles brings her to Delphos, and destines her for the wife of his nephew Alcamenus. In order to reconcile her mind to this alliance, he delivers her over to Calasiris, an Egyptian priest, who at that period resided at Delphos, and undertook to prepossess her in favour of the young man. About the same time, Theagenes, a Thessalian, and descendant of Achilles, comes to Delphos, for the performance of some sacred rite: Theagenes and Chariclea having seen each other in the temple, become mutually enamoured. The contrivance of this incident seems to be borrowed from the Hero and Leander of Musæus, where the lovers meet in the fane of Venus at Sestos. Places of worship, however, were in those days the usual scene of the first interview of lovers, as women were at other times much confined and almost inaccessible to admirers. There too, even in a later period, the most romantic attachments were formed. It was in the chapel of St Clair, at Avignon, that Petrarch first beheld Laura; and Boccaccio became enchanted with Mary of Arragon in the church of the Cordeliers, at Naples.

Calasiris, who had been engaged to influence the mind of Chariclea in favour of her intended husband, is warned in a vision by Apollo that he should return to his own country, and take

Theagenes and Chariclea along with him. Henceforth his whole attention is directed to deceive Charicles, and effect his escape from Delphos. Having met with some Phœnician merchants, and having informed the lovers of his intention, he sets sail along with them for Sicily, to which country the Phœnician vessel was bound; but soon after, passing Zacynthus, the ship is attacked by pirates, who carry Calasiris and those under his protection to the coast of Egypt. On the banks of the Nile, Trachinus, the captain of the pirates, prepares a feast to solemnize his nuptials with Chariclea, but Calasiris, with considerable ingenuity, having persuaded Pelorus, the second in command, that Chariclea is enamoured of him, a contest naturally arises between him and Trachinus during the feast, and the other pirates, espousing different sides of the quarrel, are all slain except Pelorus, who is attacked and put to flight by Theagenes. The stratagem of Calasiris, however, is of little avail, except to himself: for immediately after the contest, while Calasiris is sitting on a hill at some distance, Theagenes and Chariclea are seized by a band of Egyptian robbers, who conduct them to an establishment formed on an island in a remote lake. Thyamis, the

captain of the banditti, becomes enamoured of Chariclea, and declares an intention of espousing her. Chariclea pretends that she is the sister of Theagenes, in order that the jealousy of the robber may not be excited, and the safety of her lover endangered. This deception is practised in other parts of the romance, particularly when Arsace becomes enamoured of Theagenes at Memphis. The incident has been also adopted in many of the subsequent Greek romances, particularly in Ismene and Ismenias, who declare themselves to be brother and sister when they meet in a servile condition in the house of Sostratus. This notion was perhaps suggested to the author of Theagenes and Chariclea, by some passages in the Old Testament.—Heliodorus was a bishop, and though he did not arrive at that dignity till after the composition of his romance, he must have found, in the course of his studies, that Sarah and Abram passed, and for similar reasons, for brother and sister while in Egypt, and that Isaac and Rebecca imposed on the people of Gerar under pretence of the same relationship; stratagems which have been much applauded by St Chrysostom, St Ambrose, and other fathers of the church.

Chariclea, however, is not long compelled to

assume the character of the sister of Theagenes. The colony is speedily destroyed by the forces of the satrap of Egypt, who was excited to this act of authority by a complaint from Nausicles, a Greek merchant, that the banditti had carried off his mistress. Thyamis, the captain of the robbers, escapes by flight, and Cnemon, a young Athenian, who had been detained in the colony, and with whom Theagenes had formed a friendship during his confinement, sets out in quest of him. Theagenes and Chariclea depart soon after on their way to a certain village, where they had agreed to meet Cnemon, but are intercepted on the road by the satrap's forces. Theagenes is sent as a present to the king of Persia; and Chariclea being falsely claimed by Nausicles as his mistress, is conducted to his house. Here Calasiris had accidentally fixed his abode, since his separation from Theagenes and Chariclea; and was also doing the honours of the house to Cnemon in the landlord's absence. Chariclea being recognised by Calasiris, Nausicles abandons the claim to her which he had advanced, and sets sail with Cnemon for Greece, while Calasiris and Chariclea proceed in search of Theagenes. On arriving at Memphis, they find that, with his usual good luck, he had again fallen into the power of Thyamis, and was besieging that capital along

with the robber. A treaty of peace, however, is speedily concluded. Thyamis is discovered to be the son of Calasiris, and is elected high-priest of Memphis. Arsace, who commanded in that city, in the absence of her husband, falls in love with Theagenes; but, as he perseveres in resisting all her advances, and in maintaining his fidelity to Chariclea, she orders him to be put to the torture: she also commands her nurse, who was the usual confidante of her amours, and instrument of her cruelty, to poison Chariclea; but the cup-bearer having given the nurse the goblet intended for Chariclea, she expires in convulsions. This, however, serves as a pretext to condemn Chariclea as a poisoner, and she is accordingly appointed to be burnt. After she had ascended the pile, and the fire had been lighted, she is saved for that day by the miraculous effects of the stone Pantarbe, which she wore on her finger, and which warded off the flames from her person. During the ensuing night a messenger arrives from Oroondates, the husband of Arsace, who was at that time carrying on a war against the Ethiopians: he had been informed of the misconduct of his wife, and had despatched one of his officers to Memphis, with orders to bring Theagenes and Chariclea to his camp. Arsace hangs herself; but the lovers

are taken prisoners, on their way to Oroondates, by the scouts of the Ethiopian army, and are conducted to Hydaspes, who was at that time besieging Oroondates in Syene. This city having been taken, and Oroondates vanquished in a great battle, Hydaspes returns to his capital, Meroe, where, by advice of his Gymnosophists, he proposes to sacrifice Theagenes and Chariclea to the sun and moon, the deities of Ethiopia. As virgins were alone entitled to the privilege of being accepted as victims, Chariclea is subjected to a trial of chastity, an unfortunate precedent for novelists, as we shall afterwards find. Theagenes, while on the very brink of sacrifice, performs many feats of strength and dexterity. A bull, which was his companion in misfortune, having broken from the altar, Theagenes follows him on horseback, subdues him, and returns on his back.[1] At length, when the two lovers are about to be immolated, Chariclea, by means of the ring and fillet which had been attached to her at her birth, and had been carefully preserved, is discovered to be the daughter of Hydaspes, which is farther confirm-

[1] This exercise, called *Taurokathapsia*, was intended to inure youth to martial fatigue, and was much practised in Thessaly, the country of Theagenes, whence it was afterwards introduced at Rome.

ed by the testimony of Sisimithres, once her reputed father; and by the opportune arrival of Charicles, priest of Delphos, who was wandering through the world in search of Chariclea. After some demur on the part of the Gymnosophists, Chariclea obtains her own release and that of Theagenes, is united to him in marriage, and acknowledged as heiress of the Ethiopian empire.

Such is the abstract of the story of Theagenes and Chariclea. Now the chief excellencies of the story, or *nuda materia* of a romance, are Novelty, Probability, and Variety of Incident; in each of which views it may be proper to examine this fictitious narrative.

Of the claims of Heliodorus to originality of invention we are incompetent judges, as the romances that preceded Theagenes and Chariclea have for the most part perished. Many of the adventures, however, are probably taken from Diogenes and Jamblichus; and it is even suspected that the leading events in the story have been founded on a tragedy of Sophocles, called the Captives, (Αἰχμαλωτοι) not now extant.[1] A few of the incidents seem also to have been borrowed from

[1] Bourdelotii Animadvers. p. 3. Casaub. ad Athen. l. 1. c. 23.

the sacred writings. The stratagem of Sarah and Abraham has been already mentioned. From the frequent perusal of the Scriptures, the bishop may have acquired his fondness for visions; and the powerful effects produced by the statue of Andromeda on the complexion of his heroine, would not appear impossible to one who knew the success of the contrivance by which Jacob obtained so large a portion of the lambs of Laban.

As to probability of incident, Heliodorus outrages all verisimilitude in different ways; as for example, by the extraordinary interviews which he brings about, and the summary manner in which he disposes of a character which has become supernumerary. When it is convenient for him that two persons should meet, one of them comes to travel in a country where apparently he had nothing to do; and when a character becomes superfluous, the author finds no better resource than informing us that he was bit by an asp, or died suddenly in the night. Unexpected events no doubt enliven a narrative; but if they greatly violate the order and course of nature, that belief in an ideal presence, which is essential to relish or interest, is totally overthrown; and the credence of reality being once destroyed, the waking dream

cannot again be restored, nor can the reader conceive even the probable incidents as passing before him.

In the romance of Heliodorus, the changes of Fortune also are too frequent and too much of the same nature, as all the adventures and distresses in the book originate in the hero or heroine falling into the hands of robbers. This, it is true, gives rise to many romantic incidents, but also produces an unvaried and tiresome recurrence of similar misfortunes. In works of art, we wish for that diversity exhibited in the appearances of nature, and require that every step should bring to view some object, or some arrangement, which has not been previously presented.

The work of the Bishop of Tricca, however, has received considerable embellishment from the *disposition* of the fable, and the artful manner in which the tale is disclosed. The gradual unfolding of the story of Theagenes and Chariclea, the suspense in which the mind is held, and the subsequent evolution of what seemed intricate, is praised by Tasso, who greatly admired, and was much indebted to Heliodorus: "Il lasciar," says he, "l'auditor sospeso procedendo dal confuso al distinto, dall universale a' particolari è arte per-

petua di Vergilio, e questa e una delle cagioni che fa piacer tanto Eliodoro."[1] Nor are the incidents arranged in the chronological order of the preceding romances, and of modern novels. The work begins in the middle of the story, in imitation of the epic poems of Greece and Rome, in a manner the most romantic, and best fitted to excite curiosity. Commencing immediately after the contest had taken place among the pirates, near the mouth of the Nile, for the possession of Chariclea, it represents a band of Egyptian banditti, assembled at the dawn of day on the summit of a promontory, and looking towards the sea. A vessel loaded with spoil is lying at anchor. The banks of the Nile are covered with dead bodies, and the fragments of a feast. As the robbers advance to seize the vessel, a young lady of exquisite beauty, whose appearance is charmingly described, and whom we afterwards find to be Chariclea, is represented sitting on a rock, while a young man lies wounded beside her. The narrative proceeds in the person of the author, till the meeting of Cnemon and Calasiris in the house of Nausicles, where Calasiris relates the early history of Cha-

[1] Opere, vol. X. p. 103. ed. Venezia.

riclea, the rise of her affection for Theagenes, and her capture by the pirates. It must, however, be confessed, that the author has shown little judgment in making one of the characters in the romance recount the adventures of a hero and heroine. This is the most unusual and the worst species of narration that can be adopted, especially where an incipient passion is to be painted. The hero or heroine, while relating their story, may naturally describe their own feelings; and an author is supposed to possess the privilege of seeing into the hearts of his characters; but it can never be imagined that a third person in a novel should be able to perceive and portray all the sentiments and emotions of the principal actors.

But the defects in the plan of the work do not end with the narrative of Calasiris. After the author has resumed the story, he destroys our interest in every event by previously informing us that the persons concerned had dreamed it was to take place. The effect, too, of one of the most striking situations in the work is injured by a fault in disposition. When Chariclea is about to be sacrificed in Ethiopia, we feel no terror for her fate, nor that unexpected joy at her deliverance, so much

extolled by Huet;[1] as we know she is the daughter of Hydaspes, and has her credentials along with her. This knowledge, it is true, increases the pleasure that arises from sympathy with Hydaspes, and entering into his emotions; but the interest of the romance would have been greater, had the birth of Chariclea been concealed till the conclusion. This could have been done with slight alterations, and would have formed, if I may be allowed a technical word, an *Anagnorosis*, not only to the characters in the work, but also to the reader.

Nor can the disposition of the episodes be much commended. The adventures of Cnemon, which seem to be taken from the story of Hyppolitus, have no great beauty or interest in themselves; they do not flow naturally from the main subject, and are introduced too early. The only other episode of much length is the account of the siege of Syene, and the battle between Oroondates and Hydaspes, which occupy the whole of the ninth book; and, however well described, entirely take away our concern in the fate of Chariclea, and in

[1] Sacrificii horrori *inopina* succedit laetitia, ob liberatam periculo praesenti puellam.—Huet. de Origine Fabularum, p. 37.

fact, in proportion to the excellence of the description, at the very moment when the story is approaching to a crisis, and when our interest would have been raised the highest, had our impressions remained uninterrupted.

Next to the nature of the subject, and the arrangement of the incidents, the *Ornaments* of a romance should be chiefly considered; of these the most important are the Style, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Descriptions.

The Style of Heliodorus has been blamed as too figurative and poetical; but this censure seems chiefly applicable to those passages where he has interwoven verses of the Greek poets, from whom he has frequently borrowed. All his comparisons are said to be taken from Homer; but Sophocles, whom he often imitates, and sometimes copies, appears to have been his favourite author. Yet, considering the period in which Heliodorus lived, his style is remarkable for its elegance and perspicuity, and would not have disgraced an earlier age. "His diction," says Photius,[1] "is such as becomes the subject; it possesses great sweetness and simplicity, and is free from affectation; the words used are expressive, and if sometimes figu-

[1] Cod. lxxiii. p. 158.

rative, as might be expected, they are always perspicuous, and such as clearly exhibit the object of which the delineation is attempted. The periods too are constructed so as to correspond with the variations of the story; they have an agreeable alternation of length and shortness; and, finally, the whole composition is such as to have a correspondence with the narration."

In the painting of Character, Heliodorus is extremely defective; Theagenes, in particular, is a weak and insipid personage. The author, indeed, possesses a wonderful art of introducing those who are destined to bear a part in the romance, in situations calculated to excite sympathy, but as we become acquainted with them we lose all concern in their fate from their insipidity. In fact, Chariclea is the only interesting person in the work. She is represented as endued with great strength of mind, united to a delicacy of feeling, and an address which turns every situation to the best advantage. Indeed in all the ancient romances the heroine is invariably the most engaging and spirited character;—a circumstance which cannot but surprise, when we consider what an inferior part the women of Greece acted in society, and how little they mingled in the affairs of life.

Heliodorus has been ridiculed by the author of

the Parnassus Reformed, for having attributed to his hero such excessive modesty, that he gave his mistress a box on the ear when she approached to embrace him. These railleries, however, are founded on misrepresentation. Theagenes met Chariclea at Memphis, but mistaking both her person and character from her wretched dress and appearance, he inflicted a blow to get rid of her importunities—an unhandsome reception, no doubt, to any woman, but which proves nothing as to his sentiments concerning Chariclea. The reader will perhaps remark as he advances, that pirates and robbers have a principal share in the action of the succeeding Greek romances, as well as in the Ethiopic adventures. Their leaders are frequently the second characters, and occupy the part of the unsuccessful lovers of the heroine; but are not always painted as endued with any peculiar bad qualities, or as exciting horror in the other persons of the work. Nor is this representation inconsistent with the manners of the period in which the action of these romances is placed. In the early ages of Greece, piracy was not accounted a dishonourable employment. In the ancient poets, those that sail along the shore are usually accosted with the question, whether they are pirates, as if the enquiry could not be consi-

dered a reproach from those who were anxious to be informed, and as if those who were interrogated would not scruple to acknowledge their vocation. Even at the time of the Peloponnesian war, the Ætolians, Acarnanians, and some other nations, subsisted by piracy; and in the early ages of Greece, it was the occupation of all those who resided near the coast. "The Grecians," says Thucydides, in the very beginning of his History, "took up the trade of piracy under the command of persons of the greatest ability amongst them; and for the sake of enriching such adventurers and subsisting their poor, they landed and plundered by surprise unfortified places, or scattered villages. Nor was this an employment of reproach, but rather an instrument of glory. Some people of the continent are even at the present day a proof of this, as they still attribute honour to such exploits, if performed with due respect and humanity."

Heliodorus abounds in Descriptions, some of which are extremely interesting. His accounts of many of the customs of the Egyptians are said to be very correct, and he describes particular places with an accuracy which gives an appearance of reality to his romance. He seldom, however, delineates the great outlines of nature, or touches on

those accidents which render scenery sublime or beautiful—he chiefly delights in minute descriptions of the pomp of embassies and processions, and, as was natural in a priest, of sacrifices, or religious rites. These might be tiresome or even disgusting in a modern novel, but the representation of manners, of customs, and of ceremonies, is infinitely more valuable in an old romance, than pictures of general nature.

There can be no doubt that Theagenes and Chariclea has supplied with materials many of the early writers of Romance. It was imitated in the composition of Achilles Tatius, and subsequent Greek fablers; and although I cannot trace the resemblance which is said to exist between the work of Heliodorus, and that species of modern novel first introduced by Richardson,[1] it was unquestionably the model of those heroic fictions, which, through the writings of Gomberville and Scuderi, became for a considerable period so popular and prevalent in France. The modern Italian poets have also availed themselves of the incidents that occur in the work of Heliodorus. Thus the circumstances of the birth and early life of Clorinda, related by Arsete in the twelfth canto of the Jerusalem Delivered,

[1] Barbauld's Preface to Richardson.

are taken, with hardly any variation, from the story of the infancy of Chariclea.[x] The proposed

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Resse già l'Etiopia, e forse regge
Senapo ancor, con fortunato impero.
Quivi Io pagan fui servo e fui tra gregge
D'ancelle avvolto in femminil mestiero,
Ministro fatto della regia Moglie,
Che bruna è sì, ma il bruno il bel non toglie.

D' Una pietosa istoria, e di devote
Figure la sua stanza era dipinta.
Vergine bianca il bel volto, e le gote
Vermiglia è quivi presso un Drago avvinta.
Coll asta il mostro il cavalier percuote;
Giace la fera nel suo sangue estinta:
Quivi sovente ella s'atterra, e spiega
Le sue tacite colpe, e piange, e prega.

Ingravida frattanto, ed espon fuori
(E tu fosti colei) candida figlia:
Si turba, e degl' insoliti colori,
Quasi d'un nuovo mostro, ha maraviglia;
Ma perchè il Re conosce, e i suoi furori,
Celargli il parto alfin si riconsiglia;
Ch' egli avria dal candor, che in te si vede,
Argomentato in lei non bianca fede.

Ed in tua vece una fanciulla nera
Pensa mostrargli poco innanzi nata.
E perchè fu la torre, ove chius' era,
Dalle donne, e da me solo abitata;
A me, cha le fui servo, e con sincera
Mente l'amai ti diè non battezzata:

sacrifice and subsequent discovery of the birth of Chariclea have likewise been imitated in the Pastor Fido of Guarini, and through it in the Astrea of D'Urfé.

Racine had at one time intended writing a drama on the subject of this romance, a plan which has been accomplished by Dorat, in his tragedy of Theagenes and Chariclea, which was acted at Paris in the year 1762. It also suggested the plot of an old English tragi-comedy by an unknown author, entitled The Strange Discovery.

Hardy, the French poet, wrote eight tragedies in verse on the same subject, without materially altering the ground-work of the romance,—an instance of literary prodigality which is perhaps unexampled. The story, though well fitted for narrative, is unsuitable for tragedy, which indeed is acknowledged by Dorat in his preliminary discourse. "I was seized," observes he, "with enthusiasm; I raised a tottering edifice with romantic proportions, and wrote with inconceivable warmth a cold and languid drama."

Ne gia poteva allor battesmo darti,
Che l'uso noi sostien di quelle parti.

Piangendo a me ti porse, e mi commise,
Ch' io lontana a nudrir ti conducessi.

Gerus. Liber. canto 12. st. 21, &c.

If we may judge by success, the events of the romance are better adapted to furnish materials to the artist than the tragic poet. Two of the most striking incidents that occur in the work of Heliodorus have been finely delineated by Raphael, in separate paintings, in which he was assisted by Julio Romano. In one he has seized the moment when Theagenes and Chariclea meet in the temple of Delphos, and Chariclea presents Theagenes with a torch to kindle the sacrifice. In the other he has chosen for his subject the capture of the Tyrian ship, in which Calasiris was conducting Theagenes and Chariclea to the coast of Sicily. The vessel is supposed to have already struck to the pirates, and Chariclea is exhibited, by the light of the moon, in a suppliant posture, imploring Trachinus that she might not be separated from her lover and Calasiris.

Theagenes and Chariclea was received with much applause in the age in which it appeared. The popularity of a work invariably produces imitation;—and hence the style of composition which had recently been introduced, was soon adopted by various writers.

Of these, Achilles Tatius[1] comes next to Heli-

[1] Αχιλλεως Τατιου Αλεξανδρεως, Ερωτικων βιβλια οκτω. Ed. Bodeu. Lipsiæ, 1776.—See Appendix, No. 3.

odorus in time, and perhaps in merit. Though in many respects he has imitated his predecessor, it may in the first place be remarked, that he has adopted a mode of narrative totally different. The author introduces himself as gazing at the picture of Europa, which was placed in the temple of Venus in Sidon. While thus employed, he is accosted by Clitophon, who, without previous acquaintance, relates to him his whole adventures, which are comprised in eight books. This way of introducing the story is no doubt very absurd, but when once it is commenced, the plan of narration is preferable to that part of Theagenes and Chariclea which is told by an inferior character in the work.

The following is the story of the romance:— Clitophon resided at his father's house in Tyre, where his cousin Leucippe came to seek refuge from a war which was at that time carried on against her native country. These young relatives became mutually enamoured, and Leucippe's mother having discovered Clitophon one night in the chamber of her daughter, the lovers resolved to avoid the effects of her anger by flight. Accompanied by Clinias, a friend of Clitophon, they sailed in the first instance for Berytus. A conversation

which took place between Clitophon and Clinias during the voyage, seems to have been suggested by the singular disquisition contained in the Ἔρωτες, attributed to Lucian, and usually published in his works. After a short stay at Berytus, the fugitives set out for Alexandria: the vessel was wrecked on the third day of the voyage, but Clitophon and Leucippe, adhering with great presence of mind to the same plank, were driven on shore near Pelusium, in Egypt. At this place they hired a vessel to carry them to Alexandria, but while sailing up the Nile they were seized by a band of robbers who infested the banks of the river. The robbers were soon after attacked by the Egyptian forces, commanded by Charmides, to whom Clitophon escaped during the heat of the engagement—Leucippe, however, remained in the power of the enemy, who, with much solemnity, apparently ripped up our heroine close to the army of Charmides, and in the sight of her lover, who was prevented from interfering by a deep fosse which separated the two armies. The ditch having been filled up, Clitophon in the course of the night went to immolate himself on the spot where Leucippe had been interred. He arrived at her tomb, but was prevented from executing his purpose by the sudden appearance of his ser-

vant Satyrus, and of Menelaus, a young man who had sailed with him in the vessel from Berytus. These two persons had also escaped from the shipwreck, and had afterwards fallen into the power of the robbers. By them Leucippe had been accommodated with a false *uterus*, made of sheep's skin, which gave rise to the *deceptio visus* above related. At the command of Menelaus, Leucippe issued from the tomb, and proceeded with Clitophon and Menelaus to the quarters of Charmides. In a short time this commander became enamoured of Leucippe, as did also Gorgias, one of his officers. Gorgias gave her a potion calculated to inspire her with reciprocal passion, but which, being too strong, affected her with a species of madness of a very indecorous character.[1] She is cured, however, by Chaereas, another person who had fallen in love with her, and had discovered the secret of the potion from the servant of Gorgias. Taking Chaereas along with them, Clitophon and Leucippe sail for Alexandria. Soon after their arrival, Leucippe was car-

[1] During this state of mental alienation she commits many acts of extravagance. She boxes her lover on the ear, repulses Menelaus with her feet, and at last quarrels with her petticoats; ἡ δὲ κροσπέδαισιν ἐμῇ κλὶν φιλονεικίζουσα πρώτην ἴσα γυνὴ μὴ ὀρᾶσθαι θέλει. l. 4. c. 9.

ried off from the neighbourhood of that place, and hurried on board a vessel by a troop of banditti employed by Chaereas. Clitophon pursued the vessel, but when just coming up with it he saw the head of a person he mistook for Leucippe struck off by the robbers. Disheartened by this incident, he relinquished the pursuit and returned to Alexandria. There he was informed that Melite, a rich Ephesian widow, at that time residing in Alexandria, had fallen in love with him. This intelligence he received from his old friend Clinias, who, after the wreck of the vessel in which he had embarked with Clitophon, had got on shore by the usual expedient of a plank, and now suggested to his friend that he should avail himself of the predilection of Melite. In compliance with this suggestion, he set sail with her for Ephesus, but persisted in postponing the nuptials till they should reach that place, spite of the most vehement importunities on the part of the widow. On their arrival at Ephesus the marriage took place, but before Melite's object in the marriage had been accomplished, Clitophon discovered Leucippe among his wife's slaves; and Thersander, Melite's husband, who was supposed to be drowned, arrived at Ephesus. Clitophon was instantly confined by

the enraged husband; but, on condition of putting the last seal to the now invalid marriage, he escaped by the intervention of Melite. He had not proceeded far when he was overtaken by Thersander, and brought back to confinement. Thersander, of course, fell in love with Leucippe, but, not being able to engage her affections, he brought two actions; one declaratory, that Leucippe was his slave, and a prosecution against Clitophon for marrying his wife. The debates on both sides are insufferably tiresome. The priest of Diana, with whom Leucippe had taken refuge, lavishes much abuse on Thersander, which is returned on his part with equal volubility. Leucippe is at last subjected to a trial of chastity in the cave of Diana, from which the sweetest music issued when entered by those who resembled its goddess. Never were notes heard so melodious as those by which Leucippe was vindicated. Thersander was of course nonsuited, and retired loaded with infamy. Leucippe then related that it was a woman dressed in her clothes, whose head had been struck off by the banditti, in order to deter Clitophon from farther pursuit, but that a quarrel having arisen among them on her account, Chaereas was slain, and after his death she was sold by the

other pirates to Sosthenes. By him she had been purchased for Thersander, in whose service she remained till discovered by Clitophon.

In this romance many of the descriptions are borrowed from Philostratus, and the Hero and Leander of Musaeus. Some of the events have also been taken from Heliodorus. Like that author, Tatius makes frequent use of robbers, pirates, and dreams; but the general style of his work is totally different. If there be less sweetness and interest than in Theagenes and Chariclea, there is more bustle in the action. A number of the amorous stratagems, too, are original and well imagined—such as Clitophon's discourse on love with Satyrus, in the hearing of Leucippe; and the beautiful incident of the bee, which has been adopted by D'Urfé, and by Tasso in his Aminta, where Sylvia having pretended to cure Phyllis, whom a bee had stung, by kissing her, Aminta perceiving this, feigns that he too had been stung, in order that Sylvia, pitying his pain, might apply a similar remedy.[1] Among these devices may be

[1] Fingendo, ch' un ape avesse morso
Il mio labro di sotto, incominciai
A lamentarmi di cotal maniera,
Che quella medicina, che la lingua
Non richiedeva, il volto richiedeva.

mentioned the petition of Melite to Leucippe, whom she believes to be a Thessalian, to procure her herbs for a potion that may gain her the affections of Clitophon. The sacrifice, too, of Leucippe by the robbers in the presence of her lover, is happily imagined, were not the solution of the enigma so wretched. As the work advances, however, it must be confessed, that it gradually decreases in interest, and that these agreeable incidents are more thinly scattered. Towards the conclusion it becomes insufferably tiresome, and the author

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La semplicetta Silvia,
Pietosa del mio male,
S' offrì di dar aita
A la finta ferita, Ahi lasso, e fece
Più cupa, e più mortale
La mia piaga verace.
Quando le labra sue
Giunse a le labra mie,
Ne l' api d' alcun fiore
Coglion sì dolce il mèl, ch' allhora Io colsi
Da quelle fresche Rose
Ma mentre al cor scendeva
Quella dolcezza mista
D' un secreto veleno,
Tal diletto n' havea,
Che fingendo ch' ancor non mi passasse
Il dolor di quel morso,
Fei sì, ch' ella più volte
Vi replicò l' incanto.

Aminta, act 1. sc. 2.

scruples not to violate all verisimilitude in the events related.

Indeed, through the whole romance, want of probability seems the great defect. Nothing can be more absurd or unnatural than the false uterus—nothing can be worse imagined than the vindication of the heroine in the cave of Diana, which is the final solution of the romance. When it is necessary for the story that Thersander should be informed who Leucippe is, the author makes him overhear a soliloquy, in which she reports to herself a full account of her genealogy, and an abridgement of her whole adventures. A soliloquy can never be properly introduced, unless the speaker is under the influence of some strong passion, or reasons on some important subject; but as Heliodorus borrowed from Sophocles, so Tatius is said to have imitated Euripides. From him he may have taken this unnatural species of soliloquy, as this impropriety exists in almost all the introductions to the tragedies of that poet.

Tatius has been much blamed for the immorality of his romance, and it must be acknowledged that there are particular passages which are extremely exceptionable; yet, however odious some of these may be considered, the general moral tendency of the story is good;—a remark which

may be extended to all the Greek romances. Tatius punishes his hero and heroine for eloping from their fathers' house, and afterwards rewards them for their long fidelity.

The Clitophon and Leucippe of Tatius does not seem to have been composed like Theagenes and Chariclea, as a romance equally interesting and well written throughout, but as a species of patchwork, in different places of which the author might exhibit the variety of his talents. At one time he is anxious to shew his taste in painting and sculpture; at another his acquaintance with natural history; and towards the end of the book his skill in declamation. But his principal excellence lies in descriptions; and though these are too luxuriant, they are in general beautiful, the objects being at once well selected, and so painted as to form in the mind of the reader a distinct and lively image. As examples of his merit in this way may be instanced, his description of a garden, (l. i. c. 16,) and of a tempest followed by a shipwreck, (l. iii. c. 234.) We may also mention his accounts of the pictures of Europa, (l. i. c. 1,) of Andromeda, (l. iii. c. 7,) and Prometheus, (l. iii. c. 8,) in which his descriptions and criticisms are executed with very considerable taste and feeling. Indeed, the remarks on these paintings form a presumption of

the advanced state of the art at the period in which Tatius wrote, or at least of the estimation in which it was held, and afford matter of much curious speculation to connoisseurs and artists.

Writers, however, are apt to indulge themselves in enlarging where they excel; accordingly the descriptions of Tatius are too numerous, and sometimes very absurdly introduced. Thus Clitophon, when mentioning the preparations for his marriage with a woman he disliked, presents the reader with a long description of a neck-lace which was purchased for her, and also enters into a detail concerning the origin of dying purple, (l. ii. c. 11;) he likewise introduces very awkwardly an account of various zoological curiosities. (l. ii. c. 14.) Indeed, he seems particularly fond of natural history, and gives very animated and correct delineations of the hippopotamus, (l. iv. c. 2, &c.) of the elephant, (l. iv. c. 4,) and the crocodile, (l. iv. c. 19.)

The description of the rise and progress of the passion of Clitophon for Leucippe is extremely well executed. Of this there is nothing in the romance of Heliodorus. Theagenes and Chariclea at first sight are violently and mutually enamoured; in Tatius we have more of the restless agitation of love and the arts of courtship. Indeed,

this is by much the best part of the Clitophon and Leucippe, as the author discloses very considerable acquaintance with the human heart. This knowledge also appears in the sentiments scattered through the work, though it must be confessed that in many of his remarks he is apt to subtilize and refine too much.

In point of style, Tatius is said by Huet and other critics[1] to excel Heliodorus, and all the writers of Greek romance. His language has been chiefly applauded for its conciseness, ease, and simplicity. Photius, who wrote tolerable Greek himself, and must have been a better judge than any later critic, observes, "with regard to diction and composition, Tatius seems to me to excel. When he employs figurative language, it is clear and natural: his sentences are precise and limpid, and such as by their sweetness greatly delight the ear."[2]

In the delineation of character Tatius is still more defective than Heliodorus.—Clitophon, the principal person in the romance, is a wretchedly weak and pusillanimous being; he twice allows himself to be beaten by Thersander, without resistance—he has neither sense nor courage, nor

[1] Huet. p. 40 Boler. praef. p. 15.
[2] Photius, Bib. Cod. lxxxvii. p. 206.

indeed any virtue except uncommon fidelity to his mistress. She is a much more interesting, and is indeed a heroic character.

We now proceed to the analysis of a romance different in its nature from the works already mentioned; and of a species which may be distinguished by the appellation of *Pastoral* romance.

It may be conjectured with much probability, that pastoral composition sometimes expressed the devotion, and sometimes formed the entertainment, of the first generations of mankind. The sacred writings sufficiently inform us that it existed among the eastern nations during the earliest ages. Rural images are every where scattered through the Old Testament; and the Song of Solomon in particular beautifully delineates the charms of a country life, while it paints the most amiable affections of the mind, and the sweetest scenery of nature. A number of passages of Theocritus bear a striking resemblance to descriptions in the inspired pastoral; and many critics have believed that he had studied its beauties, and transferred them to his eclogues. Theocritus was imitated in his own dialect by Moschus and Bion; and Virgil, taking advantage of a different language, copied yet rivalled the Sicilian. The Bucolics of the Roman

bard seem to have been considered as precluding all attempts of the same kind; for, if we except the feeble efforts of Calpurnius, and his contemporary Nemesianus, who lived in the third century, no subsequent specimen of pastoral poetry was, as far as I know, produced till the revival of literature.

It was during this interval that Longus, a Greek sophist, who is said to have lived soon after the age of Tatius, wrote his pastoral romance of Daphnis and Chloe, which is the earliest, and by far the finest example that has appeared of this species of composition. Availing himself of the beauties of the pastoral poets who preceded him, he has added to their simplicity of style, and charming pictures of Nature, a story which possesses considerable interest, and of which the following abstract is presented to the reader.

In the neighbourhood of Mytilene, the principal city of Lesbos, Lamon, a goatherd, as he was one day tending his flock, discovered an infant sucking one of his goats with surprising dexterity. He takes home the child, and presents him to his wife Myrtale; at the same time he delivers to her a purple mantle with which the boy was adorned, and a little sword with an ivory hilt, which was

[1] Appendix, No. 4.

lying by his side. Lamon having no children of his own, resolves to bring up the foundling, and bestows on him the pastoral name of Daphnis.

About two years after this occurrence, Dryas, a neighbouring shepherd, finds in the cave of the nymphs, which is beautifully described in the romance, a female infant, nursed by one of his ewes. The child is brought to the cottage of Dryas, receives the name of Chloe, and is cherished by the old man as if she had been his daughter.

When Daphnis had reached the age of fifteen, and Chloe that of twelve, Lamon and Dryas, their reputed fathers, had corresponding dreams on the same night. The nymphs of the cave in which Chloe had been discovered appear to each of the old shepherds, delivering Daphnis and Chloe to a winged boy, with a bow and arrows, who commands that Daphnis should be sent to keep goats, and the girl to tend the sheep: Daphnis and Chloe have not long entered on their new employments, which they exercise with a care of their flocks, increased by a knowledge of the circumstances of their infancy, when chance brings them to pasture on the same spot. It was then, says the romance, the beginning of spring, and every species of flower bloomed through the woods, the meadows and mountains.—The ten-

der flocks sported around—the lambs skipped on the hills—the bees hummed through the vallies—and the birds filled the groves with their song. Daphnis collects the wandering sheep of Chloe, and Chloe drives from the rocks the goats of Daphnis. They make reeds in common, and share together their milk and their wine;—their youth, their beauty, the season of the year, every thing tends to inspire them with a mutual passion: at length Daphnis having one day fallen into a covered pit which was dug for the wolf, and being considerably hurt, receives from Chloe a kiss, which serves as the first fuel to the flame of love.

Chloe had another admirer, Dorco, the cowherd, who having in vain requested her in marriage from Dryas, her reputed father, resolves to carry her off by force; for this purpose he disguises himself as a wolf, and lurks among some bushes near a place where Chloe used to pasture her sheep. In this garb he is discovered and attacked by the dogs, who entered into his frolic with unexpected alacrity, but is preserved from being torn to pieces by the timely arrival of Daphnis. From the example of Dorco this became a favourite stratagem among pastoral characters. In the Pastor Fido, (act iv. sc. ii.) Dorinda disguises herself as a wolf, and the troubadour Vidal

was hunted down in consequence of a similar experiment.

Spring was now at an end—summer beamed forth and all Nature flourished—the trees were loaded with fruits, the fields were covered with corn, and the woods were filled with melody—every thing tended to inspire pleasure—the sweet hum of the cicada, the fragrance of the ripening apples, and the bleating of the sheep. The gliding streams were heard as if they modulated the song, and the breezes rustling among the pines seemed the breath of the flute.

In the beginning of autumn some Tyrian pirates having landed on the island, seize the oxen of Dorco, and carry off Daphnis, whom they meet sauntering on the shore. Chloe hearing Daphnis calling for assistance from the ship, flies for help to Dorco, and reaches him when he is just expiring of the wounds inflicted by the corsairs of Tyre. Before his death he gives her his pipe, on which, after she had closed his eyes, she plays according to his instructions a certain tune, (probably the Ronce des Vaches,) which being heard by the oxen in the Tyrian vessel, they all leap overboard and overset the ship. The pirates being loaded with heavy armour are drowned, but Daphnis swims safe to shore.

Here ends the first book; and in the second the author proceeds to relate, that during autumn Daphnis and Chloe were engaged in the labours, or rather the delights, of the vintage.[1] After the grapes had been gathered and pressed, and the new wine treasured in casks, having returned to feed their flocks, they are accosted one day by an old man named Philetas, who tells them a long story of seeing Cupid in a garden, adding, that Daphnis and Chloe were to be dedicated to his service; the lovers naturally enquire who Cupid is, for, although they had felt his influence, they were ignorant of his name. Philetas describes his power and his attributes, and points out the remedy for the pains he inflicts.[2]

The instructions of this venerable old man to the lovers were sufficiently explicit, but, spite of the lesson they had received, they appear to have

[1] A great deal is said in this romance concerning the vintage. Lesbos had in all times been celebrated for its wine, which was scarcely of an intoxicating quality.

> Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
> Duces sub umbra; nec Semeleius
> Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
> Prælia.——

For the qualities of Lesbian wine, see Athenæus, lib. 1. c. 23. and Aul. Gellius, 13. c. 5.

[2] Φιλημα, πειθεσθαι, και συνακταχλιζεσθαι γυμνοις σωμασι.

made very little advancement. Their progress was on one occasion interrupted by the arrival of certain youths of Methymnæa, who landed near that part of the island where Daphnis fed his flocks, in order to enjoy the pleasures of the chace during vintage. The twigs by which the ship of these sportsmen was tied to the shore had been eaten through by some goats, and the vessel had been carried away by the tide and the land breeze. Its crew having proceeded up the country in search of the owner of the animals, and not having found him, seize Daphnis as a substitute, and lash him severely, till other shepherds come to his assistance. Philetas is appointed judge between Daphnis and the Methymnæans, but the latter refusing to abide by his decision, which was unfavourable to them, are driven from the territory. They return, however, next day, and carry off Chloe, with a great quantity of booty. Having landed at a place of shelter which lay in the course of their voyage, they pass the night in festivity, but at dawn of day they are terrified by the unlooked-for appearance of Pan, who threatens them with being drowned before they arrive at their intended place of destination, unless they set Chloe at liberty. Through this respectable interposition, Chloe is allowed to return home, and is speedily

restored to the arms of Daphnis.—The grateful lovers sing hymns to the nymphs. On the following day they sacrifice to Pan, and hang a goat's skin on a pine adjoining his image. The feast which follows this ceremony is attended by all the old shepherds in the neighbourhood, who recount the adventures of their youth, and their children dance to the sound of the pipe.

The third book commences with the approach of winter, and from the description of that season which is given in the romance, it would appear that at the period of its composition the temperature of the Lesbian climate was colder than it is now represented by travellers. We are told in the pastoral, that early in winter a sudden fall of snow shuts up all the roads, the peasants are confined to their cottages, and the earth nowhere appears except on the brinks of rivers, or sides of fountains. No one leads forth his flocks to pasture; but by a blazing fire some twist cords for the net, some plait goat's hair, and others make snares for the birds; the hogs are fed with acorns in the sty, the sheep with leaves in the folds, and the oxen with chaff in the stalls.

The season of the year precludes the interviews of Daphnis and Chloe. They could no longer meet in the fields, and Daphnis was afraid to excite sus-

picion by visiting the object of his passion at the cottage of Dryas. He ventures, however, to approach its vicinity, under pretext of laying snares for birds. Engaged in this employment, he waits a long time without any person appearing from the house. At length, when about to depart, Dryas himself comes out in pursuit of a dog who had run off with the family dinner. He perceives Daphnis with his game, and accordingly, as a profitable speculation, invites him into the cottage. The birds he had caught are prepared for supper, a second cup is filled, a new fire is kindled, and Daphnis is asked to remain next day to attend a sacrifice to be performed to Bacchus. By accepting the invitation, he for some time longer enjoys the society of Chloe. The lovers part, praying for the revival of spring; but while the winter lasted, Daphnis frequently visits the habitation of Dryas.

When spring returns, Daphnis and Chloe are the first to lead out their flocks to pasture. Their ardour when they meet in the fields is increased by long absence, and the season of the year, but their hearts remain innocent;—a purity which the author still imputes not to virtue, but to ignorance.

Chromis, an old man in the neighbourhood, had married a young woman called Lycaenium, who

falls in love with Daphnis; she becomes acquainted with the perplexity in which he is placed with regard to Chloe, and resolves at once to gratify her own passion, and to free him from his embarrassment.

Daphnis, however, still hesitates to practise with Chloe the lesson he had received from Lycaenium; and the reader is again tired with the repetition of preludes, for which he can no longer find an excuse.

In the fourth book we are told that, towards the close of summer, a fellow-servant of Lamon arrives from Mytilene, to announce that the lord of the territory on which the reputed fathers of Daphnis and Chloe pastured their flocks, would be with them at the approach of vintage.

Lamon prepares every thing for his reception with much assiduity, but bestows particular attention on the embellishment of a spacious garden which adjoined his cottage, and of which the different parts are described as having been arranged in a manner fitted to inspire all the agreeable emotions which the art of gardening can produce. "It was," says the author, "the length of a *stadium*, and the breadth of four *plethra*, was in a lofty situation, and formed an oblong. It was planted with all sorts of trees; with apples, myrtles,

pears, pomegranates, figs, olives, and the tall vine, which, reclining on the pear and apple trees, seemed to vie with them in its fruits. Nor were the forest trees, as the plane, the pine, and the cypress, less abundant. To them clung not the vine, but the ivy, whose large and ripening berry emulated the grape. These forest trees surrounded the fruit-bearers, as if they had been a shelter formed by art; and the whole was protected by a slight inclosure. The garden was divided by paths—the stems of the trees were far separated from each other, but the branches entwined above, formed a continued arbour: here too were beds of flowers, some of which the earth bore spontaneously, while others were produced by cultivation;—roses, hyacinths, were planted and tended; the ground of itself yielded the violet and the narcissus. Here were shade in summer, sweetness of flowers in spring, the pleasures of vintage in autumn, and fruits in every season of the year. Hence too the plain could be seen, and flocks feeding; the sea also, and the ships sailing over it; so that all these might be numbered among the delights of the garden. In the centre there was a temple to Bacchus, and an altar erected; the altar was girt with ivy—the temple was sur-

rounded with palm: within were represented the triumphs and loves of the god."

On this garden Daphnis had placed his chief hopes of conciliating the good-will of his master, and through his favour of being united to Chloe; for it would appear the consent of parties was not sufficient for this, and that in Greece, as among the serfs in Russia, the finest gratification of the heart was dependent on the will of a master. Lampis, a cow-herd, who had asked Chloe in marriage from Dryas, and had been refused, resolves on the destruction of this garden. Accordingly, when it is dark, he tears out the shrubs by the roots, and tramples on the flowers. Dreadful is the consternation of Lamon, in beholding on the following morning the havoc that had been made. Towards evening his terror is increased by the appearance of Eudromus, one of his master's servants, who gives notice that he would be with them in three days.

Astylus (the son of Dionysophanes, proprietor of the territory,) arrives first, and promises to obtain pardon from his father of the mischance that had happened to the garden. Astylus is accompanied by a parasite, Gnatho, who is smitten with a friendship, *a la Grecque*, for Daphnis: this

having come to the knowledge of Lamon, who overhears the parasite ask and obtain Daphnis as a page from Astylus, he conceives it incumbent on him to reveal to Dionysophanes, who had by this time arrived, the mysteries attending the infancy of Daphnis. He at the same time produces the ornaments he had found with the child, on which Dionysophanes instantly recognises his son. Having married early in youth, he had a daughter and two sons, but being a prudent man, and satisfied with this stock, he had exposed his fourth child, Daphnis; a measure which had become somewhat less expedient, as his daughter and one of his sons died immediately after on the same day, and Astylus alone survived.

The change in the situation of Daphnis does not alter his attachment to Chloe. He begs her in marriage of his father, who, being informed of the circumstances of her infancy, invites all the distinguished persons in the neighbourhood to a festival, at which the articles of dress found along with Chloe are exhibited. This was not his own scheme, but had been suggested to him in a dream by the nymphs; for in the pastoral of Longus, as in most other Greek romances, the characters are only

Tunc recta scientes cum nil scire valent.

The success of this device fully answers expectation; Chloe being acknowledged as his daughter by Megacles, one of the guests, who was now in a prosperous condition, but rivalling his friend Dionysophanes in paternal tenderness, had exposed his child while in difficulties. There being now no farther obstacle to the union of Daphnis and Chloe, their marriage is solemnized with rustic pomp, and they lead through the rest of their days a happy and a pastoral life.

In some respects a prose romance is better adapted than the eclogue or drama to pastoral composition. The eclogue is confined within narrow limits, and must terminate before interest can be excited. A series of Bucolics, where two or more shepherds are introduced contending for the reward of a crook or a kid, and at most descanting for a short while on similar topics, resembles a collection of the first scenes of a number of comedies, of which the commencement can only be listened to as unfolding the subsequent action. The drama is, no doubt, a better form of pastoral writing than detached eclogues, but at the same time does not well accord with rustic manners and description. In dramatic composition, the representation of strong passions is best calculated to produce interest or emotion; but the feelings of rural ex-

istence should be painted as tranquil and calm. In chusing a prose romance as the vehicle of pastoral writing, Longus has adopted a form that may include all the beauties arising from the description of rustic manners, or the scenery of nature, and which, as far as the incidents of rural life admit, may interest by an agreeable fable, and delight by a judicious alternation of narrative and dialogue.

Longus has also avoided many of the faults into which his modern imitators have fallen, and which have brought this style of composition into so much disrepute; his characters never express the conceits of affected gallantry, nor involve themselves in abstract reasoning; and he has not loaded his romance with those long and constantly recurring episodes, which in the Diana of Montemayor, and the Astrea of D'Urfé, fatigue the attention and render us indifferent to the principal story. Nor does he paint that chimerical state of society, termed the golden age, in which the characteristic *traits* of rural life are erased, but attempts to please by a genuine imitation of Nature, and by descriptions of the manners, the rustic occupations, or rural enjoyments, of the inhabitants of the country where the scene of the pastoral is laid.

Huet, who seems to have considered the chief merit of a romance to consist in commencing in the middle of the story, has remarked, I think unjustly, that it is a great defect in the plan of this pastoral, that it begins with the infancy of the hero and heroine, and carries on the story beyond the period of their marriage.[1] The author might, perhaps, have been blameable had he dwelt long on these periods; but, in fact, the romance concludes with the nuptials of Daphnis and Chloe; and the reader is merely told in a few lines that they lived a pastoral life, and had a son and daughter. Nor, if the reader be interested in the characters of the preceding story, is it unpleasant for him to hear in general terms, when it comes to an end, how these persons passed their lives, and whether their fortune was stable. I do not see that in a pastoral romance, even a more ample description of conjugal felicity would have been

[1] L'économie mal entendue de sa fable est un defaut encore plus essentiel. Il commence grossièrement, a la naissance de ses bergers, et ne finit pas même a leur mariage. Il etend sa narration jusq' a leurs enfants et a leur vieillesse; and again, C'est sortir entierement du vrai caractere de cette espece d'ecrits: Il les faut finir au jour des noces, et se taire sur les suites du mariage. Une heroine de Roman grosse et accouchée est un etrange personnage.—*Huet de l'Origine des Romans.*

so totally disgusting as the critic seems to imagine; far less is an account of the childhood of the characters objectionable, even where it is more minute than that given by Longus.

The pastoral is in general very beautifully written;—the style, though it has been censured on account of the reiteration of the same forms of expression, and as betraying the sophist in some passages by a play on words, and affected antithesis, is considered as the purest specimen of the Greek language produced in that late period;[s] the descriptions of rural scenery and rural occupations are extremely pleasing, and, if I may use the expression, there is a sort of amenity and calm diffused over the whole romance. This, indeed,

[s] Son style est simple, naïf, naturel, et concis sans obscurite; ses expressions sont pleine de vivacite et de feu, il produit avec esprit, il peint avec agrement, et dispose ses images avec adresse.—*De l'Orig. des Rom.*

Longi oratio pura, candida, suavis, mutis articulis membrisque concisa et tamen numerosa, sine ullis salibus melle dulcior profluit, tanquam amnis argenteus virentibus utrinque sylvis inumbratus; et ita florens, ita picta, ita expolita est ut in ea, verborum omnes, omnes sententiarum illigentur lepores. Translationes cæteraque dicendi lumina ita apte disponit ut pictores colorum varietatem.—*Villoison proœm.* Longus is also called by Muretus, dulcissimus ac suavissimus scriptor; and by Scaliger, auctor amœnissimus, et eo melior quo simplicior.

may be considered as the chief excellence in a pastoral; since we are not so much allured by the feeding of sheep as by the stillness of the country. In all our active pursuits, the end proposed is tranquillity, and even when we lose the hope of happiness, we are attracted by that of repose;—hence we are soothed and delighted with its representation, and fancy we partake of the pleasure.

In some respects, however, this romance, although its excellencies are many, is extremely defective. It displays little variety, except what arises from the vicissitude of the seasons. The courtship of Daphnis is to the last degree monotonous, and the conversations between the lovers extremely insipid. The mythological tales also are totally uninteresting, and sometimes not very happily introduced.

Although the general moral attempted to be inculcated in the romance is not absolutely bad, yet there are particular passages so extremely reprehensible, that I know nothing like them in almost any work whatever. This depravity is the less excusable, as it was the professed design of the author to paint a state of the most perfect innocence.

There can be no doubt that the pastoral of

Longus had a considerable influence on the style and incidents of the subsequent Greek romances, particularly those of Eustathius and Theodorus Prodromus; but its effects on modern pastorals, particularly those which appeared in Italy during the sixteenth century, is a subject of more difficulty. Huet is of opinion, that it was not only the model of the Astrea of D'Urfé, and the Diana of Montemayor, but gave rise to the Italian dramatic pastoral. This opinion is combated by Villoison, on the grounds that the first edition of Longus was not published till 1598, and that Tasso died in the year 1595. It is true that the first *Greek* edition of Longus was not published till 1598, but there was a French translation by Amyot, which appeared in 1559, and one in Latin verse by Gambara in 1569, either of which might have been seen by Tasso. But although this argument brought forward by Villoison be of little avail, he is probably right in the general notion he has adopted, that Daphnis and Chloe was not the origin of the pastoral drama. The *Sacrificio* of Agostino Beccari, which was the earliest specimen of this style of composition, and was acted at Ferrara in 1554, was written previous to the appearance of any edition or version of Longus.

Nor is there any similarity in the story or incidents of the Aminta to those in Daphnis and Chloe, which should lead us to imagine that the Greek romance had been imitated by Tasso.

It bears, however, a stronger likeness to the more recent dramatic pastorals of Italy. These are frequently founded on the exposure of children, who, after being brought up as shepherds by reputed fathers, are discovered by their real parents by means of tokens fastened to them when they were abandoned. There is also a considerable resemblance between the story of Daphnis and Chloe and that of the Gentle Shepherd: the plot was suggested to Ramsay by one of his friends, who seems to have taken it from the Greek pastoral. Marmontel, too, in his Annette and Lubin, has imitated the simplicity and inexperience of the lovers of Longus. But of all modern writers the author who has most closely followed this romance is Gessner. In his Idylls there is the same poetical prose, the same beautiful rural descriptions, and the same innocence and simplicity in the rustic characters. In his pastoral of Daphnis, the scene of which is laid in Greece, he has painted, like Longus, the early and innocent attachment of a shepherdess and swain, and has

only embellished his picture by the incidents that arise from rural occupations, and the revolutions of the year.

We shall conclude this article with remarking, that the story of Daphnis and Chloe is related in the person of the author. He feigns, that while hunting in Lesbos, he saw in a grove consecrated to the nymphs a most beautiful picture, in which appeared children exposed, lovers plighting their faith, and incursions of pirates—that, having found an interpreter of this painting, he had expressed in writing what it represented, and produced a gift to Cupid, to Pan, and the nymphs; but which would be pleasing to all men, a medicine to the sick, a solace to the afflicted, which would remind him, who had felt the power of love, of his sweetest enjoyments, and teach the inexperienced the nature and happiness of that passion.

Although the work of Longus was much admired by his contemporaries, and although many of the incidents were adopted in the fictitious narratives by which it was succeeded, none of the subsequent Greek fablers attempted to write pastoral romance, but chose Heliodorus, or rather Tatius, as their model.

Chariton, the earliest of these imitators, has been considered as inferior to Tatius in point of

style, in which he exhibits a good deal of the sophist, but he far excels him in the probability and simplicity of his incidents—he also surpasses him in the general conduct of his work, since, as the romance advances, the interest increases to the end, and the fate of the characters is carefully concealed till the conclusion. Nor is it loaded with those episodes and lengthened descriptions which encumber the Clitophon and Leucippe of Tatius. The author is also more careful than his predecessor not to violate probability, and seems anxious to preserve an appearance of historical fidelity.

A considerable part of the commencement of the Chaereas and Callirhoe[1] of Chariton has been lost, and the first incident we now meet with is the marriage of the hero and heroine. The other suitors of Callirhoe, enraged at the preference given to Chaereas, contrive to make him jealous of his wife. In a transport of passion he kicks her so violently that she swoons, and is believed dead. This incident is one of the worst imagined, to be met with in any of the Greek romances. It leaves such an impression of the brutality of the princi-

[1] Χαριτωνος Αφροδισιεως των περι Χαιρεαν και Καλλιρρόην ερωτικων διηγηματων λογος. 8.—Appendix, No. 5.

pal character, that we are not reconciled to him by all his subsequent grief and diligent search after Callirhoe;—our disgust might perhaps have been lessened, had the author made him employ a dagger or poison.

After her supposed death, Callirhoe is buried along with a great quantity of treasure. It was customary in Greece that effects of a value proportioned to the rank of the deceased should be deposited in tombs. It is mentioned in Strabo, (l. 8,) that the persons who were sent by Cæsar to colonize Corinth, left no tomb unexplored; οὐδεὶς τάφον ἀσκινάφητον;—an anecdote which evinces the existence of that species of depredation which forms a leading incident in this and so many of the other Greek romances. Callirhoe revives soon after her interment, and at this critical moment, Theron, a pirate, who had witnessed the concealment of the treasure, breaks open the sepulchre, which was placed near the shore, and sets sail with the booty and Callirhoe. At Miletus he sells her to Dionysius, an Ionian prince, who soon becomes enamoured of his slave. Chariton is the first writer of romance who has introduced an interesting male character. Dionysius is represented generous, learned, valiant, and tender;—nor was there any thing improper in his attachment to

Callirhoe, as she disclosed the nobleness of her birth, but concealed that she was the wife of another;—he makes love to her with all possible delicacy, and imposes no restraint on her inclinations. Callirhoe, having already one husband, feels some scruples at accepting a second; but at length agrees to espouse Dionysius, with the view of giving a nominal father to the child of which she was pregnant.

The following portion of the romance is occupied with the attempts of Mithridates, satrap of Caria, to obtain possession of Callirhoe, for whom he had conceived a violent affection—the search made by Chaereas for his wife after discovering that she was innocent, and yet alive—and his arrival in Asia to reclaim her from Dionysius.

At length all parties are summoned to Babylon, to maintain their cause before Artaxerxes. Mithridates and Chaereas appear first, and afterwards Dionysius arrives, accompanied by Callirhoe. There is no part of the romance so unnatural as the account of the extraordinary effects produced by the beauty of Callirhoe, on the beholders at Babylon, and the regions through which she passed on her journey; but after her arrival, the flattery which we may suppose paid to a despot in an eastern court, by satraps and eunuchs, is finely

touched; and the meeting of Chaereas with Callirhoe in the palace, while the cause is under cognizance, is happily imagined. Artaxerxes, as was to be expected, having become enamoured of the object of dispute, defers giving any decision, in order to protract her stay in Babylon. Accounts, meanwhile, arrive of a revolt of the Egyptians, and their invasion of Syria. The king, accompanied by Dionysius, proceeds against them, and, according to the custom of the Persian monarchs, takes the ladies of the court, among whom Callirhoe was now numbered, along with him. But, as they are found to be cumbersome on the march, they are left at Arado, an island at a short distance from the continent. Chaereas, exasperated by a false report that the king had bestowed Callirhoe on Dionysius, joins the Egyptian forces, takes Tyre by stratagem, and, in consideration of his talents as a general, is appointed to command the fleet. Having destroyed the Persian navy soon after his elevation, in a great battle which was fought near Arado, he takes possession of the island, and recovers Callirhoe. In the course of the night succeeding the day which had been so propitious to the love and glory of Chaereas, a messenger arrives at Arado with accounts of the total overthrow of the Egyptian army, which had

been chiefly effected by the skill and valour of Dionysius. To him Callirhoe writes a very handsome letter, and returns with Chaereas to Syracuse.

About the time of Chariton, there lived three persons of the name of Xenophon, each of whom wrote a romance. These authors were distinguished by the names of Antiochenus, Cyprius, and Ephesius. Antiochenus, in imitation of Jamblichus, called his romance, Babylonica: the second Xenophon entitled his work, (which relates the loves of Cinyras, Myrrha, and Adonis,) Cypriaca.

The Ephesiaca (which has alone been published,) consists of ten books, and comprehends the loves of Habrocomas and Anthia. In this work the incidents are extremely similar to those that occur in the preceding romances. The hero and heroine become enamoured in the temple of Diana; they are married early in the work, but in obedience to an oracle of Apollo, are forced by their parents to travel, and in the course of their wanderings experience the accustomed adventures with robbers and pirates. On one occasion Anthia, when separated from her husband by a series of misfortunes, falls into the hands of banditti, from whom she is rescued by a young nobleman,

named Perilaus, who becomes enamoured of her. Anthia, fearing violence, affects a consent to marry him; but on the arrival of the appointed time swallows a soporific draught which she had procured from a physician, who was the friend of Perilaus, and to whom she had intrusted the secret of her story. Much lamentation is made for her death, and she is conveyed with great pomp to a sepulchre. As she had only drunk a sleeping potion, she soon awakes in the tomb, which is plundered by pirates for the sake of the treasure it contained.

Mr Douce, in his Illustrations of Shakspeare, has pointed out the resemblance between this adventure and the leading incident of the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. The Ephesiaca, he acknowledges, was not published at the time when Luigi da Porto wrote the novel, supposed to be Shakspeare's original, but he thinks it very probable he had met with the manuscript of the Greek romance.

Throughout the work the author of the Ephesiaca seems to think it necessary that every woman who sees Habrocomas, should fall in love with him, and that all the male characters should become enamoured of Anthia. The story also is

extremely complicated; and a remark which was formerly made respecting Heliodorus may be applied with double force to Xenophon; the changes of fortune in his romance are too numerous, and too much of the same nature. Xenophon, however, has received much commendation from the critics, for the elegance of his style, which is said to bear a strong resemblance to that of Longus, and is declared by Politian to be smooth as that of a more renowned Xenophon. "Sic utique Xenophon scribit, non quidem Atheniensis ille, sed alter eo *non insuavior* Ephesius."—(*Polit. Misc. c.* 15.)

After the age in which Chariton and the Xenophons are supposed to have lived, more than three centuries elapsed without the production of any fictitious narrative deserving attention. The first romance that appeared at the end of this long interval, was of a totally different nature from those which preceded it. The love it breathes is not of an earthly, but a heavenly nature; and its incidents consist not in the adventures of heroes, but the sufferings of martyrs.

In the times which succeeded the earliest ages of Christianity, the spirit of the new religion appears to have been but imperfectly understood by many of its most zealous ministers; and it is to

the dispassionate investigation of modern times, that we are indebted for the restoration of its primitive simplicity and purity.

As the first corruption of the doctrines of Christianity was owing to the eastern gnostics, so, with the *Therapeutae*, and other oriental sects, originated the notion so fatal to the practice of genuine religion, that the rejection of the Creator's bounties in this world is the best title to an immeasurable beatitude in the next.

With a view of promoting a taste for monastic seclusion, St John of Damascus (a pious monk of Syria, who lived in the eighth century, during the reign of the emperor Leo Isauricus,) appears to have written his Lives of Barlaam and Josaphat.[1] He feigns that the incidents had been told to him by certain pious Ethiopians, by which he means Indians, who had found them related by engravings on tablets of unsuspected veracity.

This story, which is supposed to be the model of our spiritual romances, is said, and with some probability, to be founded in truth; though the prophetic orthodoxy of Damascenus has anticipated discussions which were not agitated for centuries after the era of his saints.

Appendix, No. 6.

To a carnal mind, the tale in itself is destitute of interest. Martyrs and magicians, theological arguments and triumphs over infidelity, alternately occupy the narrator, while Satan and his agents lie in wait for every opportunity to entrap the unwary Neophytes.

The style of the work is formed on the sacred writings, and it is not altogether without reason that the origin of spiritual romance has been traced to the apocryphal books of Scripture. The long discourses of Barlaam abound with parabolical allusions—in agreeable and ingenious similitudes. Indeed, in so long a composition, and of such a species, it is surprising that the author should have contrived so much to enliven the dialogue, and render it so little tedious.

When the Christian religion had spread abroad in Egypt, and the fame of the sanctity of its teachers reached even to India, where many, relinquishing their property, dedicated themselves to the solitary worship of God, there reigned in the east a certain king, named Abenner. This personage was distinguished by the elegance of his form, and success in war, but darkened his other bright qualities by a superstitious regard to idols. All things prospered under his hands, and the want of chil-

dren alone appears to have reminded him of the inadequacy of his power for securing happiness.

In the midst of this prosperity, Abenner was annoyed by the troops of monks and Christians, who, by their zeal in preaching, brought over from the worship of idols many of the most considerable nobles of the country. Enraged at this defection, and unacquainted with the truth of the doctrines disseminated, the king instituted a grievous persecution against all who professed the new religion. Many of the ordinary worshippers tottered in their faith; but the monastic class, by suffering martyrdom, enjoyed a glorious opportunity of showing their zeal. A distinguished satrap, moreover, unterrified by the sufferings of the Christians, embraced the occasion for declaring his conversion, and in an elaborate speech endeavoured to seduce the king. His majesty, however, with a rare forbearance, dismissed him, without conferring the crown of martyrdom; but as a testimony of the inefficacy of his preaching, increased the rigour of his persecution, and bestowed new honours on the worshippers of idols.

After these aberrations a son is born to Abenner, of singular beauty; overjoyed by the accomplishment of his strongest wish, he proclaims a great festival, and assembles about fifty of the most

eminent of the astrologers skilled in the learning of the Chaldeans. These sages predict that the young prince would surpass in wealth, power, and glory, all his predecessors. Daniel alone of their number foretells his distinguished zeal for the Christian religion, and declares that the glory to which he was destined was reserved for him in another and a better world.

The king, dismayed by this prophecy, bethinks himself of human means to avert its completion. For this purpose he builds a splendid palace, in which he places his son, and where, by providing him with teachers and attendants of the most healthy and beautiful appearance, he is careful that no symptoms of death, or disease, or poverty, or any thing that could molest him, should fall under his observation.

After these arrangements, so well calculated for the good education of a young prince, finding that some of the monks still survived, Abenner renews the persecution, and on two of their number he bestows the crown of martyrdom, which indeed they appear to have eagerly solicited.

Meanwhile Prince Josaphat waxed strong, and possessing great ingenuity, and a prodigious love of learning, gives much disquietude to his teachers, whom he frequently puzzles by his questions.

Notwithstanding the anxiety of the king, to keep the mind of his son unacquainted with every idea productive of pain, the irksomeness of his confinement, and a desire to learn its cause, harass and distress him. Having, therefore, persuaded one of his attendants to inform him of the prediction of the astrologer, and the cause of the persecution of the Christians, he obtains permission from the king to leave his prison, his guards receiving instructions that wherever he went he should be surrounded with all imaginable delights: But in spite of the vigilance of those about him, to remove all unseemly objects from his sight, he one day steals a glance at a leper, and soon after has a full view of an old man in the last stage of decrepitude, by which means he gradually acquires the ideas of disease and of death.

In these days the word of God came to Barlaam, a pious monk, who dwelt in the wilderness of Sennaar, and moved *him* to attempt the conversion of Josaphat. Having, therefore, girt *himself* with worldly vesture, he journeyed, in disguise of a merchant, towards India, till he arrived at the residence of the young prince. Here he insinuated himself into the confidence of the attendant who had revealed to Josaphat the prediction of the as-

trologer. He informed this person that he wished to present the prince with a gem which was of great price, and was endowed with many virtues. Under this similitude of a worldly jewel, he typified the beauties of the gospel; and the prince having heard the story of the merchant, ordered him to be instantly introduced. Barlaam having thus gained admittance, premises his instructions with a summary of sacred history, from the fall of Adam to the resurrection of our Saviour; and, having in this way excited the attention and curiosity of Josaphat, who conjectures that this is the jewel of the merchant, he gradually proceeds to unfold all the mysteries and inculcate all the *credenda* of Christianity.

The sacrament of baptism, and the communion of bread and wine—faith—works—and the resurrection, with all the various topics such subjects involve, are successively expounded and illustrated. Josaphat yields implicit assent to the doctrines of Barlaam, and is admitted to a knowledge of all the questions which agitated the church in these early periods.

The consideration of the seclusion of the monks, and the efficacy of retirement in withdrawing their minds from this world, with a warm eulogy on this

species of martyrdom, prepare the way for Barlaam to throw off the terrestrial habiliments of the merchant, and to appear before his pupil in all the luxury of spiritual cleanness. An ancient goat-skin (from the effect of the sun, almost incorporated with his fleshless bones,) served him as a shirt, a rough and ragged hair-cloth descended from his loins to his knees, and a cloak of the same texture suspended from the shoulders composed the upper garment of this disciple of St Anthony.

Unappalled by the horror of this picture, Josaphat entreats the monk to release him from confinement, and to accept him as a companion in the desert; but is dissuaded by the prudence of Barlaam, who fears that, by the failure of such a premature step, he might be debarred from the completion of his pious work.

Having, therefore, baptized Josaphat, and left him his leathern doublet and hair-cloth as memorials of his conversion, and to ward off the attacks of Satan, he departs to the deserts after a profusion of prayer for the prince's perseverance in well-doing.

During his absence, Josaphat continues to manifest his zeal by every kind of mortification and prayer. Unfortunately, however, Zardan, one of

his attendants, who was apprized of his conversion, uneasy at the neglect of his trust, reveals to the king the visits of Barlaam.

Forthwith Abenner, being grievously enraged and troubled, betakes himself to Arachis, a celebrated astrologer, to whom he discovers the lamentable predicament of his son.

Arachis soon restores composure to the king, by proposing two expedients for the removal of this grievance. The first of these was to lay hold of Barlaam, and, by threatening the torture, to compel him to confess the falsehood of his doctrine. Should Barlaam escape, he next proposed to persuade Nachor, an ancient *mathematician*, who had a strong resemblance to the monk, to allow himself to be discomfited in a disputation on the truth of Christianity; by which means he expects that Josaphat will without difficulty come over to the triumphant party.

In their endeavours to overtake Barlaam the Impious are unsuccessful; but the king again suffers his wrath against the monks to overpower his humanity, and seventeen of these ascetics, who refuse, with many contemptuous reproaches, to discover the retreat of Barlaam, are tortured and put to death.

Recourse was now had to the second expedient

of Arachis, who, having arranged matters with Nachor, signifies that he had got hold of Barlaam; and the king having proclaimed an amnesty, invites the Christians, with the most learned of the heathen, to be present at a public disputation with the hermit, on the merits of the new faith.

The invitation to the Christians, however, appears not to have been accepted, for, with the exception of Arachias, (who will appear in a still more dignified situation hereafter,) no one comes forward in behalf of the pretended Barlaam. Spite of this untoward circumstance, the false Barlaam, like the celebrated Balaam of old, instead of cursing the king's enemies, blesses them altogether. The menaces of Josaphat, who, having discovered the imposition, threatened to tear out the heart and tongue of Nachor with his own hands, should he be overcome in the argument, appear to have operated on him as the flaming sword of the angel on the prudent and patient monitor of Balaam. However this may be, to the astonishment and displeasure of Abenner, Nachor, in his reply to the idolaters, proves the errors of their tenets, and the divine nature of Christianity.

Dividing the different religions into three classes, the worship of the gods, the Jewish faith, and the belief in Christ, he exposes the absurdity of

the two first, and concludes his harangue by demonstrating the superiority of the New Religion. All this the Magi are unable to refute, and the king, after many vain attempts to remind Nachor of his instructions, is obliged to dissolve the assembly, with the intention of renewing the conference on the following day. Josaphat, however, in the course of the night completes the conversion of Nachor, who betakes himself in the morning to the wilderness, to work out his salvation in private.

When these things come to the knowledge of the king, he is, as usual, much irritated; and the prudent monks being no longer exposed to his resentment, his wise men and astrologers are flogged, and dismissed with disgrace. But, spite of these tokens of impartiality, his time was not yet come, though he no longer offers sacrifice to the gods, nor holds their ministers in honour.

The servants of the idols perceiving the estrangement of the king, and fearing the loss of offerings he was wont to make to the gods, call to their aid Theudas, a celebrated magician, by whose instigation Abenner is again induced to interfere with the tranquillity of his son.

Presuming on the influence of the sexual passion, Abenner, by advice of Theudas, orders the

attendants of the prince to be removed, and in their room damsels of most alluring beauty are placed around him.' Josaphat appears to have borne their assaults with wonderful fortitude, though the proceedings of one of them were so violent, that the pious Damascenus ascribes them to the operation of demons, who were understood by the primitive Christians to be the authors and patrons of idolatry.

A more dangerous trial, however, is yet reserved for Josaphat. The most beautiful of his maiden attendants was a young princess, a captive of Abenner. In this damsel the prince takes a peculiar interest, and, reflecting on her misfortunes, he uses every endeavour to solace her by conversion to Christianity. Instigated by the demons, she promises to accede to this change of religion, on condition that the prince should espouse her; and on his declining a tie incompatible with his vow of celibacy, she labours to convince him of its innocence, supporting her arguments by the example of the patriarchs, and others distinguished by their piety. Josaphat, however, is determined against this formal breach of his engagements; and the princess is at length compelled to promise that she will embrace Christianity on more moderate terms. This was too much for the piety of Josa-

phat to resist, and the glory of redeeming the soul of the damsel, appeared to him to atone for the corporeal defilement, on which she insisted as a preliminary.

At this perilous crisis, and when the princess seems to have been on the brink of conversion, Josaphat bethinks himself of prayer. After some hours spent in tears and supplications, he falls into a profound sleep, during which it appeared to him that he was conveyed to an immense meadow, adorned with beautiful and fragrant flowers, and with trees bearing every species of fruit, whose leaves, when shaken by the breeze, produced at once celestial melody and delicious odour. The eyes were refreshed by streams which glided along more pure than crystal, while couches, scattered through the meadow and luxuriously prepared, invited to repose. Thence he was carried into a city which shone with ineffable splendour. The walls were formed of burnished gold, and the bulwarks, which towered above them, were of precious stones, superior to those produced in the mines of this world. A supernatural light, diffused from above, illumined the streets. Ætherial bands, clothed in shining vestments, chaunted strains which had never yet reached the ear of mortal, and a voice was heard saying, "This is

the rest of the just, this is the joy of those who have pleased the Lord." His guides refusing the request of Josaphat to remain in one of the corners of this city, he was again carried across the meadow, and on the opposite side he entered dark and gloomy caverns, through which whirlwinds blew with unceasing violence, and the worm and serpent rioted on the souls of sinners in a furnace blown to fury by the breath of demons.

Josaphat awakens greatly exhausted by this vision, and fortified in his virtuous resolutions by the very striking contrast which had been exhibited. At the same period likewise, the demons (as afterwards appeared from their own confession,) had been put to flight by a sign of the cross which the prince had fortunately made, and thus left him to combat with his earthly antagonist alone.

The scheme of the idolaters having thus failed, and the captive princess being abandoned to virginity and reprobation, Theudas attempts in a conference to shake the faith of Josaphat; but the latter victoriously converts the magician, and sends him, like Nachor, to the desert, where he is baptized, and passes the remainder of his life in venting tears and groans, and in producing other fruits of repentance.

At length the king determines no longer to

harass his son on the score of religion; but, by the advice of Arachis, divides his kingdom with him, hoping that the cares of government may withdraw him from his ascetic habits. The first use, however, which Josaphat makes of his new-acquired power, is to erect the cross on every tower of the city where he dwells, while the temples and altars of the idols are levelled with the dust; he also dedicates to our Saviour a magnificent cathedral, where he preaches the gospel to his subjects, calls many from darkness to light, and distributes his treasures among the poor. Now God (says the pious author of this history,) was with him whithersoever he walked, and all that he did prospered under his hands; but it was not so with the household of Abenner, which daily waxed weaker and weaker.

Presuming that this distinction would not have been made without a cause, the king finally allows himself to be converted by Josaphat; whose spiritual son he thus becomes, to the unutterable edification and comfort of the monks; and then retires from the government of his kingdom to a solitary place, where he chiefly employs himself in throwing dust on his head, and at length gives up the ghost after a long course of penitence and mortification.

Josaphat being now left without check, resolves to retire from the world, and pass the remainder of his days with Barlaam in the desert. Having therefore harangued his people, and compelled Barachias, the person who stood forward to defend the false Barlaam, to ascend the vacant throne, much against the inclination of the prince elect, he escapes with some difficulty from his subjects.

After a painful pilgrimage of many days, in the course of which he meets with numberless demons, tempting him sometimes in the form of springs of water, and sometimes in the less acceptable shape of wild beasts and serpents, he arrives at the cell of Barlaam.

There, after due preparation by devout exercises, the old man dies, and is buried by Josaphat, who spends thirty-five years in supplications to heaven, for a speedy removal from this life. The holy men of these times indeed appear to have passed their existence, as if they had been brought into this world only for the purpose of praying for their deliverance from its thraldom.

The prayers of Josaphat are at length heard, and he is buried by a neighbouring hermit in the grave of Barlaam.

When the account of his demise reaches his successor, Barachias, he comes with a great retinue to the desert; and having raised the bodies of Josaphat and Barlaam, which he finds perfectly entire, and (which could not have been expected in the lifetime of the saints,) emitting a most grateful odour, he transports them to his metropolis. There they are deposited in a magnificent church, in which they continued to work miracles, as they had done in the course of their journey, and before they were again interred.

Such is the principal story of Josaphat and Barlaam, but the romance is interspersed with many beautiful parables and apologues, most of which bear evident marks of oriental origin. These are chiefly introduced as having been told by Barlaam to the young prince, in order to illustrate and embellish the sacred doctrines which he was inculcating.

A man flying from an unicorn, by which he was pursued, had nearly fallen into a deep pit, but saved himself by grasping the twigs of a slender shrub which grew on the side. While he hung suspended over the abyss by this feeble hold, he observed two mice, the one white and the other black, gnawing the root of the plant to which he

had trusted. At the bottom of the gulf he saw a monstrous dragon, breathing forth flames, and prepared to devour him; while by this time the unicorn was looking at him over the verge of the precipice. In this situation he perceived honey distilling from the branches to which he clung, and, unmindful of the horrors by which he was surrounded, he satiated himself with the sweets which were dropping from the boughs.—Here the unicorn typifies death, by which all men are pursued; the pit is the world, full of evils; the shrub, of which the root was corroded by the white and black mouse, is life, diminished, and at length consumed, by the hours of day and night; the dragon is hell; and the honey temporal pleasures, which we eagerly follow, regardless of the snares which are everywhere spread for our destruction.

In order to inculcate the wisdom of laying up treasures in heaven, we are told that a certain state observed the custom of chusing a foreigner for its king, and after allowing him to pass a certain time in all imaginable delights, drove him, by a general insurrection, into a remote and desert island. One of these monarchs, learning how frail was the tenure by which he held the sovereignty, instead of consuming his time, like his predecessors, in feasts and carousals, employed

himself in amassing heaps of gold and silver and precious stones, which he transmitted to the island to which he expected to be conveyed. Thither (when the period of banishment at length arrived,) he betook himself without pain or reluctance, and while he saw his foolish predecessors perishing with want, he passed the remainder of his days in joy and abundance.

A powerful and magnificent king, during an excursion through the streets of his capital, observed a glimmering light, and looking through a chink of the door whence it issued, he perceived a subterraneous habitation, in which was seated a man clothed in rags, and apparently in the last extremity of want. By him sat his wife, holding an earthen cup in her hand, but singing and delighting her husband with all sorts of merriment. The king expressing his wonder at the thoughtlessness of those who could rejoice in such penury, his minister embraced the opportunity of teaching him, that princes who exult in splendid palaces and royal vestments, appear still more thoughtless to the glorified inhabitants of the eternal mansions.

There is also related a story which has been frequently imitated, of a person who was prosecuted for a debt due to the crown, and who, on

applying to friends whom he had supported, or for whom he had exposed his life, is repulsed by them all, but is at length relieved by an enemy, whom he had oppressed and persecuted.

It was probably in consequence of the number and beauty of these parables that Josaphat and Barlaam became so great a favourite, and was so frequently imitated during the middle ages. In a later period it gave rise to more than one of the tales of Boccaccio, as will appear when we come to treat of the Italian novelists; and it was unquestionably the model of that species of spiritual fiction, which was so prevalent in France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Josaphat and Barlaam, however, was the last example of this species of composition produced during the existence of the eastern empire; the only Greek romance by which it was succeeded, being formed on the model of Theagenes and Chariclea, or rather of the Clitophon and Leucippe. Indeed, in this last and feeble example of Grecian fiction, we seldom meet with an incident of which we have not the prototype in the romances of Heliodorus or Tatius. It is entitled Ismene and Ismenias,[1] and was written by Eustathius, some-

[1] Πυσταθιυ καθ' Υσμιναν και Υσμινην δραμα.

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times called Eumathius, who flourished, as Huet terms it, in the 12th century, during the reign of the emperor Emanuel Comnenus. The commencement of the story, and the mode in which the hero and heroine become acquainted, is evidently taken from Heliodorus. Ismenias is sent as a herald from his native city, Eurycomis, for the performance of some annual ceremony, to Aulycomis, where he is hospitably entertained by Sosthenes, the father of Ismene. This young lady is seized with a passion for the herald, on seeing him for the first time at dinner; she presses his hand, makes love to him under shelter of the table, and at length proceeds so far that Ismenias bursts into laughter. Heliodorus has painted his Arsace, and Tatius his Melite, as women of this description; but Eustathius is the first who has introduced his heroine avowing love without modesty and without delicacy. To her advances Ismenias at length makes some return, and the period of his embassy being expired, he departs to his native place, Eurycomis, accompanied by Sosthenes and his daughter Ismene, whom he entertains in his father's house. One day, at dinner, Sosthenes accidentally mentions that his daughter is speedily to be married. Ismene, who appears to have been previously un-

acquainted with this projected change in her situation, insists, in the course of the following night, on an immediate elopement with Ismenias. She dragged me along, (says Ismenias, who relates the story,) nor would she quit her hold, though I affirmed that the things necessary for her departure were not prepared. I with difficulty, at length, escaped from her hands, calling all the gods to witness.—Ismenias, however, on leaving her, does not go to prepare for the elopement, but to sleep; which, indeed, is the constant resource of the hero of this romance in every emergency. Throughout the whole work he consults his pillow, in circumstances which should have converted a sleeper of Ephesus into an Argus. At length, by the exertions of Cratisthenes, the friend of Ismenias, a vessel is procured, in which the lovers embark. A storm having arisen, and a victim being thought necessary by the sailors to appease Neptune, the lot falls on Ismene, who is accordingly thrown overboard. The wind of course is allayed; but as the lover of Ismene disturbs the crew with his lamentations, he is set ashore on the coast of Ethiopia. After being thus disembarked, he experiences the usual adventures with pirates, and is at last sold as a slave at Daphnipolis, to a Greek master; who soon af-

ter goes as herald to another city in Greece, and carries Ismenias along with him. The herald and his slave are received in the house of Sostratus, where Ismenias discovers Ismene, living in a servile condition. When thrown into the sea, she had been preserved by the exertions of a dolphin, and had afterwards been sold by pirates to Sostratus. This gentleman, with his daughter, and also Ismene, attend the master of Ismenias to Daphnipolis. In the middle of the night which followed their arrival in that city, the whole band proceed to worship in the temple of Apollo. Here the father and mother of Ismenias, and the parents of Ismene, are discovered tearing their hair, and lamenting in full chorus. The lovers are recognised by their parents, and redeemed from servitude, after the heroine has been subjected to the usual trial of chastity.

In this romance, which consists of eleven books, no distressing incident (except indeed to the reader,) occurs till the sixth, in which Ismene's intended marriage is first alluded to by her father. The five preceding books present one continued scene of jollity, and the long descriptions of festivity are seldom interrupted, except by still longer accounts of dreams, which are represented as having been infinitely more agreeable than could be expected,

from the loaded stomachs of the sleepers. As the work advances, these dreams become quite ridiculous, from their accurate minuteness, and the long reasonings carried on in them by persons whose stock of logic, even when awake, does not appear to have been very extensive.

The story of Ismene and Ismenias is not intricate in itself, but is perplexed by the similarity of names. The reader must be far advanced in the work before he learns to distinguish the hero from the heroine; especially as the latter acts a part which in most romances is assigned to the former. Eurycomis is the city from which Ismenias is sent as herald. In Aulycomis he is received by Sosthenes, the father of Ismene; and is sold to a Greek master at Daphnipolis, who goes as herald to Artycomis, where he is entertained by Sostratus. Eustathius has perhaps fallen into this blemish by imitating Heliodorus, in whose romance Chaereas, Calasiris, and Cnemon, are the names of the principal characters.

Eustathius resembles the author of Clitophon and Leucippe, in his fondness for descriptions of paintings. The second and fourth books are full of accounts of allegorical pictures in the temples and summer-house of the garden of Sosthenes, which were hung with representations of the four

cardinal virtues, and also with emblems of each of the twelve months of the year. A reaper is drawn for July; a person bathing for August; and one sitting by the fire for February. Some of these allegories, however, are rather far-fetched; thus it is not very apposite to make a soldier the emblem of March, because that month is the most favourable for military expeditions. From Tatius also the author of Ismene and Ismenias borrows that ticklish experiment, which winds up the fable of so many of the Greek romances, with such honour to the heroines, and such satisfaction to their lovers. From Longus, according to Huet, he has taken that celebrated piece of gallantry,[1] which consists in drinking from the part of a goblet which had been touched by the lips of a mistress. But this artifice, which has been introduced in so many amatory compositions,[2] may be traced much higher than the Daphnis and Chloe of Longus. It is one of the counsels given by Ovid in his Art of Love: (de Art. Amat. lib. i. 575.)

Fac primus rapias illius tacta labellis
Pocula: quaque bibit parte puella, bibe.

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[1] Elegans urbanitatis genus —*Huet. Orig. Fab.*
[2] Achilles Tatius, &c.

Lucian, too, in one of his dialogues,[1] makes Jupiter pay this compliment to Ganymede; and the same conceit may be found in a collection of letters by the sophist Philostratus, who wrote in the second century. "Drink to me," says he, "with thine eyes only, or if thou wilt, putting the cup to thy lips, fill it with kisses, and so bestow it upon me."[2]

On account of his numerous plagiarisms, Eustathius is violently attacked by Huet, who says that he rather transcribes than imitates the work of Tatius. "Indeed," continues he, "there can be nothing more frigid than this romance, nothing meaner, nothing more unpleasant and disgusting. In the whole there is no decency, no probability, no invention, no happy disposition of incident. The author introduces the hero relating his own adventures; but one cannot discover whom he

[1] Dialog. Deor. vol. I. p. 129.

[2] Εμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρέπει τοῖς ὄμμασιν. Κἰ δὲ βούλει καὶ χείλεσι προσφέρουσα πλήρες φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου Philostr. This idea, along with many other far-fetched conceits of Philostratus, has been imitated by Ben Jonson, in his poem entitled the Forest:—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

addresses, or why he is discoursing. Ismene is first enamoured, she first confesses and offers love without modesty, without shame, and without art. Ismenias takes no hint from these caresses, nor does he make any return. This may be praiseworthy in morals or philosophy, but is wretched in romance. In short, the whole is the work of some raw school-boy, or unskilful sophist, from whose hands the birch ought never to have been withdrawn."

These remarks of Huet may in general be well founded, but his censure of Eustathius for not having created a character to whom the hero recounts his history would be applicable, if just, not only to the work he criticizes, but to many of our best modern novels and romances. The method adopted by Achilles Tatius, of introducing a listener, seems now exploded; and if we fancy that the hero or heroine speaks, the narration must be regarded as a soliloquy from beginning to end. But in the modern novel, and in the Greek romance of Ismene and Ismenias, the persons who relate their story are neither conceived to address a friend, nor to report their adventures to themselves, but are supposed to have written what the reader peruses.

Notwithstanding its defects, Ismene and Isme-

nias has been imitated by subsequent poets and writers of romance. D'Urfé, in particular, has taken the description of the fountain of love introduced in the Astrea, from that of Diana at Artycomis; and many of the incidents and names in the work of Eustathius have been transferred to the Spanish pastoral of Montemayor.

Besides those Greek romances that have been enumerated, there is one entitled Dosicles and Rhodantes, by Theodorus Prodromus, who wrote about the middle of the 12th century, and was nearly contemporary with Eustathius, but which shall not be farther mentioned; as, besides being very indifferently written, it is in iambics, and is rather a poem than a romance. It was followed by a great many others of a similar description, in the 12th and 13th centuries, all of which are written in iambics; and contain a series of wandering adventures, strung together with little art or invention, as the loves of Charicell and Drosilla, by Nicetas Eugenianus, &c.

Of all these an account has been given by Fabricius, in his Bibliotheca Græca, (l. 5. c. 6.,) but the only one deserving of notice or attention, is the History of Appollonius of Tyre, which is written in such barbarous verse, that I can scarcely be considered as breaking through my plan, by

giving a short account of it. The original Greek, I believe, has only been recently edited, but a Latin prose translation, formed as early as the 11th century, was published soon after the invention of printing, under the title of Appollonii Tyrii Historia. In this romance, we are told that Antiochus, king of Syria, who entertained towards his daughter warmer sentiments than those of paternal affection, in order to retain her in his own palace, propounded to her numerous suitors, a riddle to be explained as the price of her hand. Appollonius, king of Tyre, having fallen in love with the princess by report, arrives at the capital of Antiochus, and solves the enigma, which contained an allusion to the criminal passion of the father. The king of Syria lays snares for the destruction of Appollonius, who escapes from his dominions, and after various adventures is driven by a storm into the states of a monarch, where his regal descent being discovered by the majesty of his appearance, and the variety of his accomplishments, the king's daughter falls in love with him, and, in order to protract his stay, requests that he may be appointed her preceptor in those arts in which he had shown himself so skilful. In the course of his instructions, Appollonius forgets the princess of Syria, and lays claim to the hand of his fair pupil.

Some months after the marriage had been solemnized, intelligence arrives that Antiochus and his daughter had been struck dead by lightning, and that the appearance of Appollonius in Syria, would be the signal of a general declaration in his favour. With the view of obtaining this vacant sovereignty, he sets sail with his wife, who gives birth to a daughter during the voyage; but while in a swoon, into which she had soon after fallen, she is believed dead, and from the superstition of the crew with regard to the malignant influence of corpses at sea, she is immediately thrown overboard in a chest. Appollonius lands in a state of despair on the coast of Syria, where he entrusts his infant daughter to persons on whose fidelity he could depend, and then sets out as a wanderer on the face of the earth. When his daughter grows up she is carried off by pirates, and sold at a Grecian city, where she is preserved from infamy by the compassion and continence of a young man, called Athenagoras, to whose embraces she was presented by her purchaser. She continues to earn a subsistence by her skill in music, till her father, who in the course of his wanderings had arrived at that city, in a mourning and dejected habit, attracted by the heavenly melody of her voice, enters her humble dwelling. For his solace and

recreation, she sung with exquisite pathos the unhappy story of her infancy, from which Appollonius discovered that she was indeed his daughter. He affianced her to Athenagoras, to whom she had been indebted for more than the preservation of life, and then, warned by a celestial vision, he departed for Ephesus. There he found his long-lost queen, who, having been wafted to that coast when thrown overboard, had been picked up by a physician, who at length succeeded in restoring the almost extinguished animation.

Besides the Latin prose version already mentioned, the romance, or history of Appollonius, was translated into Latin verse about the end of the 12th century, by Godfrey of Viterbo, who introduced it in his Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle, as part of the history of Antiochus the Third of Syria. It was also inserted in the Gesta Romanorum, which was written in the 14th century, and became soon after the subject of a French prose romance, which was the origin of the English Chronicle of Apolyn of Tyre, printed by Wynkin de Worde, in 1510. It was from the metrical version, however, of Godfrey of Viterbo, that the story came to Gower, who has told it with little variation in his *Confessio Amantis*. Gower is introduced as speaking the prologue to each of the

five acts of Pericles, prince of Tyre; whence it may be presumed that the author of that play derived his plot from the English poet. The drama of Pericles, as is well known, has been the subject of much discussion; the composition of the whole, or greater part of it, having been attributed to Shakspeare, by some of his commentators, chiefly on the authority of Dryden:—

> Your Ben and Fletcher in their first young flight,
> Did no Volpone, no Arbaces write;
> Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,
> The Prince of Tyre is elder than the Moor.

Besides the romances which have been enumerated, there appeared during the existence of the eastern empire, a number of Greek tales, chiefly derived from mythological stories, and resembling those of Parthenius Nicenus; but sometimes combined with long discussions on the nature of love. However, as these are not written according to the rules of romance, but are founded on heathen fables, they are not included in the plan that I have adopted.

A curious account is given by Huet, of a romance of disputed authenticity, which appeared under the name of Athenagoras, entitled, Du Vrai

et Parfait Amour. A copy of this work, written in French, was sent, in the year 1569, to M. Lamané, by Martin Fumée, who professes himself to be merely the translator. He informs us in the preface that he received the Greek copy from this M. Lamané, who was prothonotary to the cardinal of Armagnac; that he had never seen any other manuscript of the work, and adds, that it is the production of that Athenagoras, who addressed an apology for the Christian religion to the emperors Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, which would make him considerably prior to Heliodorus. In 1599, thirty years after it was written or translated by Fumée, the romance was published by Bernard of Sanjorry, with a preface, in which he says that he found among his papers a copy of the work, transcribed from the manuscript which Fumée had sent to M. de Lamané.

Huet speaks of this romance at considerable length, in the work I have so often quoted. He in the first place extols the splendid and interesting manner in which the romance opens. "There," says he, "as in a picture, is represented the lofty triumph of Paulus Emilius, where, amidst so many remarkable objects, the king of Macedon is exhibited loaded with chains, and hurried along with his children before the chariot of his conqueror.

There the enamoured Charis, grieving beyond measure that she had fallen into the power of the Romans, and that she had been torn from Theogenes, her lover, is touched with delight, on unexpectedly beholding him; and at the same moment is affected with the most poignant anguish, because she sees him among the captives." It is from the house of Octavius, a Roman general, into whose power she had fallen, that Charis views the triumph that excites such jarring emotions. Melangenia, who turns out to be an elderly gentlewoman of Carthage, but was at that time the slave of Octavius, is sent to console her. These two females recount to each other their early loves and misfortunes, the recital of which occupies the first six books of the romance, and the remaining four contain the adventures of Charis after she had obtained her freedom from Octavius, which are in the usual style of those contained in the Greek romances.

As to the question of the authenticity of this production, the authors of the Bibliotheque des Romans seem to think it a genuine work, but do not enter into much discussion on the subject. Huet remarks, that the intimate knowledge shown by the author, of all those things which were discovered by

the ancients, both in nature and art;—his wonderful acquaintance with the history of past times, and the ancient errors he adopts, into which a modern would scarcely have fallen; the Greek phraseology which shines even through the mist of translation; and, above all, the dignity and grace of antiquity, which cannot be easily imitated, and in which the whole work is clothed; all conspire to vindicate from the suspicion of forgery. The bishop then proceeds to unfold his arguments against the genuineness of the work, many of which are not more conclusive than those adduced in favour of its authenticity. The first reason for incredulity is, that the romance has not been mentioned in the dictionary of Photius; which, if admitted as a proof of fabrication, would render spurious the romances of Longus, Chariton, and the three Xenophons. Nor is the argument derived from the supposed imitation of Heliodorus altogether conclusive, since, upon the supposition that the work in question was a genuine production of Athenagoras, Theagenes and Chariclea may as probably have been derived from Charis and Theogenes, as these from the former appellations. The non-existence, however, of a Greek original of the romance Du Vrai et parfait Amour, necessarily

throws the *onus probandi* of its authenticity on its defenders; and, until produced, a strong presumption remains, that Charis and Theogenes is nothing more than a partial change of Theagenes and Chariclea.

The imposture, indeed, is clearly detected by the description of manners and institutions unknown in the age of Athenagoras. Thus the author conducts a criminal trial in the heart of Greece, according to the form of process before the parliament of Paris. The priests and virgins introduced in the romance, as consecrated to Hammon, live according to the fashion of the monks and nuns of the fifteenth century, and not like those who existed in the early ages of Christianity.

Huet has mentioned, as the principal defect of the romance, that it is loaded with descriptions of buildings, and that the palaces are not raised by the magic hand of fiction, but by a professional architect. From this blemish Huet has drawn his chief argument against the authenticity of the work. "It is universally known," says he, "that the Cardinal Armagnac was much addicted to the study of architecture: Philander, the commentator on Vitruvius, was one of his devoted retainers,

was the most scientific architect of his age, and was, besides, well informed in every branch of polite literature. Now, since the descriptions of this Athenagoras are closely squared to the principles of architecture inculcated by him in his annotations on Vitruvius, may it not reasonably be suspected, that Philander was the deviser of this literary imposture, in order to support his own opinions by the authority of antiquity? The fraud might have been detected, had the work issued from the hands of Philander, or the palace of the cardinal. That he might remove suspicion from himself, and conduct the reader as it were to other ground, he wrote an amatory romance. There, as if incidentally, he inserted the precepts of his art, and, concealing his own name, he ingeniously employed that of Lamané, for the possessor of the manuscript, and Fumée for the French translator. "However it may be," he continues, "the romance is ingeniously contrived, artfully conducted, enlightened with unparalleled sentiments, and precepts of morality, and adorned with a profusion of delightful images, most skilfully disposed. The incidents are probable, the episodes are deduced from the main subject, the language is perspicuous, and modesty is scrupulously obser-

ved. Here there is nothing mean, nothing unnatural or affected, nothing that has the appearance of childishness or sophistry." Huet, however, complains that the conclusion of the fable of this romance is far removed from the excellence of the introduction.

I have now taken a successive view of the Greek romances, and have attempted to furnish such an analysis of them as may enable the reader to form some notion of their nature and qualities.

One quality, it is obvious, pervades them all, and it is the characteristic not only of Greek romance, but of the first attempt at prose fiction in every country: The interest of each work almost wholly consists in a succession of strange, and often improbable adventures. Indeed, as the primary object of the narrator was to surprise by the incidents he rehearsed, the strangeness of these was the chief object to which he directed his attention. For the creation of these marvels sufficient scope was afforded him, because, as little intercourse took place in society, the limits of probability were not precisely ascertained. The seclusion, also, of females in these early times gave a certain uniformity to existence, and prevented the novelist from painting those minute and almost imperceptible

tible traits of feeling and character, all those developements, which render a well-written modern novel so agreeable and interesting. Still, amid all their imperfections, the Greek romances are extremely pleasing, since they may be considered as almost the first productions in which woman is in any degree represented as assuming her proper station of the friend and the companion of man. Hitherto she had been considered almost in the light of a slave, ready to bestow her affections on whatever master might happen to obtain her; but, in Heliodorus and his followers, we see her an affectionate guide and adviser—we behold an union of hearts painted as a main-spring of our conduct in life—we are delighted with pictures of fidelity, constancy, and chastity, and are encouraged to persevere in a life of virtue by the happy consequences to which it leads. The Greek romances are less valuable than they might have been, from giving too much to adventure, and too little to manners and character;—but these have not been altogether neglected, and several pleasing pictures are delineated of ancient customs and feelings. In short, these early fictions are such as might have been expected at the first effort, and must be considered as not merely valuable in themselves, but as highly estimable in point-

ing out the method of awaking the most pleasing sympathies of our nature, and affecting most powerfully the fancy and the heart.

CHAPTER II.

Introduction of the Milesian Tales into Italy.—Latin Romances.—Petronius Arbiter.—Apuleius, &c.

The Milesian Fables had found their way into Italy even before they flourished in Greece. They had been received with eagerness, and imitated by the Sybarites, the most voluptuous nation in the west of Europe; whose stories obtained the same celebrity in Rome, that the Milesian tales had acquired in Greece and Asia. It is not easy to specify the exact nature of the western imitations, but if we may judge from a solitary specimen transmitted by Ælian in his Variæ Historiæ, (l. 14. c. 20,) they were of a facetious description, and intended to promote merriment. A pedagogue of the Sybarite nation conducted his pupil through the streets of a town. The boy happened to get

hold of a fig, which he was proceeding to eat, when his tutor interrupted him by a long declamation against luxury, and then snatching the dainty from his hand, devoured it with the utmost greed. This tale Ælian says he had read in the Sybarite stories, (σοφισις συβαριτικαις,) and had been so much entertained that he got it by heart, and committed it to writing, as he did not grudge mankind a hearty laugh!

Many of the Romans, it would appear, were as easily amused as Ælian, since the Sybarite stories for a long while enjoyed great popularity; and, at length, in the time of Sylla, the Milesian tales of Aristides were translated into Latin by Sisenna, who was prætor of Sicily, and author of a history of Rome. Plutarch informs us in his life of Crassus, that when that general was defeated by the Parthians, the conquerors found copies of Milesian and Sybarite tales in the tents of the Roman soldiers; whence Surena expressed his contempt for the effeminacy and licentiousness of his enemies, who, even in time of war, could not refrain from the perusal of such compositions.

The taste for the Sybarite and Milesian fables increased during the reign of the emperors. Many imitators of Aristides appeared, particularly Clodius Albinus, the competitor of the Emperor Severus,

whose stories have not reached posterity, but are said to have obtained a celebrity to which their merit hardly entitled them.[1] It is strange that Severus, in a letter to the senate, in which he upbraids its members for the honours they had heaped on his rival, and the support they had given to his pretensions, should, amid accusations that concerned him more nearly, have expressed his chief mortification to arise from their having distinguished that person as learned, who had grown hoary in the study of old wives' tales, such as the Milesian-Punic fables.—Major fuit dolor, quod illum pro literato laudandum plerique duxistis, cum ille neniis quibusdam anilibus occupatus, inter Milesias Punicus Apulcii fuit, et ludicra literaria consenescceret.

But the most celebrated fable of ancient Rome is the work of Petronius Arbiter, perhaps the most remarkable fiction which has dishonoured the literary history of any nation. It is the only fable of that period now extant, but is a strong proof of the monstrous corruption of the times in which such a production could be tolerated, though, no

[1] Milesias nonnulli ejusdem esse dicunt, quarum fama non ignobilis habetur, quamvis mediocriter scriptæ sunt.—*Capitolinus vit. Clod. Albini.*

doubt, writings of bad moral tendency might be circulated before the invention of printing, without arguing the depravity they would have evinced, if presented to the world subsequent to that period.

The work of Petronius is in the form of a satire, and, according to some commentators, is directed against the vices of the court of Nero, who is thought to be delineated under the names of Trimalchio and Agamemnon;—an opinion which has been justly ridiculed by Voltaire. The satire is written in a manner which was first introduced by Varro; verses are intermixed with prose, and jests with serious remark. It has much the air of a romance, both in the incidents and their disposition; but the story is too well known, and too scandalous, to be particularly detailed. The scene is laid in Magna Græcia; Encolpius is the chief character in the work, and the narrator of events;—he commences by a lamentation on the decline of eloquence, and while listening to the reply of Agamemnon, a professor of oratory, he loses his companion Ascyltos. Wandering through the town in search of him, he is finally conducted by an old woman to a retirement where the incidents that occur are analogous to the scene. The subsequent adventures—the feast of Trimalchio—the

defection and return of Giton—the amour of Eumolpus in Bythinia—the voyage in the vessel of Lycus—the passion and disappointment of Circe, follow each other without much art of arrangement; an apparent defect which may arise from the mutilated form in which the satire has descended to us.

The style of Petronius has been much applauded for its elegance—it certainly possesses considerable *naiveté* and grace, and is by much too fine a veil for so deformed a body. Some of the verses also are extremely beautiful. The best part of the prose, however, is the well-known episode of the matron of Ephesus, which, I have little doubt, was originally a Milesian or Sybarite fable. A lady of Ephesus, on the death of her husband, not contented with the usual demonstrations of grief, descended with the corpse into the vault in which it was entombed, resolving there to perish with sorrow. From this design no entreaties of her own or her husband's friends could dissuade her. But at length a common soldier, who had been appointed to watch the bodies of malefactors crucified in the vicinity, lest they should be taken down by their relations, perceiving a light, descended into the vault, where he gazed on the beauty of the mourner, whom he soon persuaded

to eat, to drink, and to live. That very night, in her funeral garments, in the commencement of her grief, and in the tomb of her husband, she was united to this new and unknown lover. When the soldier ascended from this bridal chamber, he found that the body of a criminal had been carried off. He returned to his mistress to deplore the punishment that awaited him for his neglect, but she immediately relieved his disquiet, by proposing that the corpse of the husband, whose funeral she had so vehemently mourned, should be raised, and nailed to the cross in room of the malefactor.

A story nearly the same with that in Petronius exists, under title of the Widow who was Comforted, in the book known in this country by name of the Seven wise Masters, which is one of the oldest collections of oriental stories. There, however, the levity of the widow is aggravated by the circumstance that the husband had died in consequence of alarm at a danger to which his wife had been exposed, and that she consented to mutilate his body, in order to give it a perfect resemblance to that of the malefactor which had been taken down from the cross.

This story of female levity has frequently been imitated, both in its classical and oriental circumstances. It is the Fabliau De la femme qui se fist putain sur la fosse de son mari. The Pere du

Halde, in his History of China, informs us that it is a common story in that empire; but the most singular place for the introduction of such a tale was the Rule and Exercise of holy Dying, by Jeremy Taylor, where it forms part of the 5th chapter, entitled, Of the Contingencies of Death and Treating our Dead.

The Latin writers of fiction seem to have been uniformly more happy in their episodes than in the principal subject. This remark is particularly applicable to the

ASS OF APULEIUS,

to which its readers, on account of its excellence, as is generally supposed, added the epithet of Golden. Warburton, however, conjectures, from the beginning of one of Pliny's epistles, that *Auriæ* was the common title given to the Milesian, and such tales as strollers used to tell for a piece of money to the rabble in a circle: "Assem para et accipe auream fabulam." (L. ii. Ep. 20.) These Milesian fables were much in vogue in the age of Apuleius. Accordingly, in the commencement of his work, he allures his readers with the promise of a fashionable composition,[1] though he early in-

[1] At ego tibi sermone isto Milesio varias fabulas conseram, auresque tuas benevolas lepido susurro permulceam.

sinuates that he has deeper intentions than their amusement.

The fable is related in the person of the author, who commences his story with representing himself as a young man, sensible of the advantages of virtue, but immoderately addicted to pleasure, and curious of magic. He informs the reader, that on account of some domestic affairs, he was obliged to travel into Thessaly, the country whence his family had its origin. At his entrance into one of the towns, called Hypata, he enquired for a person of the name of Milo, and being directed to his house, rapped at the door. On what security do you intend to borrow, said a servant, cautiously unbolting it; we only lend on pledges of gold or silver. Being at last introduced to the master, Apuleius presented letters of recommendation from Demeas, a friend of the miser, and was in consequence asked to remain in the house. *Milo* having dismissed his wife, desired his guest to sit down on the couch in her place, apologizing for the want of seats of a more portable description, on account of his fear of robbers. Apuleius having accepted the invitation to reside in the miser's house, went out to the public bath, and on the way reflecting on the parsimony of his host, he bought some fish for supper. On coming out

from the market he met Pithias, who had been his school-fellow at Athens, but was at that time ædile of Hypata, and had the superintendance of provisions. This magistrate having examined the fish his friend had purchased, condemned them as bad, ordered them to be destroyed, and having merely reprimanded the vender, left his old companion dismayed at the loss of his supper and money, and by no means satisfied with the mode of administering justice in Thessaly.

After having visited the bath, Apuleius returned to sleep at Milo's, and rose next morning with the design of seeing whatever was curious in the city. Thessaly was the country whence magic derived its origin; and of the nature of this art he had heard and even witnessed something on his journey from Rome. Hence he imagined that every thing he saw was changed from its natural form, by the force of enchantment; he expected to behold the statues walk, and to hear the oxen prophesy. While roaming through the town he met with a lady, called Byrrhena, who, having been a friend of his mother, invited him to lodge at her house. This he could not agree to, as he had already accepted an apartment at Milo's, but he consented to accompany her home to supper. The great hall in this lady's palace is splen-

didly described, and an animated account is given of a statue of Victory, and a piece of sculpture representing Diana, surrounded by her dogs. Apuleius is warned by Byrrhena to beware of Pamphile, the wife of Milo, who was the most dangerous magician in Thessaly. She informs him that this hag spares no charms to fascinate a young man for whom she conceives a passion, and does not scruple to metamorphose those who oppose her inclinations. Apuleius returned home, hesitating whether to attach himself to Pamphile, in order to be instructed in magic, or to her servant Fotis. The superior beauty of the latter speedily fixed his resolution, and he consoled himself for the many privations he endured in the house of Milo, by carrying on an intrigue with this damsel, who acted as the handmaid of Pamphile, and the valet of her parsimonious husband.

One night, while supping at the house of Byrrhena, Apuleius was informed that the following day being the festival of Momus, he ought to honour that divinity by some merry invention.

Returning home somewhat intoxicated, he perceived through the dusk three large figures attacking the door of Milo with much fury. Suspecting them to be robbers, who intended to break in, he ran his sword through them in succession,

and, leaving them as dead, escaped into the house. Next morning he is arrested on account of the triple homicide, and is brought to trial in a crowded and open court. The accuser is called by a herald. An old man, who acted in this capacity, pronounced a harangue, of which the duration was limited by a clepsydra, as the old sermons were measured by hour glasses. Two women in deep mourning were introduced; one lamented the death of her husband, the other of her son, and both called loudly for vengeance on the murderer. Apuleius was found guilty of the death of three citizens; but previous to his execution it was resolved he should be put to the torture, to force a discovery of his accomplices, and the necessary preparations were accordingly completed. What had chiefly astonished Apuleius during this scene, was, that the whole court, and among others his host Milo, were all the while convulsed with laughter. One of the women in mourning now demanded that the dead bodies, which were in court, should be uncovered, in order that, the compassion of the judges being excited, the tortures might be increased. The demand was complied with, and the task assigned to Apuleius himself. The risibility of the audience is now accounted for, as he sees, to his utter astonishment,

three immense leather bottles, which, on the preceding night, he had mistaken for robbers. The imaginary criminal is then dismissed, after being informed that this mock trial was in honour of the god Momus.

On returning home the matter was more fully explained by Fotis, who informs Apulcius that she had been employed by her mistress to procure the hair of a young Bœotian, of whom she was enamoured, in order to prepare a charm which would bring him to her house: that having failed in obtaining this ingredient, and fearing the resentment of her mistress, she had brought her some goat's hair, which fell from the scissars of a bottle-shearer. These hairs being burned by the sorceress, with the usual incantations, had (instead of leading the Bœotian to her house,) given animation to the skins to which they formerly adhered, and which being then in the form of bottles, appeared, in their desire of entrance, to assault the door of Milo. The above story of the bottles probably suggested to Cervantes the dreadful combat which took place at an inn between Don Quixote and the wine skins, which he hacked to pieces, supposing all the while that he was cleaving down giants (book iv. c. 4.).

Apulcius agreed to forgive Fotis the uneasiness

she had occasioned, if she would promise to exhibit her mistress to him while engaged in one of her magical operations. On the following night Fotis came to him in great agitation, and informed him that her mistress was about to assume the shape of a bird, to fly to some object of her affections. Looking through an opening in the door, he saw Pamphile take out several bottles, and rub herself with an ointment contained in one of them. Then having muttered certain words, her body is covered with feathers, her nails are lengthened into claws; and forthwith, in shape of an owl, she flies out of the chamber. Apuleius next requested Fotis that she would favour him with some of the ointment, that he might follow her mistress in the same form, to his restoration from which he understood nothing farther was necessary than a draught of spring water, mixed with anise and laurel leaves. Fotis, however, gave him a different ointment from that which she had intended, so that, instead of being changed into a bird, he assumed the figure of an Ass. In this shape he retains his former feelings and understanding, but is told by Fotis that he cannot be restored to the human form but by eating rose leaves.

The remainder of the story is occupied with the search of Apuleius after this valuable article, and

the hardships he suffers under the degraded form to which he was reduced; a part of the work, which seems in its literal signification to have suggested the idea of such compositions as the Adventures of a Lap-dog, the Perambulations of a Mouse, &c.

Apuleius in the first place descended to the stable, where he was very roughly treated by his own horse, and the ass of Milo. In a corner of his new habitation he perceived the shrine of Hippona, the goddess of stables, adorned with fresh-gathered roses; but in attempting to pluck them he was beat back with many blows by his own groom, who felt indignant at the meditated sacrilege.

At this instant Milo's dwelling was broken into by robbers, who, having pillaged the house, loaded the horse and the two asses which they found in the stable with the booty. Apuleius observed several rose bushes in a garden through which he passed on his way to the habitation of the banditti; but restrained himself from partaking of their flowers, lest he should be murdered by his new masters on resuming the human figure. After a long journey, and when almost ready to sink under the weight of his burden, he arrived at the abode of the robbers. This residence is described in

a manner extremely similar to the habitations of banditti, in all modern romances. We have the rugged mountain, impenetrable forest, inaccessible rocks, and even the solid and lofty tower, with the subterraneous cavern. In this frightful abode supper was served up by an old woman, who was the only domestic; and during the repast another troop arrived bearing a rich booty.

At day-break the band set out on a new expedition, and returned a few hours afterwards with a young lady as their prize, whom they consigned to the care of the old woman. She informed this hag that she had been carried off on the day of her nuptials with a young man, to whom she was much attached. The old woman, to alleviate her distress, entertained her with a story which she said was taken from the Milesian fables, and which is the celebrated tale of Cupid and Psyche.

Apuleius was employed in different expeditions with the robbers; he also made several attempts to escape from their power, which proved abortive. At length, one of their number, who had been left in the town where Milo resided, returned to his band, and informed them that they were not suspected of the robbery, which had been laid to the charge of a person of the name of Apuleius, who had forged letters from a friend of Milo, and had

disappeared after pillaging the house. He also introduced a stranger, who represented himself as the celebrated robber Hemus, the terror of all Thessaly; and who, of consequence, was gladly chosen the leader of the banditti. Apuleius, by attending to the conversation which passed between this person and the young lady, discovered that the pretended outlaw was her husband, who had assumed a false character, in order to effect her escape. This he accomplished one evening by intoxicating his companions, when, having bound them with cords, and placed his bride on the back of Apuleius, he returned with her to the town in which she had formerly resided.

There is a striking coincidence of the occurrences at the habitation of the robbers with some of the early incidents in Gil Blas. The gloomy habitation of the robbers—the manner in which it is secured—the revelry of the banditti—the old woman by whom they are attended—the arrival of a new troop during the entertainment—the captivity of the young lady and final escape, are, I think, resemblances too strong to have been merely accidental.

The new master of Apuleius, in gratitude for the service he had rendered, determined he should be sent to his mares in the country, to aid in the

propagation of mules. Unfortunately the groom he was entrusted to had a wife, who totally marred the amorous expectations of Apuleius, by setting him to turn a mill. Nor was his situation improved when the groom, at length recollecting his orders, sent him on the service to which he was originally destined; as he met with a most inhospitable reception from some horses who were his fellow suitors.

After this mortification, Apuleius was employed to bring burdens of wood from the mountains, under the guidance of a boy, who treated him with the utmost cruelty, and spread such a report of his mischievous disposition, that he was at the point of being for ever disqualified for the multiplication of mules. Intelligence, however, opportunely arrived that his master had been treacherously murdered by a former lover of his wife's, and that this lady, after taking a savage revenge on her perfidious admirer, had laid violent hands on herself. On receiving this intelligence, the groom pillaged his master's house in the country, loaded Apuleius with the booty, and fled with the rustics who were his accomplices. In the course of their journey through a wild and desolate country, they met with various adventures; and at length arrived in a populous town, where the groom re-

solved to fix his residence. Here Apuleius was purchased by an old eunuch, one of the priests of the Syrian goddess. While in his possession he was witness to the dreadful debaucheries of the ministers of that divinity; and inadvertently braying with astonishment at their excesses, one of the neighbours, who had lost an ass, burst into the house, which rendered public the infamy of these wretches.

In consequence of this exposure, the eunuchs were obliged to remove to another town, whither Apuleius, bearing the statue of the Syrian goddess, accompanied them. Here they lodged in the house of one of the inhabitants, who had a great veneration for that deity. A dog unfortunately ran off with a haunch of venison, with which he had intended to entertain her votaries. The cook proposed to hang himself in despair, but his wife persuaded him to leave that operation as his last resource; and meanwhile to substitute an ass's leg in room of the one he had lost. Apuleius having understood that he was the intended victim, rushed into the hall where the host was entertaining the priest, and overset the tables. A report having been circulated that a mad dog had been seen in the stable, this act of Apuleius was ascribed to hydrophobia; and he would have been sa-

crificed to this suspicion, if he had not instantly drunk some water from a vase.

The eunuchs soon after removed, and in travelling about with them, Apuleius heard the recital of the tale concerning the tub which forms the second story of the seventh day of the Decameron. Apuleius at length was sold at the market of one of the towns through which he passed, to a baker, who meets with the adventure related by Boccaccio in the tenth novel of the fifth day. He next fell into the possession of a gardener, from whom he was forcibly carried off by a Roman soldier, and sold to two brothers who lived together; the one being the cook, and the other the pastry-cook, of a man of wealth and importance. When they went out they made it a rule to lock the door of the tent in which they baked and dressed victuals, and left only their ass in it. At their return they invariably found that the pastry and other provisions had disappeared. As the ass always left his corn and hay unconsumed, he became an object of suspicion; and being watched one day by the brothers, was detected at his dainty repast. The cooks were much entertained with the spectacle, and the account of this piece of epicurism having reached the ears of their master, Thyasus, Apuleius was purchased by him, and taught a va-

riety of tricks by one of his freedmen. The possession of this singular animal threw much lustre on the proprietor, in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, and he was in consequence appointed chief magistrate of Corinth for five consecutive years.

Apuleius was also of great value to the freedman who had charge of him, as he was exhibited for money to the inhabitants. He received besides frequent visits from ladies, which, at their solicitation, he was privately sent to return.[1]

A splendid fete was now given by his master, in honour of his election to the magistracy. The judgment of Paris was represented, and Apuleius was destined to act a principal part in a species of afterpiece, which was by no means consonant to his feelings as a public exhibition.

He fled, unperceived, to the fields, and having gallopped for three leagues, he came to a retired spot on the shore of the sea. The moon, which was in full splendour, and the awful silence of the night, inspired him with sentiments of devotion.

[1] See *La Pucelle*, chant. xx. note 4. "L'âne d'Apulée (says Voltaire) ne parla point; il ne put jamais prononcer que *Oh* et *non*: mais il eut une bonne fortune avec une dame, comme on peut le voir dans l'Apuleius en deux volumes in 4° cum *notis ad usum Delphini*."

He purified himself in the manner prescribed by Pythagoras, and addressed a long prayer to the great goddess Isis. In the course of the night she appeared to him in a dream; and, after giving a strange account of herself, announced to him the end of his misfortunes; but demanded, in return, the consecration of his whole life to her service. When he awakens from this dream, he feels confirmed in the resolution of aspiring to a life of virtue. On this change of disposition, and conquest over his passions, the author finely represents all Nature as assuming a new face of cheerfulness and gaiety. "Tanta hilaritudine, præter peculiarem meam, gestire mihi cuncta videbantur, ut pecua etiam cujuscemodi, et totas domos, et ipsam diem serena facie gaudere sentirem."

While in this frame of mind, Apuleius perceived an innumerable multitude advancing towards the shore, to celebrate the festival of Isis. Amid the crowd of priests he remarked the sovereign pontiff, with a crown of roses on his head; and approached to pluck them. The pontiff, yielding to a secret inspiration, held forth the garland. Apuleius resumed his former figure, and the promise of the goddess was fulfilled. He was then initiated into her rites—returned to Rome, and devoted himself to her service. This information,

he remarks, will not surprise those who know that he is decurion of the temple of Osiris, and who are not ignorant that Isis and Osiris are one divinity.

Apuleius was finally invited to a more mystic and solemn initiation, by the goddess herself, who rewarded him for his accumulated piety, by an abundance of temporal blessings.

Such is the general outline of the subject of the Golden Ass, which the contemporaries of the author, and critics of the succeeding age, regarded as a trivial fable, written with the sole intention of amusing the vulgar: "Quibus fabulis," says Macrobius, "Apuleium nonnunquam lusisse miramur." At an early, though subsequent period, a very different opinion was adopted. It was no longer questioned that Apuleius had some profound intention; but it was not agreed in what his aim consisted. St Augustine permitted himself to doubt whether the account given by Apuleius of his change into an ass, was not a true relation. "Aut *indicavit*," says he, "aut finxit." The popular sentiment was, that the work was chiefly intended as a satire on the vices of the author's countrymen; and that, in imitation of a great predecessor, he had been too anxious to particularize the maladies which he wished to remedy.

Beroaldus, the learned commentator on Apuleius, imagines the transformation into an ass, to signify that man becomes brutified when immersed in sensual pleasures; but that when roses are tasted, by which science and wisdom are typified, he returns to religion and virtue;—a change which is allegorically painted by a restoration to the human form.

In the Divine Legation of Moses, Dr Warburton has entered into much learned and ingenious, though often far-fetched speculation, on this subject. He introduces this topic, (which, at first sight, seems to bear a very remote analogy to the mission of the Jewish legislator,) while attempting to demonstrate that all nations have inculcated the general doctrine of a Providence, and the belief in a future state of rewards and punishments, by some circumstantial and popular method, as the Institution of Mysteries. The learned prelate contends that the author had conceived an inveterate dislike to the Christian religion. He proves, from several passages in the Apology, another work of Apuleius, that his brother-in-law, by whom he was prosecuted on a charge of magic, was of this persuasion; and in the Golden Ass, the vices of the baker's wife are summed up, by informing us that she was a Christian;—hence

his prepossession in favour of the pagan worship was increased, and he was induced to compose a work for the express purpose of extolling this superstition, and recommending an initiation into its mysteries, as a remedy for all vices whatever. On this system, the author of the Divine Legation proceeds to explain the prominent incidents of the romance. The ancients believed that a deliverance from a living death of brutality and vice, and a return to a new existence of virtue and happiness, which form the principal subject of the Golden Ass, might be effected by initiation into the mysteries. Byrrhena is the representation of virtue; Apuleius refuses her invitation, and gives way to his passion for pleasure and magic, till the crimes and follies into which they lead him, end in his transformation to a brute; in which shape every change of condition makes his situation more wretched and contemptible. The description of the enormities committed by the priests of Cybele is intended as a contrast to the pure rites of Isis. Roses, by which the restoration to the human form is effected, were, among the ancients, symbols of silence; a requisite quality of the initiated, particularly among the Egyptians, who worshipped Harpocrates, the first-born of Isis:—hence the statues of Isis were crowned with chaplets of

these flowers, and hence the phrase, "under the rose," has become in modern times proverbial. The solemn initiation, which is fully described, and the account of which concludes the work, agrees with what other writers have delivered concerning the mysteries.

If the Golden Ass of Apuleius was written, as Warburton believes, in support of the pagan worship, it is perhaps strange that its author should have chosen, as a prototype, the Ass of Lucian; which, like many other works of that satirist, was intended to ridicule the heathen mythology. Both compositions derived their origin from the writings of Lucius Patrensis, which are not now extant; but are supposed to have been an account of metamorphoses according to the popular theology. One of these transformations was, for the sake of ridicule, adopted by Lucian in his Ass; which, though the leading incidents are the same, is a mere sketch or outline of the Golden Ass of the Roman. Thus Apuleius has added the story of the assassination of the bottles, and the mock trial which ensued. He has also given a serious and sacred air to the restoration to the human form, which Lucian accidentally effects by plucking some roses from a by-stander, when condemned to an exhibition similar to that from which Apuleius

escaped. The long description of the initiation into the mysteries, is substituted for the ludicrous incident which terminates the adventures of Lucian; who, having, in his original shape, sought refuge with a lady in whose sight he often found favour as an ass, was turned out with disgrace on account of the diminution of his charms.

The Golden Ass is also enriched with numerous episodes, which are the invention of Apuleius, or at least are not to be found in the work of Lucian. Of these, the best known, and by far the most beautiful, is the story of Cupid and Psyche, which is related by the female servant of the banditti to the young lady whom they had taken captive.

A certain king had three daughters, of whom the youngest and most lovely was named Psyche. Her charms indeed were so wonderful, that her father's subjects began to adore and pay her the homage which should have been reserved for Venus. The exasperated goddess commands her son to avenge her on this rival, by inspiring Psyche with a passion for some unworthy object; but while employed in this design, Cupid himself becomes enamoured of the princess. Meanwhile, in obedience to the response of an oracle, Psyche is exposed on a barren rock, where she is destined to become the prey of a monster. From this hap-

less situation she is borne by the commissioned Zephyr, who wafts her to a green and delightful valley. Here she enjoys a refreshing sleep; and on awakening perceives a grove, in the centre of which was a fountain, and near the fountain a splendid palace. The roof of this structure was supported by golden pillars, the walls were covered with silver, and every species of animal was represented in exquisite statuary at the portal: Psyche enters this edifice, where a splendid feast is prepared; she hears a voice inviting her to partake of this repast, but no one appears. After this sumptuous banquet is removed, she listens to a delightful concert, which proceeds from unseen musicians. In this enchanting residence she is espoused and visited every night by Cupid. Her husband, who was ever invisible, forbids her to attempt to see him; adding, that her happiness depended on obedience to the prohibition. In these circumstances Cupid, at her earnest solicitation, reluctantly agrees to bring her sisters to the palace. These relatives, being envious of the happiness of their younger sister, try to persuade her that her husband is a serpent, by whom she would be ultimately devoured. Psyche, though by this time she should have been sufficiently qualified to judge how far this suspicion was well

founded, resolves to satisfy herself of the truth by ocular demonstration. Bearing a lamp in one hand, and a dagger in the other to destroy him should he prove a monster, she approaches the couch of her husband while he is asleep. In the agitation produced by the view of his angelic form, she allows a drop of scalding oil to fall on his shoulder. The irritated god flies from her presence, and leaves her a prey to remorse and despair. The enchanted garden and the gorgeous palace vanish along with him. Psyche finds herself alone and solitary on the banks of a river. Under the protection of Pan she wanders through the country, and successively arrives at the kingdoms of her sisters, by each of whom she is repulsed. The victim equally of the rage of Venus and of her son, she roams through all regions of the earth in search of the celestial lover whose favour she had forfeited. She is also subjected to various trials by Venus, one of which is to bring water from a fountain guarded by ever-watchful dragons. Jupiter, at length, takes pity on her misfortunes, endows her with immortality, and confirms her union with her forgiving husband. On this occasion the Hours empurple the sky with roses; the Graces shed aromatic odours through the celestial halls; Apollo accompanies

the lyre with his voice; the god of Arcadia touches his sylvan reeds; and the Muses join in the chorus.

This allegory is supposed by some writers to be founded on an obscure tradition of the fall of man, and to form an emblem of his temptation, transgression, repentance, and subsequent reception into the favour of the godhead. Its meaning, however, is probably more restricted, and only comprehends the progress of the soul to perfection, the possession of divine love, and reward of immortality. From the earliest times the influence of religious sentiments has been typified by the hopes and fears of an amatory attachment. This style of composition was adopted by the rhapsodists of Hindostan and Persia, and bewitched the luxuriant imagination of the wisest of mankind. Bryant, in his Analysis of Ancient Mythology, (vol. ii. 388,) informs us that one of the emblems among the Egyptians was Psyche (Ψυχη,) who, though represented as a beautiful female, was originally no other than the Aurelia, or butterfly, an insect which remains in a state of torpor during winter, but at the return of spring comes forth with new life, and in beautiful attire. This was deemed a picture of the soul of man, and of the immortality to which he aspired; and more par-

ticularly of Osiris, who, after being confined in a coffin, enjoyed a renewal of life. This second birth is described under the character of Psyche, and as it was the fruit of divine love, of which Eros was the emblem, we find him often introduced as a concomitant of Psyche.

Whatever may be the concealed meaning of the allegory, the story of Cupid and Psyche is certainly a beautiful fiction. Of this, the number of translations and imitations may be considered as a proof. Mr Rose, in the notes to his version of Partenopex de Blois, has pointed out its striking resemblance to that romance, as also to the Three Calenders, and to one of the Persian Tales. The prohibition of Cupid, and the transgression of Psyche, has suggested the Serpentin Vert of Mad. d'Aulnoy; indeed the labours to which Psyche is subjected seem to be the origin of all fairy tales, particularly *Gracieuse et Percinet*. The whole story has also been beautifully versified by Marino in his poem L'Adone. Cupid is introduced in the fourth book relating it for the amusement of Adonis, and he tells it in such a manner as to form the most pleasing episode of that delightful poem. I need not mention the well-known imitation by Fontaine, nor the drama of Psyche, which was performed with the ut-

most magnificence at Paris in 1670, and is usually published in the works of Moliere, but was in fact the effort of the united genius of that author, Corneille, Quinault, and Lulli.

Nor have the fine arts less contributed to the embellishment of this fable: the marriage of Cupid and Psyche has furnished Raphael with a series of paintings, which are among the finest of his works, and which adorn the walls of the Farnese Palace in the vicinity of Rome. In one compartment he has represented the council of the gods deliberating on the nuptials—in another the festival of the reconciliation. The frieze and casements are painted with the sufferings of Psyche, and the triumphs of Cupid over each individual god.

The monuments, too, of ancient sculpture represented Cupid and Psyche in the various circumstances of their adventures. It is from an ancient intaglio, a fine onyx in possession of the Duke of Marlborough, and from another, of which there is a print in Spence's Polymetis, that Darwin has drawn his beautiful picture in the fourth canto of the Botanic Garden:—

So pure, so soft, with sweet attraction shone
Fair Psyche kneeling at the ethereal throne,
Won with coy smile the admiring court of Jove,
And warmed the bosom of unconquered Love.

Beneath a moving shade of fruits and flowers,
Onward they march to Hymen's sacred bowers;
With lifted torch he lights the festive train
Sublime, and leads them in his golden chain;
Joins the fond pair, indulgent to their vows,
And hides with mystic veil their blushing brows.
Round their fair forms their mingling arms they fling,
Meet with warm lip, and clasp with rustling wing.

CHAPTER III.

Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe—Romances of Chivalry relating to the early and fabulous History of Britain, particularly to Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table —Merlin— Sangreal—Perceval—Lancelot du Lac—Meliadus—Tristan—Isaie le Triste —Artus—Gyron— Perceforest—Artus de la Bretagne—Cleriadus.

FABULOUS narrative, we have seen in a former part of this work, like almost every one of the arts of man, originated in the desire of perfecting and improving nature, of rendering the great more vast, the rich more splendid, and the gay more beautiful. It removed, as it were, from the hands of fortune the destinies of mankind, rewarded virtue and valour with success, and covered treachery and baseness with opprobrium.

It was soon perceived that men sympathize not with armies or nations, but with individuals; and the poet who sung the fall of empires, was forced to place a few in a prominent light, with whose success or misfortunes his hearers might be affected, while they were altogether indifferent to the rout or dissection of the crowds by which they were followed. At length, it was thought, that narratives might be composed where the interest should only be demanded for one or two individuals, whose adventures, happiness, or misery, might of themselves afford delight. The experiment was attended with success; and as men sympathize most readily with events which may occur to themselves, or the situations in which they have been, or may be, the incidents of fiction derived their character from the manners of the age. In a gay and luxurious country stories of love became acceptable. Hence the Grecian novels were composed, and as, in relating the adventures of the lovers, it was natural to depict what might really have taken place, the general features of the times, the inroads of pirates, religious ceremonies, &c. were chiefly delineated. The ascetic habits of the monks in like manner gave rise to spiritual romance, and the notion of tranquillity in the fields of Greece may have suggested the beau-

tiful rural images portrayed in the pastoral of Longus.

Now, when, by some great convulsion, a vast change is effected in manners, the incidents of fiction will necessarily be changed also; first, because the former occurrences become less natural, and, secondly, give less delight. From the very nature then of domestic fiction, it must vary with the forms and habits and customs of society, which it must picture as they occur successively,

"And catch the manners living as they rise."

Never, in the annals of the human race, did a greater change of manners take place than in the middle ages, and accordingly, we must be prepared to expect a prodigious alteration in the character of fictitious literature, which, we have seen, may be expected to vary with the manners it would describe. But not only was there a change in the nature of the characters themselves, and the adventures which occurred to them, but a very peculiar style of embellishment was adopted, which, as it does not seem to have any necessary connection with the characters or adventures it was employed to adorn, has given the historians of literature no little labour to explain. The spe-

cies of machinery, such as giants, dragons, and enchanted castles, which forms the seasoning of the adventures of chivalry, has been distinguished by the name of *Romantic Fiction*; and we shall now proceed to discuss the various systems which have been formed to account for its origin.

Different theories have been suggested for the purpose of explaining the origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe. The subject is curious, but is involved in much darkness and uncertainty.

To the northern Scalds, to the Arabians, to the people of Armorica or Britany, and to the classical tales of antiquity, has been successively ascribed the origin of those extraordinary fables, which have been "so wildly disfigured in the romances of chivalry, and so elegantly adorned by the Italian Muse."

In the investigation of this subject, a considerable confusion seems to have arisen, from the supporters of the respective systems having blended those elements of romance which ought to be referred to separate origins. They have mixed together, or at least they have made no proper distinction between, three things, which seem, in their elementary principles at least, to be totally unconnected. 1. The arbitrary fictions of romance, by which I mean the embellishments of

dragons, enchanters, &c. 2. That spirit of enterprise and adventure which pervaded all the tales of chivalry. 3. The historical materials, if they deserve that name, relating to Arthur and Charlemagne, which form the ground-work of so large a proportion of this class of compositions.

In treating this subject it will therefore be proper to consider, 1: The origin of those wild and improbable fictions, those supernatural ornaments, which form the machinery of Romance, and which alone should be termed Romantic Fiction. 2. The rise of that spirit of chivalry which gave birth to the eagerness for single combat, the fondness for roaming in search of adventures, and the obligation of protecting and avenging the fair; and, lastly, we shall consider how these fabulous embellishments, and this spirit of adventure, were appropriated to the story of individual knights, and treat of those materials concerning Arthur and the Round Table, and the Peers of Charlemagne, whose exploits, real or fictitious, have formed the subject of romance.

I. One theory (which, I believe, was first adopted by M. Mallet[1]) is, that what are termed the arbitrary fictions of romance, have been exclu-

[1] Introduction a l' Histoire de Dannemarc.

sively derived from the northern Scalds. This system has been strenuously maintained by subsequent writers, and particularly by Dr Percy,[1] who observes, that the Scalds originally performed the functions of historians, by recording the victories and genealogies of their princes in a kind of narrative song. When history, by being committed to prose, assumed a more stable and more simple form, and was taken out of their hands, it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight. Hence they embellished their recitals with marvellous fictions, calculated to allure the gross and ignorant minds of their audience. Long before the time of the crusades, they believed in the existence of giants and dwarfs, in spells and enchantments. These became the ornaments of their works of imagination, and they also invented combats with dragons and monsters, and related stories of the adventures of knights with giants and sorcerers.

Besides this assumption, Dr Percy also maintains, that the spirit of chivalry, the eagerness after adventure, and the extravagant courtesy, which are its chief characteristics, existed among the northern nations long before the introduction of

[1] Reliques of Ant. Eng. Poetry, vol. iii.

the feudal system, or the establishment of knighthood as a regular order.

These fictions and ideas, he asserts, were introduced into Normandy by the Scalds, who probably attended the army of Rollo in its migration to that province from the north. The skill of these bards was transmitted to their successors the minstrels, who adopted the religion and opinions of the new countries. In place of their pagan ancestors they substituted the heroes of Christendom, whose feats they embellished with the Scaldic fictions of giants and enchanters. Such stories were speedily propagated through France, and by an easy transition passed into England after the Norman Conquest.

A second hypothesis, which was first suggested by Salmasius, and which has been followed out by Mr T. Warton,[1] ascribes to the Saracens the foundation of romantic fiction. It had at one time been a received opinion in Europe, that the wonders of Arabian imagination were first communicated to the western world by means of the crusades; but Mr Warton, while he argues that these expeditions tended greatly to propagate this mode of fabling, contends that these fictions were intro-

[1] Hist. of Eng. Poetry, vol. i.

duced at a much earlier period by the Arabians, who, in the beginning of the eighth century, settled in Spain. Through that country they disseminated those extravagant inventions peculiar to their fertile genius. Those creations of fancy, the natural offspring of a warm and luxuriant climate, were eagerly received, and colder imaginations were kindled by the presence of these enlivening visitors. The ideal tales of the eastern invaders, recommended by a brilliancy of description hitherto unknown to the barren fancy of those who inhabited a western region, were rapidly diffused through the continent of Europe. From Spain, by the communication of commercial intercourse through the ports of Toulon and Marseilles, they passed into France. In the latter kingdom they received the earliest and most welcome reception in the district of Armorica or Britany. That province had been chiefly peopled by a colony of Welsh, who had emigrated thither in the fourth century. Hence a close connection subsisted between Wales and Britany for many ages. The fables current in the latter country were collected by Gualtier, Archdeacon of Oxford, who presented them to Geoffrey of Monmouth. His Latin Chronicle, compiled from these materials, forms one of the principal sources of tales of

chivalry, and consists entirely of Arabian inventions.

Mr Warton next proceeds to point out the coincidence between fictions undoubtedly Arabic, and the machinery of the early romances. He concludes with maintaining, that if Europe was in any way indebted to the Scalds for the extravagant stories of giants and monsters, these fables must still be referred to an eastern origin, and must have found their way into the north of Europe along with an Asiatic nation, who, soon after Mithridates had been overthrown by Pompey, fled from the dominion of the Romans, and under the conduct of Odin settled in Scandinavia.

These two systems, which may be termed the Gothic and the Arabian, are those which have found the most numerous supporters. As far as relates to the supernatural ornaments of romance (for it is this branch alone that is at present to be considered,) the two theories, though very different, are by no means incompatible. From a view of the character of Arabian and Gothic fiction, it appears that neither is exclusively entitled to the credit of having given birth to the wonders of romance. The early framers of the tales of chivalry may be indebted to the northern bards for those wild and terrible images congenial to a frozen re-

gion, and owe to Arabian invention that magnificence and splendour, those glowing descriptions and luxuriant ornaments, suggested by the enchanting scenery of an eastern climate,

> And wonders wild of Arabesque combine
> With Gothic imagery of darker shade.

Warton's hypothesis of the flight of Odin from the Roman power to Scandinavia, and which exclusively assigns to the eastern nations all the fictions of romance, seems to rest on no solid foundation. Indeed Richardson, in the Preface to his Persian Dictionary, maintains that the whole was a mere Scaldic fable, invented to trace the origin of Gothic and Roman enmity, as the story of Dido and Æneas was supposed to account for the irreconcileable antipathy of Rome and Carthage. Besides, no modification of climate and manners, strong as their influence may be, could have produced the prodigious difference that now appears between Oriental and Gothic fictions; for it cannot be denied, and indeed has been acknowledged by Mr Warton, that the fictions of the Arabians and Scalds are totally different. The fables and superstitions of the northern bards are of a darker shade, and more savage complexion, than those

of the Arabians. There is something in their fictions that chills the imagination. The formidable objects of nature with which they were familiarized in their northern solitudes, their precipices, and frozen mountains, and gloomy forests, acted on their fancy, and gave a tincture of horror to their imagery. Spirits, who send storms over the deep, who rejoice in the shriek of the drowning mariner, or diffuse irresistible pestilence; spells which preserve from poison, blunt the weapons of an enemy, or call up the dead from their tombs—these are the ornaments of northern poetry. The Arabian fictions are of a more splendid nature; they are less terrible indeed, but possess more variety and magnificence; they lead us through delightful forests, and raise up palaces glittering with gold and diamonds.[1]

But while it seems impossible to trace the wilder fictions of the north to an eastern source, it may be observed, on the other hand, that, allowing the early Scaldic odes to be genuine, we find in them no dragons, giants, magic rings, or enchanted castles. These are only to be met with in the compositions of the bards, who flourished after the native vein of Runic fabling had been

[1] Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry.

enriched by the tales of the Arabians. But if we look in vain to the early Gothic poetry for many of those fables which adorn the works of romancers, we shall easily find them in the ample field of oriental fiction. Thus the Asiatic romances and chemical works of the Arabians are full of enchantments, similar to those described in the Spanish, and even in the French, tales of chivalry. Magical rings were an important part of the eastern philosophy, and seem to have given rise to those which are of so much service to the Italian poets. In the eastern Peris we may trace the origin of the European fairies in their qualities, and perhaps in their name. The griffin, or hippogriff, of the Italian writers, seems to be the famous Simurgh of the Persians, which makes such a figure in the epic poems of Saadi and Ferdusi.

A great number of these romantic wonders were collected in the east by that idle and lying horde of pilgrims and palmers who visited the Holy Land through curiosity, restlessness, or devotion, and who, returning from so great a distance, imposed every fiction on a believing audience. They were subsequently introduced into Europe by the fablers of France, who took up arms, and followed their barons to the conquest of Jerusalem. At

their return they imported into Europe the wonders they had heard, and enriched romance with an infinite variety of oriental fictions.

This mode of introduction of the eastern fables into Europe is much more natural than that pointed out by Mr Warton. The Arabians were not only secluded from the other inhabitants of Spain, but were the objects of their deepest animosity; and hence the Castilians would not readily imbibe the fictions of their enemies. It is unfortunate too that the intermediate station from the Moorish dominions in Spain should be fixed in Armorica, one of the provinces of France most remote from Grenada.

But if Armorica cannot without difficulty be adopted as a resting place of romantic fiction, far less can it be considered its native soil, as has been assumed in a third hypothesis, maintained by Mr Leyden in his Introduction to the Complaynt of Scotland. It is there argued, that a colony of Britons took refuge in Armorica during the fifth century, from the tyranny of the Saxons, and carried with them the archives which had escaped the fury of their conquerors. The memory of Arthur and his knights was thus preserved in Armorica as fresh as in Wales or Cornwall; and the inhabitants of Armorica were the first people in France with

whom the Normans had a friendly intercourse. Besides, the class of French romances relating to Charlemagne ascribed to that monarch the feats of Charles Martel, an Armorican chief, whose exploits would more probably be celebrated by the minstrels of his own country than by Turpin, or any other writer of fabulous chronicles. In short, all the French romances originated in Britany, and all the nations of Europe derived their tales of chivalry from the French.

I am far from meaning to deny that copious materials of fiction were amassed in Britany, and were thence disseminated through France and England; but it cannot be believed that the machinery of romance was created in a country, which, on the most favourable supposition, can only be regarded as a link in the chain of fiction; and far less can it be thought that this pitiful kingdom was the only cradle of that spirit of chivalry, which at one time pervaded all the nations of Europe.

In short, this Armorican system seems to have arisen from mistaking the collection of materials for the sources whence they derived their embellishment.

A fourth hypothesis has been suggested, which represents the machinery and colouring of fiction,

the stories of enchanted gardens, monsters, and winged steeds, which have been introduced into romance, as derived from the classical and mythological authors; and as being merely the ancient stories of Greece, grafted on modern manners, and modified by the customs of the day. The classical authors, it is true, were in the middle ages scarcely known; but the superstitions they inculcated had been prevalent for too long a period, and had made too deep impression on the mind, to be easily obliterated. The mythological ideas which still lingered behind, were diffused in a multitude of popular works. In the Travels of Sir John Mandeville, there are frequent allusions to ancient fable; and, as Middleton has shown that a great number of the popish rites were derived from pagan ceremonies, it is scarcely to be doubted that many classical were converted into romantic fictions. This, at least, is certain, that the classical system presents the most numerous and least exceptionable prototypes of the fables of romance.

In many of the tales of chivalry there is a knight detained from his quest, by the enticements of a sorceress, and who is nothing more than the Calypso or Circe of Homer. The story of Andromeda might give rise to the fable of damsels be-

ing rescued by their favourite knight when on the point of being devoured by a sea-monster. The heroes of the Iliad and Æneid were both furnished with enchanted armour; and, in the story of Polyphemus, a giant and his cave are exhibited. Herodotus, in his history, speaks of the Arimaspi, a race of Cyclops who inhabited the north, and waged perpetual war with the tribe of griffons, which guarded mines of gold. The expedition of Jason in search of the golden fleece; the apples of the Hesperides, watched by a dragon; the king's daughter who is an enchantress, who falls in love with and saves the knight, are akin to the marvels of romantic fiction; especially of that sort supposed to have been introduced by the Arabians. Some of the less familiar fables of classical mythology, as the image in the Theogony of Hesiod of the murky prisons in which the Titans were pent up by Jupiter, under the custody of strong armed giants, bear a striking resemblance to the more wild sublimity of the Gothic fictions.

Besides, a great number of those fables now considered as eastern, appear to have been originally Greek traditions, which were carried to Persia in the time of Alexander the Great, and were afterwards returned to Europe, with the modification they had received from oriental ideas.

Perhaps it may be considered as a confirmation of the classical theory, that, in the 13th century, many classical stories appeared both in prose and in a metrical form, veiled in the garb of romantic fiction. Of this sort are the Latin works of Dares Phrygius, and Dictys Cretensis, concerning the wars of Troy; and the still more ample chronicle of Guido de Colonna, formed from these authors through the medium of the French metrical work of Benoit de Saint More. But these and similar compositions will be more particularly mentioned when we come to treat of the classical romances in which Achilles, Jason, and Hercules, were adopted into chivalry, and celebrated in common with Lancelot, Roland, and Amadis, whom they so nearly resembled in the extravagance of their adventures.

Mr Ritson has successively attempted to ridicule the Gothic, Arabian, and Classical systems; and has maintained, that the origin of romance, in every age or country, must be sought in the different sorts of superstition which have from time to time prevailed. It is, he contends, a vain and futile endeavour, to seek elsewhere for the origin of fable. The French tales of chivalry, in particular, are too ancient to be indebted for their existence to any barbarous nation whatever. In all

climes where genius has inspired, fiction has been its earliest product, and every nation in the globe abounds in romances of its own invention, and which it owes to itself alone.

And, in fact, after all, a great proportion of the wonders of romance must be attributed to the imagination of the authors. A belief in superhuman agency seems to have prevailed in every age and country; and monsters of all sorts have been created by exaggeration or fear. It was natural for the vulgar, in an ignorant age, as we see from the Turks even of the present day, to believe a palace, surpassingly beautiful, to be the work of enchanters. To this we must join the supernatural wonders conjured up by a superstitious fancy, and the natural ones supplied by a mind unacquainted with the constitution of things. Thus to the deceptions of sight, produced by certain dispositions of light and shade—to the reflecting and magnifying power, possessed by mists and clouds, may be partly attributed the prevalence of stories of ghosts, giants, &c., in hilly or cloudy regions intersected by deep valleys and lakes, or by woods, rocks, and rivers.[1] To all this must be added the

[1] Jam tum Religio pavidos terrebat agrestes
Dira loci; jam tum sylvam saxumque tremebant.

chimeras produced by indulgence in frolicsome combination. Such were the emblematic cherub of the Hebrews, the compound images of the Egyptians, and the monster of mythology, which was described as

Prima leo, postrema draco, media inde capella.

In like manner the griffin is compounded of the lion and eagle; the snake and lizard comprise the analysis, and may have suggested the notion of a dragon.[2] The idea once formed of a being

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Hos ubinam, hinc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
(Quis Deus, incertum est) habitat deus. Arcades ipsum
Credunt se vidisse Jovem: cum sæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextra, nimbosque cieret.

[2] In Dr Zachary Grey's notes on Hudibras, (vol. I. p. 125,) there is a story of a man making a dragon from a rat. "Mr Jacob Bobart, botany professor of Oxford, did, about forty years ago, find a dead rat in the physical garden, which he made to resemble the common picture of dragons, by altering head and tail, and thrusting in taper sharp sticks, which distended the skin on each side, till it mimicked wings. He let it dry as hard as possible. The learned pronounced it a dragon; and one of them sent an accurate description to Maglinbecchi, librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Several fine copies of verses were wrote on so rare a subject; but at last Mr Bobart owned the cheat. However, it was looked upon as a master-piece of art, and, as such, deposited in the museum or anatomy school, where I saw it some years after."

of larger dimensions than his fellow-mortals, it was easy to increase his proportions, and to diversify his shape with every variety of monstrous attribute; and it was natural, as in the case of Goliah, to bestow a ferocity of disposition, corresponding to the terrors of aspect. When once the notion of an enchanter was conceived, it was not difficult to assign him more extensive powers, to render his spells more potent, and their effects more awful or splendid. "Impenetrable armour," says Mr Hobbes, "enchanted castles—invulnerable bodies—iron men—flying horses, and other such things, are easily feigned by them that dare."

II. Although the theories which have now been detailed may be sufficient, separately or united, to explain the origin of the supernatural ornaments of romance, still they are to be considered merely as embellishments of those chivalrous adventures which occupy by far the greatest proportion of romantic compilation.

The Classical System, allowing it to be well founded with regard to the introduction of giants, hippogriffs, or enchanters, cannot explain the enterprise, the gallantry, and romantic valour, attributed to the knights of chivalry. It is, no doubt, true, that a striking analogy subsists between the

manners of the heroic and Gothic times. In both periods robbery was regarded as honourable; or, at least, was not the forerunner of infamy. Bastardy, in both ages, was in peculiar reputation: The most renowned knights of chivalry, as Roland and Amadis, were illegitimate; and the heroes of antiquity were the spurious offspring of demigods and nymphs. The martial games, too, may in their design and their effects be considered as analogous to tournaments. Equal encouragement was given to the bards of Greece, and the minstrels of the middle ages; while Hercules and Bacchus, who are represented as roaming through their country, inflicting punishment on robbers, and extirpating monsters, may be regarded as the knights errant of antiquity. But these resemblances arose merely from a corresponding state of manners; since, at a similar stage of the social progress, similar ideas and customs are prevalent amongst different nations.

Still less can it be believed that the spirit of chivalry received its impulse from the knight errantry of Arabia. This part of his system, Mr Warton has but feebly urged. The nature of Arabian and chivalrous enterprise was by no means the same; nor is it probable that the Eu-

ropeans derived the dominant part of their manners and institutions from a secluded and a hostile people.

But Dr Percy, and other supporters of the Gothic system, have strenuously maintained that the ideas of chivalry, the soul and subject of romance, subsisted from the earliest period among the northern nations, and were thence transfused into the fictions of a subsequent age. I conceive, however, that although the rudiments of chivalry may have existed, these notions were not sufficiently general, nor developed, to have become, without farther preparation, the reigning topics of composition. Instances, too, of chivalrous gallantry would have been found in the earlier ages of the history of France, but the manners during the two first races of its monarchs, were far from exhibiting any symptoms of courtesy.

It was under the feudal establishments, subsequently erected in Europe, that chivalry received its vigour, and was invested with the privileges of a regular institution. The chivalry, therefore, unfolded in romance, was the offspring of existing manners, and was merely an exaggerated picture of the actual state of society, of which oppression, anarchy, and restless courage, were the character-

istics, but which sometimes produced examples of virtue and enthusiasm.

On the fall of the Roman empire, the lands overrun by the barbarous nations being parcelled out amongst a number of independent chieftains, whose aims and interests frequently interfered, it became an object with every baron to assemble round his person, and to attach, by the strongest bonds, the greatest possible number of young men of rank and courage. The knight, or soldier, at the same time found it necessary to look to some superior for support, against the oppression of other chieftains.

That these ties might be rendered closer, and that the candidate for knighthood might be instructed in courtesy and the art of war, it was customary to remove him at an early age from his father's house to the court or castle of his future patron.

Those who were destined for this sort of life, first acted as pages or varlets; they performed menial services, which at that time were not considered as degrading; they were initiated into the ceremonial of a court, and were at the same time instructed in those bodily exercises which were considered the best preparation for their future career.

The castle in which the candidate for knighthood received his education, was usually thronged with young persons of a different sex. The intercourse which he thus enjoyed was the best school for the refinements of courtesy: he was taught to select some lady as the mistress of his soul, to whom were referred all his sentiments and actions. Her image was implanted in his heart, amid the fairy scenes of childhood, and was afterwards blended with its recollections. In the middle ages, society was in an intermediate state, removed from the extremes of indigence and luxury, which is most favourable to love: and that passion was sometimes so nourished by obstacles, that it was exalted into a species of devotion.

Thus the service of a mistress became the future glory and occupation of the candidate for knighthood. At the same time that this duty was inculcated, the emulation of military excellence was excited by the example of his compeers and his patron. When the youth passed to the condition of squire, they attended their master abroad; if he engaged in battle they took no part in the rencounter, but remained spectators of the combat, and, by attention to the various movements, were instructed in the art of war.

Their time was also, in a great measure, devoted to those sports which were kindred to the occupations of war, and the knowledge of which was an essential preliminary to reception into the order of knighthood.

If that investiture be merely considered as a ceremony, by which young persons destined to the military profession received their arms, its institution, we are told, is as ancient as the age of Charlemagne; but, if considered as a dignity, which, by certain forms, conferred the first rank in the military order, it cannot easily be traced higher than the 11th century. In the forests of Germany, the initiation of a youth into the profession of a warrior, had been attended with appropriate ceremonies. The chieftain of the tribe decorated him with a sword and armour,—a simple form, which, in the progress of the feudal system, was converted into a mysterious and pompous rite.

On his reception into this order, the knight became bound to the observance of loyalty to his superior, to an impartial distribution of justice to his vassals, to an inviolable adherence to his word, and attention to a courtesy which embellished his other qualities, and softened his other duties. All

those who were unjustly oppressed, or conceived themselves to be so, were entitled to claim his protection and succour. The ladies in this respect enjoyed the most ample privileges. Destitute of the means of support, and exposed to the outrages of avarice or passion, they were consigned to his special care, and placed under the guardship of his valiant arm.

The promotion of knights, which sometimes took place after the performance of military exploits, but more frequently on church festivals, coronations, baptisms, or the conclusion of peace, was generally followed by jousts and tournaments. Of these institutions (which were of French invention, and were introduced about the time of the first crusade,) the former was of a more private and inferior, the latter of a more pompous and public description. Both were contrived for the purpose of interesting the mind, when scenes of real warfare did not present themselves, and of displaying, at the same time, the magnificence of the prince or baron.

Some time before the exhibition of a tournament, heralds were despatched through the country, to invite all knights to contend for prizes, and merit the affection of their mistresses.

After the tournaments were proclaimed, they frequently commenced with skirmishing between the squires; and those who particularly distinguished themselves were allowed to enter the lists with the knights. When it came to the turn of the latter, each knight usually declared himself the servant of some lady, who generally presented him with a token of favour, a veil, a scarf, a bracelet, or, as we are told by Chaucer in his story of Troilus, a pencel of her sleeve, with which he adorned his shield or helmet, and by means of which his person was recognized in all the vehemence of the conflict. If these marks of distinction were carried off during the contest, the lady sent him others to reanimate his courage, and invigorate his exertions.

In all these rencounters certain rules of combat were established, which it was considered infamous to violate. Thus, it was not lawful to wound an adversary's horse, nor to strike a knight who took off his visor or his helmet.

When the tournaments were concluded, the conquerors were conducted, with much solemnity, to the palace of the prince or baron, where they were attired in the most splendid habits of peace, and disarmed by the hands of the fair; their deeds

were inscribed on the records of the heralds at arms, and formed the subject of the lays of the minstrel, which were spread through the neighbouring courts, to excite emulation or envy.

But it would be endless to describe those ceremonies by which tournaments were prepared, accompanied, or followed, and which occupy, I am sure, more than a fourth part of the romances of chivalry, which, in this respect, have merely presented an embellished picture of what actually occurred.

As the genius of chivalry had ever studied to represent in tournaments a faithful picture of the labours and dangers of war, it had ever preserved in war an image of the courtesy which prevailed in tournaments. The desire of pleasing some lady, and of appearing worthy of her, was in the true, as in the fictitious combat, one of the strongest motives that prompted to heroic action. That champion who, while rushing into combat, expressed a wish, as we are told, that his lady beheld him, must also have been stimulated by the hope that she might one day listen to the report of his prowess. In real battle the knight was frequently decked with the device of his mistress, and seriously offered combat to an enemy (not, indeed, as a

primary cause of quarrel, but where other grounds of hostility existed), to dispute the preeminence of the beauty of their mistresses, and the strength of their attachment. As the valour, too, of a single combatant was conspicuous, and had a considerable influence on the fortune of the day, the same individuals were led frequently to encounter each other, which gave rise to that peculiar species of combat painted in the fables of romance.

The policy which employed love, united with reverence for the ladies, and the thirst of glory, to inspire sentiments of bravery and honour, also joined the heroes of its creation by the ties of friendship. They became united for all their future exploits, or for the accomplishment of some exalted emprise, which had a limited object;—and hence the fraternity of arms, by which knights are frequently associated in tales of chivalry.

The restless spirit of the feudal system, and the institutions of chivalry, stimulated their votaries to roam in quest of such adventures for the mere pleasure of achieving them. At their return, the knights were obliged by oath to give the heralds at arms a faithful account of their exploits; an obligation which explains their declining no service of danger, though it was to be performed

without witnesses, and might have been avoided without detection.

Enough, I trust, has been said to account for that passion for arms, that love of enterprise, and that extravagant species of gallantry, which were the inevitable consequence of the feudal principles, and are the characteristic features of romance.

Next to those encounters, sought from love of enterprise, or of the fair, the great proportion of combats described in romance may be termed judicial. These took place on a defiance of the challenger to the accepter, or an accusation against a third party in whom the accepter was interested, or whose cause he espoused from a spirit of chivalry. Such encounters were suggested by those judicial combats by which, during the middle ages, disputes in civil courts were actually decided. The judge or magistrate, unable to restrain the violence of litigants, and wishing not to lose all shadow of authority, contented himself with superintending the ceremonies and regulating the forms of a mode of decision so consonant to their temper. This prompt appeal to the sword was also encouraged by a retributive principle in the human mind, which renders it natural to believe that guilt will be punished and innocence vindicated. The impatience of mankind led them

to imagine that the intervention ought to take place in this world, and that a solemn appeal to Heaven would be followed by a discovery of its will; an opinion strengthened in those times by means of the clergy, whose interest it was to represent Divine power as dispensing with the laws of nature on the most frivolous occasions.

In consequence too of the well-known circumstances which tended to promote the influence of the church, the real knight was frequently characterized by the appearance at least of a warm and zealous devotion. His religious duties consisted in visiting holy places, in depositing his own arms, or those of conquered enemies, in monasteries or temples, in the observance of different festivals, or the practice of exercises of penitence. A bigotted veneration for the monastic profession, even induced many individuals, both knights and princes, to finish their days in spiritual seclusion. Hence a romance of chivalry, as will be afterwards seen, exhibits examples of the most superstitious devotion, and frequently terminates with the retirement of the principal character to a monastery or hermitage.

To the love of war, and of enterprise, to the extravagant gallantry, united with superstition, by which the order of knighthood was distinguished,

may be traced the greater proportion of the adventures delineated in romance. There we shall hardly find a motive of action which may not be referred to some of the principles by which society in those times was in reality actuated. On this favourable basis of manners and ideas, the credulity or fancy of the age grafted the supernatural wonders drawn from the sources that have already been traced; and the adventures of knights, embellished by these additional marvels, were exaggerated, extended, and multiplied to infinity by the imagination of romancers.

Such are probably the sources whence fablers have been supplied with the general adventures of chivalry, and the romantic embellishments by which they have been adorned.

III. We must now consider *how* these adventures and *embellishments have* been appropriated to individual knights, and turn our attention to the materials which have supplied the leading subjects and the principal characters of romantic composition.

At a time when chivalry excited such universal admiration, and when its effects were at least ostensibly directed to the public good, it was natural that history and fable should be ransacked to furnish examples which might increase emulation.

Arthur and Charlemagne, with their peers, were the heroes most early and most generally selected for this purpose. The tales concerning these warriors are the first specimens extant of this sort of composition, and from their early popularity, from the beauty of the fictions with which they were in the beginning supported, and from flattering the vanity of the two first nations in Europe, they long continued (diversified indeed, and enlarged, by subsequent embellishments,) to be the prevalent and favourite topics.

And here it is proper to divide the prose romances, with which we shall be afterwards engaged, into four classes:—1. Those relating to Arthur and the knights of the Round Table. 2. Those connected with Charlemagne and his Paladins. 3. The Spanish and Portuguese romances, which chiefly contain the adventures of the imaginary families of Amadis and Palmerin. 4. What may be termed classical romances, which represent the heroes of antiquity in the guise of romantic fiction.

When we come to treat of the romances relating to Charlemagne, we shall consider the influence of the chronicle attributed to Turpin; but our attention is in the first place demanded by the romances of Arthur and the Round Table, as

they form the most ancient and numerous class of which any trace remains. These originated in the early and chimerical legends of Armorica and Wales; the ancient Latin chronicles of this island, which have been founded on them; and the subsequent metrical romances of the English and Norman minstrels.

The Norman conquerors are said first to have become interested in the history and antiquities of Britain during the reign of Stephen, as by that period they had begun to consider themselves natives.

From the writings of Gildas or Nennius, however, they could not easily have extracted a consistent or probable story.

Gildas, or, as Mr Gibbon has styled him, the British Jeremiah, is the author of Lamentations over the Destruction of Britain, which is a whining elegy, and of an epistle, which is a frantic satire on the vices of his countrymen: he has given exaggerated expressions, and distorted facts, instead of presenting an authentic narrative of our early annals, an important object which he might easily have accomplished; as, according to tradition, he was the son of Caw, a British prince, who lived in the sixth century, and was engaged along with his father in the wars carried on by his country-

men against the Northumbrian Saxons. After the defeat of the Britons at Cattraith, he fled into Wales, and acted as schoolmaster at Bangor.

Nennius is said to have lived about the middle of the ninth century: his work is merely a dry epitome; nor even of this abstract does there exist a pure and perfect copy. He is solicitous to quote his authorities, but unfortunately they are not of the most unexceptionable nature, as they consist of the lives of saints and ancient British traditions, on which he bestows credit in proportion to their absurdity. In one of his chapters he has given an outline of the story of Brut, which coincides with the account of Geoffrey of Monmouth; and in chapter fourth he commences a circumstantial detail of the life of Merlin, corresponding, in many respects, with the incidents of romance.[1]

Besides the lachrymal history of Gildas, and the jejune narrative of Nennius, there existed many Welsh traditions, which seem to have occupied the attention of Norman antiquaries.

The annals and poetry of Wales had long laboured in Arthur's commendation. Compelled to yield their country without hope of recovering it, the Welsh avenged themselves on the Sax-

[1] Ellis's Early Metrical Romances.

ons by creating, in the person of Arthur, a phantom of glory which towered above every warrior. This apparition seems to have acquired its chief magnitude and terrors in the traditions and legends of Britany. Walter Calenius, or Gualtier, as he is sometimes called, Archdeacon of Oxford, amassed a great collection of those materials during an expedition to Armorica, or Britany, a province from which the royal ancestors of Arthur were believed to have originally issued. On his return to England, the archdeacon presented this medley of historical songs and traditions to Geoffrey of Monmouth, who founded on them a chronicle of Britain, which was written in Latin prose, and is supposed to have been finished about 1140. A notion has been adopted by some authors that Geoffrey composed, or invented, most part of the chronicle which he professed to translate from British originals. This idea was first started by Polydore Virgil, who has been followed by later writers; but it has been satisfactorily shown by Mr Ellis that there is no solid reason to doubt the repeated assertions of Geoffrey, that he has merely rendered into Latin the text of Breton authorities. His fabulous relations concerning Brut, Arthur, and Merlin, coincide with those contained in Nennius, or the lives of the Saints, and therefore

could not have been invented by Geoffrey. The history, too, bears internal evidence of its Armorican descent, as it ascribes to Hoel, a hero of that country, many of the victories which tradition attributes to Arthur.

But whether this celebrated chronicle be the invention of Geoffrey, or whether it presents a faithful picture of the traditions and fables at that period received as history, there can be no doubt, according to the expression of Mr Ellis, who has given an analysis of the whole work, that it is one of the corner-stones of romance.

This chronicle consists of nine books, each of which is divided into chapters, and commences with the history of Brutus, the son of Sylvius, and grandson of Ascanius, who, being exiled from Italy in consequence of having accidentally slain his father, takes refuge in Greece. There he obtains the hand of Imogen, daughter of a king of that country, and a fleet, with which he arrives in Albion (then only inhabited by a few giants), and founds the kingdom called Britain from his name. There is next presented an account of the fabulous race of Brutus, particularly Arthur, and the whole concludes with the reign of Cadwallader, one of the descendants of that hero.

It would indeed be difficult to extract any au-

thentic history from the chronicle of Geoffrey, but it stamped with the character of veracity the exploits of the early knights of chivalry, and authorized a compilation of the fables related of these fanciful heroes. In the age in which the chronicle appeared it was difficult to arrive at truth, and error was not easily detected. Criticism was hardly called into existence, and falsehood was adopted with an eagerness proportioned to its envelopement in the fascinating garb of wonder. The readers were more ignorant than the authors, and a credulous age readily grafted on stories that were evidently false, incidents that were physically impossible. These were drawn from the sources already pointed out, and were added, according to fancy, to unauthentic histories, which thus degenerated, or were exalted, into romance.

In the chronicle of Geoffrey, indeed, there is nothing said of the exploits of Tristan and Lancelot, or conquest of the Sangreal, which constitute so large a proportion of the Round Table romances. These were subsequent additions, but probably derived, like the chronicle, from ancient British originals, as the names of the heroes, and the scenes of their adventures, are still British.

The work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and such traditionary fables, were the foundation of those

tales which appeared in a metrical form, the shape in which, it is acknowledged, romance was first exhibited.

It seems, also, unquestionable, that these metrical romances, though written in England, first appeared in the French language.

In its earliest signification, the term Romance was appropriated to the dialects spoken in the different European provinces that had been subjected to the Roman empire, and of which Latin was the basis, though other materials might enter into the construction. The romance was at one time the colloquial language of Gaul. Subsequently, indeed, various dialects were introduced into that country, but it was still preserved in Normandy; and thence was again diffused through the other provinces north of the Loire.

The earliest specimens of northern French literature are metrical Lives of the Saints. These are supposed to have been translated from Latin compositions about the middle of the eleventh century. In the beginning of the next century they were followed by several didactic works, as the Bestiarius, a poem on natural history, by Philip de Thaun, addressed to the queen of Henry I. of England, and a metrical treatise on chronology by the same author. It is believed, however, that no

trace of a professed work of fiction—no specimen of what we should now term a romance is to be found before the middle of the twelfth century. Then, indeed, the minstrels introduced a great variety of their own compositions, and formed new combinations from the numerous materials in their possession.

Before this time the language in which they wrote had passed into England by means of the Norman Conquest. The English, indeed, previous to this event had been prepared for the reception of the French language. Edward the Confessor had been educated in France, and, on his accession to the throne of England, promoted his continental favourites to the highest dignities. Under their influence the nation began to lay aside its English customs, and to imitate the language and manners of the French. (Ingulph. Hist. Croyl. p. 62. ap. Tyrwhitt, vol. iv.) These fashions having been adopted in compliance with the caprice of the reigning monarch, might probably have expired under his successors; but before this extirpation could be effected, the French language, by means of the Norman Conquest, became interwoven with the new political system. The king, the chief officers of state, and a great proportion of the no-

bility, were Normans, and understood no tongue but that of their own country. Hence the few Saxons who were still admitted at court had the strongest inducements to acquire the language of their conquerors. William the First also distributed a share of his acquisitions among his great barons who had attended him; and who, when it was in their power, retired from court to their feudal domains, followed by vassals from among their countrymen. Hence the language which was used in their common conversation and judicial proceedings, was diffused through the most distant provinces. All ecclesiastical preferments, too, were bestowed on Norman chaplains, and those who were promoted to abbacies were anxious to stock their monasteries with foreigners. Thus the higher orders of the clergy and laity spoke the French language, while the lower retained the use of their native tongue, but frequently added a knowledge of the dialect of the conquerors. Matters continued in this state with little variation during the reigns of the Norman kings and the first monarchs of the house of Plantagenet.

The Norman minstrels, accordingly, who had followed their barons to the English court, naturally wrote and recited their metrical compositions in the language which was most familiar to them-

selves, and which, being most prevalent, procured them the greatest number of readers of rank and distinction.

From the early connection of the Normans with the people of Britany, the minstrels had received from the latter those traditions, the remains of which they brought over with them to England.[1]

These they found in a more perfect state among the Welsh of this island. The invasion of the Normans, and the overthrow of the Saxons, were events beheld with exultation by the descendants of the *aboriginal* Britons, who readily associated with those who had avenged them on their bitterest enemies; while to the Normans the legends of the Welsh must have been more acceptable than those of the Saxons. In the long course of political intrigue, carried on between the period of the Norman invasion and final subjugation of Wales, an intercourse must have taken place between that country and England sufficient to account for the interchange of any literary materials. The British lays communicated to the French minstrels in England were seldom committed to writing. Hence the same story was repeated with endless variations, and this system of

[1] Ellis's Early Metrical Romances, vol. I.

traditional incident was added to the more stable relations contained in the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

It seems to be generally believed that French romances in rhyme appeared in England and Normandy previous to any attempt of this nature at the court of Paris. This is evinced by the more liberal patronage of the English princes, the style and character of the romances themselves, and the persons to whom the poems were originally addressed.

The oldest of these French metrical romances is one founded on the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and entitled Le Brut: it was written in the year 1155, by Robert Wace, a native of Jersey, who brought down his work from the time of the imaginary Brutus to the death of Cadwallader, the æra where Geoffrey ends; but it was subsequently carried on by Gaimar, and others to the age of William Rufus. Wace is also the author of Le Roman le Rou, a fabulous and metrical history of the Dukes of Normandy from the time of Rollo. These metrical histories soon introduced compositions professedly fictitious, in which the indefatigable Wace first led the way. His Chevalier au Lion seems to be one of the earliest romances in rhyme which has descended

to our knowledge. In the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century, an infinite variety of French metrical romances on the subject of Arthur and his knights of the Round Table appeared in England and Normandy, as the Sangreal, Perceval, &c., written by Chrestien de Troyes, Menessier, and others.

About the same period a great number of French romances, in which classical heroes are celebrated, were founded on the history of the Trojan war. Few of these, however, at least at an early period, were converted into prose, while the metrical romances relating to the Round Table, either from accident or from flattering the vanity and prejudices of a nation by the celebration of its fictitious heroes, have, for the most part, been reduced into prose, and constituted, thus transformed, a formidable compilation, which came in time to supersede the metrical originals.

These prose romances, which form the proper subject of our enquiry, were mostly written in the course of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. It is extremely difficult, however, to ascertain the precise date of the composition of each, or to point out the authors by whom they were written.

The *data* by which we might attempt to fix the

chronology of the prose romances, and which, at first view, would appear to be at once easy and certain, are, 1. The antiquity of the language; 2. The manners represented; since in ancient romances a delineation is given not of the customs, ceremonies, or dress of the period in which the imaginary heroes are feigned to have existed, but of those which prevailed at the time of the composition of the work. The tournaments in particular, with a description of which every romance is filled, should assist in this research. Thus, at the institution of these spectacles, the persons who had been long admitted into the order of chivalry contended during the first day, and the new knights on the succeeding ones. In process of time the new knights opened the tournament, and the squires were allowed to joust with them, but at length the distinctions which had formerly existed between the knight and the squire became, in a great measure, confounded. The light, however, that might naturally be expected to be drawn hence, has been darkened by the authors of the prose romances having servilely copied, in some instances, their metrical prototypes, and thus, without warning, represented the manners of a preceding age. In most instances, I believe, the prose romances were accommodated to the opinions and manners sub-

sisting at the period of this new fabrication; but it is impossible to say with certainty what has been adopted and what is original. 3. The name of the person to whom the romance is addressed, or at whose solicitation it is said to be written, may be of use in ascertaining the date. But the authors title their patrons in so general a way, that the inference to be drawn is vague and uncertain. Their works are written at the desire of King Henry or King Edward of England, and hence the period of their composition is only limited to the reign of one of the numerous monarchs who bore these names. 4. The date of the publication may be of assistance in fixing the chronology of some of the later romances of chivalry. But even this trifling aid is in most instances denied, the earliest impression being generally without date. Hence I am afraid that these *data* will be found, in most cases, to afford but feeble and uncertain assistance.

With respect to the authors of the prose romances, it may be in the first place remarked, that these compositions were not announced to the reader as works of mere imagination, but, on the contrary, were always affirmed by their authors (who threw much opprobrium on the lying metrical romances) to contain matter of historical

fact. Nor was this doubted by the simplicity of the readers; and the fables which had been disbelieved while in verse, were received without suspicion on their conversion into prose. Hence it became the interest of the real authors, in order to give their works the stamp of authority, to abjure the metrical romances, from which they were in fact compiled, and to feign either that these fables had been translated by them from Latin, or revised from ancient French prose, in which they had been originally written,—averments which should never be credited unless otherwise established to be true.

But some writers have supposed that this system of mendacity was carried still farther, and that fictitious names were generally assumed by the real authors. "Those," says Mr Ritson, "whose names appear as the authors of the old prose romances, are mostly men of straw: Of this sort are Robert de Borron, the pretended author, or rather translator, of Lancelot; Lucas Sieur de Gast, the translator from Latin into French of the romance of Tristrem; Gualter Map, who, though he really existed and was a poet of some eminence, was not in reality the author of Histoire de Roy Artus; and Rusticien de Pise, who was feigned to have translated Gyron the Courteous." It is in

the prefaces alone that any notices can be found with regard to the old romances or their authors; but it requires some discernment to discover what is true, and to distinguish correct information from what was merely thrown out in jest, or intended to give the stamp of authority with the vulgar. In general the account given in their prefaces by the romancers concerning their fellow-labourers is accurate, but every thing relating to themselves, or their own works, must be received with great suspicion.

Any information that can be elsewhere derived is in the highest degree inconsistent. Thus the metrical Perceval, according to the authors of the Bibliotheque des Romans, was written by Raoul de Beauvais. According to Tyrwhitt it was composed previous to 1191, in sixty thousand verses, by Chretien de Troyes, and from this, he says, was formed the French prose translation printed in 1530. Ritson informs us, that, according to some, Menessier was the author of the metrical Perceval: now, if we believe the authors of the Bibliotheque, this Menessier was the prose translator. The Abbe de la Rue says that Perceval was written in prose by Chretien de Troyes. I may add to these elucidations, that Warton alleges it was written in rhyme by Chretien de

Troyes, but that it also appeared in a metrical shape by Menessier, and that the prose version is formed from the latter poem. Much has been said by modern writers of Warton's inaccuracy, but his account of the romance of Perceval is the only one which has any pretensions to correctness. On the whole, however, I am inclined to believe that too early a period has been generally assigned to the composition of the prose romances of chivalry, and the existence of their authors.—Rusticien de Pise, the author of Meliadus and Gyron, and whom some writers represent as living in the reign of Henry I., talks in one of his prefaces of the expedition of Edward I. to the Holy Land, and he mentions Robert de Borron, the author of Merlin, and Helye de Borron, who wrote part of Tristan, as his companions in literature and arms.

It will not excite surprise that the earliest of the French romances should be devoted to the celebration of a British monarch, when we consider that they were not written for the amusement of the French, but of the English nation. From the popularity of the British tales among the Norman minstrels, they obtained, as has been already shown, an early and extensive acquaintance with the traditional history of Arthur. He was the

theme of their metrical compositions, and hence became the favourite hero in the prose romances of chivalry.

Of these, the earliest relating to that fabulous monarch, is the romance or book of

MERLIN.

The demons, alarmed at the number of victims which daily escaped their fangs since the birth of our Saviour, held a council of war. It was there resolved that one of their number should be sent to the world with instructions to engender on some virgin a child, who might act as their vicegerent on earth, and thus counteract the great plan that had been laid for the salvation of mankind. With this view the infernal deputy, having assumed a human form, insinuated himself into the confidence, and obtained admittance into the house, of a wealthy Briton. The fiend (though this was foreign from the purpose of his mission) could not resist embracing an early opportunity of strangling his host, and then proceeded to attempt the seduction of his three daughters, which was more peculiarly an object of his terrestrial sojourn. The youngest of the family alone resisted his ar-

tifices, but she at length experienced the fate of her sisters, while rendered unconscious by sleep. On awakening, she was much perplexed by what had occurred, and confessed herself to a holy man called Blaise, who had all along been her protector, but who acknowledged himself altogether incompetent to account for the events of the preceding night.

The judges of the land, who soon after discovered the pregnancy of the young lady, were about to condemn her to death, according to the law and custom of the country;[1] but Blaise represented that the execution should be at least deferred, as the child, who was about to come into the world,

[1] In another old romance, a regulation of this sort is said to have existed in France. C'estoit la coustume, en ce tems, telle, que quand une femme estoit grosse, que ce n'estoit de son Mari, ou qu' elle ne fust mariée, ou l' ardoit. (L. Hist. plaisante du noble Siperis de Vinevaulx et de ses dix sept fils.) In the Orlando Furioso this punishment is attributed to the law of Scotland;

L'aspra legge di Scozia empia e severa:

Rinaldo on hearing of it, exclaims with indignation,

Sia maladetto chi tal legge pose,
E maladetto chi la può patire;
Debitamente muore una Crudele,
Non chi da vita al suo amator fidele.—(C. 4.)

ought not to be involved in the punishment of the mother. The criminal was accordingly shut up in a tower, where she gave birth to the celebrated Merlin, whom Blaise instantly hurried to the baptismal font, and thus frustrated the hopes of the demons when on the verge of completion. Merlin, however, in spite of this timely redemption, retained many marks of his unearthly origin, of which his premature eloçution afforded an early and unequivocal symptom. Immediately after his baptism, the mother took the child in her arms, and reproached him as the cause of the melancholy death she was about to suffer. But the infant smiling to her, replied, Fear not, my mother, you will not die on my account. Accordingly the prosecution being resumed, and Merlin, the *corpus delicti*, being produced in court, he addressed the judges, and revealed the illegitimacy of one of their number, who was not the son of his reputed father, but of a Prior; and who thus, out of regard to his own mother, was forced to prevent the condemnation of Merlin's.

At this time there reigned in Britain a king called Constans, who had three sons, Moines, Pendragon, and Uter. Moines, soon after his accession, which happened on the death of his father, was vanquished by the Saxons, in consequence of

being deserted by his seneschal Vortiger, formerly the chief support of his throne. Growing unpopular, through misfortune, he was soon after killed by his subjects, and the traitor Vortiger chosen in his place.

As the newly-elected monarch was in constant dread of the preferable claims of Uter and Pendragon, the surviving sons of Constans, he began to construct a strong tower for defence. This bulwark, however, three times fell to the ground without any apparent cause, when brought by the workmen to a certain height. The king consulted seven *astronomers* on this phenomenon in architecture. These sages having studied the signs, avowed to each other that they could not solve the mystery. But in the course of their observations they had incidentally discovered that their lives were threatened by a child, who had lately come into the world without the intervention of a mortal father. They therefore resolved to deceive the king, in order to secure their own safety; and announced to him, as the result of their calculations, that the edifice would abide by the ordinary rules of architecture if the blood of a child of this genealogy were shed on the first stone of the foundation.

Though the king could not doubt the efficacy of this expedient, his plans were not much promo-

ted by the response, for the difficulty was to find a child of this anomalous lineage. That nothing, however, might be wanting on his part, he despatched messengers over all the kingdom. Two of his emissaries fell in with certain children who were playing at cricket. Merlin was of the party, and, having divined the cause of their search, instantly made himself known to them. When brought before the king, he informed his majesty of the imposition of the astrologers, and showed that the instability of the tower was occasioned by two immense dragons which had fixed their residence under it, and, being rivals, shook its foundation with their mighty combats. The king invited all his barons to an ensuing contest announced by Merlin. Workmen having dug to an immense depth below the tower, discovered the den of these monsters, who gratified the court with the exhibition that was expected. The red dragon was totally defeated by his white opponent, and only survived for three days the effects of this terrible encounter.

These animals, however, had not been solely created for the amusement of the court, for, as Merlin afterwards explained, they typified in the most unequivocal manner the invasion of Uter and Pendragon, the surviving brothers of Moines.

These two princes had escaped into Britany on the usurpation of Vortiger, but now made a descent upon England. Vortiger was defeated in a great battle, and afterwards burned alive in the castle he had taken such pains to construct.

On the death of Vortiger, Pendragon ascended the throne. This prince had great confidence in the wisdom of Merlin, who became his chief adviser, and frequently entertained the king, while he astonished his brother Uter, who was not aware of his qualifications, by his skill in necromancy.

About this time a dreadful war arose between the Saxons and Britons. Merlin obliged the royal brothers to swear fidelity to each other, but foretold that one of the two must fall in the first battle. The Saxons were totally routed in the fight, and Pendragon, having fulfilled the prediction of Merlin, was succeeded by Uter, who now assumed, in addition to his own name, the appellation of Pendragon.

Merlin still continued a court favourite. At the request of Uter he transported by magic art enormous stones from Ireland to form the sepulchre of Pendragon; and next proceeded to Carduel, (Carlisle,) to prepare the Round Table, at which he seated fifty or sixty of the first nobles in the country, leaving an empty place for the Sangreal.

Soon after this institution the king invited all his barons to the celebration of a great festival, which he proposed holding annually at Carduel.

As the knights had obtained permission from his majesty to bring their ladies along with them, the beautiful Yguerne accompanied her husband, the Duke of Tintadiel, to one of these anniversaries. The king became deeply enamoured of the duchess, and revealed his passion to Ulsius, one of his counsellors.[1] Yguerne withstood all the inducements which Ulsius held forth to prepossess her in favour of his master, and ultimately disclosed to her husband the attachment and solicitations of the monarch. On hearing this, the duke instantly removed from court with Yguerne, and without taking leave of Uter. The king complained of this want of duty to his council, who decided that the duke should be summoned to court, and if refractory should be treated as a rebel. As he refused to obey the citation, the king carried war into the estates of his vassal, and besieged him in the strong castle of Tintadiel,[2]

[1] See Appendix, No. 7.

[2] Some vestiges of the castle of Tintadiel, or Tintaggel, remain on a rocky peninsula of prodigious declivity towards the sea, on the northern coast of Cornwal.

in which he had shut himself up. Yguerne was confined in a fortress at some distance, which was still more secure. During the siege, Ulsius informed his master that he had been accosted by an old man, who promised to conduct the king to Yguerne, and had offered to meet him for that purpose on the following morning. Uter proceeded with Ulsius to the rendezvous. In an old blind man, whom they found at the appointed place, they recognised the enchanter Merlin, who had assumed that appearance: he bestowed on the king the form of the Duke of Tintadiel, while he endowed himself and Ulsius with the figures of his grace's two squires. Fortified by this triple metamorphosis, they proceeded to the residence of Yguerne, who, unconscious of the deceit, received the king as her husband.

This deception has been evidently suggested by the classical story of Jupiter and Alcmena. The duke corresponds to Amphytrion, and Merlin to the Mercury of mythology; while Arthur, who, as we shall find, was the fruit of the amour, holds the same rank in the romantic as Hercules in the heroic ages.

The fraud of Merlin was not detected, and the war continued to be prosecuted by Uter with the utmost vigour. At length the duke was killed in

battle, and the king, by the advice of Merlin, espoused Yguorne. Soon after the marriage she gave birth to Arthur, whom she believed to be the son of her former husband, as Uter had never communicated to her the story of his assumed appearance.

After the death of Uter, there was an interregnum in England, as it was not known that Arthur was his son. This prince, however, was at length chosen king, in consequence of having unfixed, from a miraculous stone, a sword which two hundred and one of the most valiant barons in the realm had been singly unable to extract. At the beginning of his reign, Arthur was engaged in a civil war, as the mode of his election, however judicious, was disapproved by some of the barons; and when he had at length overcome his domestic enemies, he had long wars to sustain against the Gauls and Saxons.

In all these contests the art of Merlin was of great service to Arthur, as he changed himself into a dwarf, a harp player, or a stag, as the interest of his master required; or, at least, threw on the bystanders a spell to fascinate their eyes, and cause them to see the thing that was not. The notion of these transformations seems to have been sug-

gested by the power ascribed in classical times to Proteus and Vertumnus,

Nunc equa, nunc ales, modo bos, modo cervus abibat.

On one occasion Merlin made an expedition to Rome, entered the king's palace in the shape of an enormous stag, and in this character delivered a formal harangue, to the utter amazement of one called Julius Cæsar, not the Julius whom the knight Mars killed in his pavilion, but him whom Gauvain slew because he had defied king Arthur.

At length this renowned magician disappeared entirely from England. His voice alone was heard in a forest, where he was enclosed in a bush of hawthorn; he had been entrapped in this awkward residence by means of a charm he had communicated to his mistress Viviane, who, not believing in the spell, had tried it on her lover. The lady was sorry for the accident, but there was no extracting her admirer from his thorny coverture.

The earliest edition of this romance was printed at Paris, in three volumes folio, 1498; this impression, which has become extremely rare, was followed by another in quarto, which is much less esteemed than the other, but is also exceedingly scarce.

Though seldom to be met with, the Roman de Merlin is one of the most curious romances of the class to which it belongs. It comprehends all the events connected with the life of the enchanter from his supernatural birth to his magical disappearance, and embraces a longer period of interesting fabulous history, than most of the works of chivalry. Some of the incidents are entertaining, and no part of the narrative is complicated. Yguerne, though she appears but for a short while, is a more interesting female character than is usually portrayed in romances of chivalry. The passion of Uter for this lady, which is well described, is by much the most interesting part of the work; and though the marvellous pervades the whole production, it is not carried to such an extravagant length as in the tales of the Round Table, by which it was succeeded. The language, which is very old French, is remarkable for its beauty and simplicity; Indeed, the romance bears every where the marks of very high antiquity. It has been generally attributed to Robert de Borron, to whom so many other works of the same nature have been assigned. This author lived in the time of Henry III. and Edward I., as Rusticien de Pise, who lived during these reigns, calls

him, in his prologue to Meliadus, his companion in arms.

But, great as the antiquity of the romance no doubt is, its author can lay but little claim to originality of invention. Most of the incidents appear in the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, from which they were transferred into the romance through the medium of the Brut, a metrical version of that fabulous history, written by Wace.

The notion of procreating demons, which forms the basis of the romance, and accounts for Merlin's supernatural powers, seems to have been taken from the Vita Merlini, the Life of the Scotch Merlin, by Geoffrey of Monmouth:

> "Et s'bi multoties ex aere corpore sumpto
> Nobis apparent, et plurima saepe sequuntur;
> Quin etiam coitu mulieres aggrediuntur,
> Et faciunt gravidas, generantes more profano."

It would appear from Jocelin's Life of St Kentegern, the account of whose birth resembles that of Merlin, that our grandmothers were frequently subject to nocturnal attacks of the nature described in the romance; "audivimus, frequenter sumptis transfigiis puellarem pudicitiam expugnatam esse, ipsamque defloratam corruptorem sui minime nosse. Potuit aliquid hujusmodi huic puella

accidisse."[1] Yet, perhaps, the account of the birth and early part of the life of Merlin may be traced to a yet more ancient and venerable source.

At an early period the story of Merlin became current and popular in most of the countries in Europe. The French romance, of which we have given an abstract, was translated into Italian by Antonio Tedeschi, a Venetian, and was written by him while in the prison of Florence, where he was confined for debt. The history of Merlin appeared also in English, in a metrical form, in which the incidents are nearly the same with those in the French romance.

Merlin is frequently introduced in the subsequent tales of chivalry, but chiefly on great occasions, and at a period subsequent to his death, or magical disappearance. He has also found his way into the English metrical version of the Seven Wise Masters. Herowdes, emperor of Rome, had seven sages in his council, who abused the confidence reposed in them by their master. This emperor, while one day preparing to go on a hunting party, is suddenly struck blind;—the wise men

[1] Pinkerton's Vitæ Antiquæ, p. 200. ap. Ellis's Specimens, p. 211. vol. i. A curious tradition of this sort is related in Boethius' History of Scotland.

are convoked, and ordered to account for his majesty's obstructed vision. They are forced to confess that they are unprepared with an answer, but are afterwards advised by an old man to consult the invisible Merlin. Two of their number are sent on this errand, who find out the enchanter with great difficulty, and bring him to the king. Merlin is prepared with a prescription, and informs his majesty that nothing more is necessary to obtain complete restoration to sight, than striking off the heads of his seven sages. Herowdes, delighted to find that his cure could be so cheaply purchased, caused his counsellors to be successively beheaded, and the recovery of his sight coincided with the decapitation of his last minister.

Nor have the fables connected with Merlin been confined to idle tales or romances of chivalry, but have contributed to the embellishment of the finest productions. In the romantic poems of Italy, and in Spenser, Merlin is chiefly represented as a magical artist. The fountain of love in the Orlando Innamorato (l. 3.), is said to have been the work of Merlin; and in the 26th canto of the Orlando Furioso, there is described a fountain, one of four which the enchanter formed in France. It was of the purest marble, on which coming events were portrayed in the finest sculpture. In the same

poem, Bradamante arrives one night at the lodge of Tristan (Rocca di Tristano), where she is conducted into a hall adorned with prophetic paintings, which demons had executed in a single night under the direction of Merlin.

In the third canto of the Rinaldo, the knight of that name arrives with Isolero at two equestrian statues; the one of Lancelot, the other of Tristan, both sculptured by the art of Merlin. Spenser represents Merlin as the artificer of the impenetrable shield, and other armour of Prince Arthur (Faery Queene, b. i. c. 7.), and of a mirror in which a damsel viewed her lover's shade. But Merlin had nearly obtained still higher distinction, and was on the verge of being raised to the summit of fabulous renown. The greatest of our poets, it is well known, before fixing on a theme more worthy of his genius, intended to make the fabulous history of Britain the subject of an epic poem, as he himself announces in his Epitaphium Damonis:—

"Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Belinum,
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Ygernen,
Mendaces vultus assumptaque Gorlois arma
Merlini dolus.——"

It has been mentioned, in the abstract just given of the romance of Merlin, that when the magician, who is the chief character in the work, prepared the round table at Carduel, he left a place vacant for the St Graal, the vessel from which our Saviour was supposed to have drunk at the last supper, and which was afterwards filled with the blood which flowed from the wounds with which he was pierced at the crucifixion. The early history of this relic, the quest of which is the most fertile source of adventures to the knights of the Round Table, is related in the romance entitled

ST GRAAL, or SANGREAL,[1]

so called from Grasal, which signifies a cup in old French, or from the Sanguis Realis, with which it was supposed to have been filled. This work is one of the dullest of the class to which it be-

[1] L'Histoire, ou le Roman du Saint-Greal, qui est le fondement et le premier de la Table Ronde; lequel traite de plusieurs matiers recreatives, ensemble la queste du dict Saint-Greal faite par Lancelot, Galaad, Bohort et Perceval, qui est le dernier livre de la Table Ronde; translaté du Latin en Ytime Francoise, et de Rime en Prose.

longs; it seems written with a different intention, and on a different plan, from the other romances of the Round Table, and has much the appearance of having come from the pen of an ecclesiastic. The name of the author, however, and the sources whence his composition was derived, are involved in the same darkness and inconsistent information, which obscure the origin of so many similar productions.

Mr Warton has given an extract from a metrical Sangreal, a fragment consisting of 40,000 lines, which was written by Thomas Lonelich, in the reign of Henry VI. This is neither the original, nor a paraphrase, of the French prose Sangreal, but is a version of that part of Lancelot du Lac which contains the adventures of the Sangreal. With regard to the history of the Sangreal, properly so called, we are informed in the Bibliotheque des Romans, that it was first written in verse by Chretien de Troyes, towards the end of the 12th century; that it was thence translated into Latin prose in the 13th, and, finally, in the 14th century, into French prose, by Gautier Map, by order, as he informs us, of his lord Henry, by whom, as he was an Englishman, the authors of the Bibliotheque suppose that he means Henry III. This, however, would place the composition

not in the 14th, but in the preceding century, as that monarch died in 1272. Tyrwhit says there is a tradition that Gautier Map was the author of the St Greal in French. There is also a passage in the romance of Tristan which is consistent with this information. "Quant Boort ot conte l'aventure del Saint Graal, teles come eles etoient avenues, eles furent mises en escrit, gardees en lamere de Salibreres dont Mestre Galtier Map l'estrest a faist son livre du Saint Graal, per l'amor du Roy Herri, son senger qui fist l'estoire tralater del Latin en Romanz." From a passage, however, in Lancelot du Lac, we are led to believe that Map wrote the Sangreal in Latin, while some modern writers have attributed the French work to Robert de Borron. Ritson, as has been already mentioned, considers Borron as a fictitious personage, and ridicules the notion of Map having ever written a romance. At whatever time, and by whatever author it was composed, the Sangreal was first printed in French prose, in 1516, two volumes folio, by Gallyot du Pré, and afterwards 1523, folio: both of these editions are so rare, that the Sangreal is the scarcest romance of the Round Table.

From the extract given by M. Barbazan, of the poetical Sangreal, it appears to commence with the genealogy of our Saviour, and to detail the

whole of the Sacred History. The prose romance does not go so far back. It begins with Joseph of Arimathea, who was long believed in this country to have existed for many centuries after the crucifixion. Matthew Paris informs us, that an Armenian bishop who came to England in his time, related that this Jewish senator had dined at his table before he left the east. At the end of every century he fell into a fit of ecstacy, and when he recovered he returned to the same state of youth in which he was when his master suffered.

The author of the Sangreal has availed himself of this popular tradition;—he in the first place relates, that, on the day of the crucifixion, Joseph of Arimathea obtained possession of the *Hanap*, or cup, from which his master had on the preceding evening drunk with his apostles. Before he interred the body of our Saviour, he filled the vessel with the blood which flowed from his wounds;[1] but the exasperated Jews soon after deprived him of this holy relic, and sent him to a prison in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. Here his departed master appeared to him, and comforted him in his captivity, by restoring the sacred *Hanap*. At length, in the forty-second year of his confine-

[1] See Appendix, No. 8.

ment, he was freed from prison by Titus, the Roman emperor. After his deliverance he proceeded to preach the gospel in this country, and on his way converted to Christianity, Enelach, king of Sarraz, who was thus enabled to conquer the Egyptians, with whom he was at war. After the arrival of Joseph with the sacred cup in Britain, the romance is chiefly occupied with the miracles accomplished by the Sangreal;—the preparation of the Round Table by Arthur, who left a place vacant for this relic; and, finally, the achievements performed by his knights to recover this treasure, which had fallen into the possession of King Pechetir, so called from his celebrity as an angler, or his notoriety as a sinner. The author of the romance has enlivened his story with some curious adventures, which happened to the knights of the Round Table, during the period of this quest; but the incidents related are, I think, on the whole, less interesting than those generally contained in the class of fictions with which we are at present engaged.

The history of the Sangreal is the commencement of a series of romances, in which the acquisition of that relic is a leading object. Its quest and attainment is continued in

PERCEVAL,[1]

a romance of the fifteenth century, where a great deal is written concerning its utility and final disappearance.

I believe the only impression of Percëval is that of Paris, in 1530. It is not known who was the author of the prose romance,[2] but in his preface he informs us that Philip of Flanders had ordered his chronicler to compile the story of Perceval; but both Philip and his chronicler having died shortly after, Joanne, countess of Flanders, ordered Menessier, *ung sien familier orateur*, to continue what his predecessor had merely commenced. His metrical composition was the chief foundation of the prose romance; but its author has also availed himself of the metrical work on the

[1] Le Roman de Vaillant Perceval, Chevalier de la Table Ronde, lequel acheva les adventures du Saint Greal, avec aucuns faits belliqueux du Chevalier Gauvain et autres.

[2] Concerning the author and origin of this romance, see above, p. 201. Besides the works on the subject of Perceval which are there mentioned, there is a metrical romance, Percyvell of Galles, which was preserved in the library of Lincoln cathedral, and is supposed to have been written by Robert de Thornton, in the reign of Henry VI.

same subject written by Chretien de Troyes in the twelfth century.

Though the conquest of the Sangreal be the chief subject of the latter part of Perceval, the early chapters are merely the story of an artless and inexperienced youth's first entrance into the world. The father and two elder brothers of Perceval had fallen in tournaments or battle; and hence, as the last hope of the family, he had been kept at home by his mother, who resided in Wales, where he was brought up in total ignorance of arms and chivalry.

At length, however, Perceval is roused to a desire of military renown, by meeting in a forest five knights, arrayed in complete armour. When he has determined on leaving the family mansion, his mother gives him some curious instructions concerning the duties of a knight. After receiving these admonitions, he sets out for the court of Arthur, and on his way falls in with various adventures, in the course of which he makes some whimsical applications of the lessons of his mother.[*]

On his arrival at Carduel, where Arthur then resided, he encounters a knight in red armour

[*] See Appendix, No. 9.

leaving the palace, and is asked by him where he is going, to which Perceval replies, "To King Arthur to demand your armour." In prosecution of this equitable claim, Perceval without farther ceremony enters on horseback into the hall, where Arthur is seated with his knights. This mode of presentation was not uncommon in the ages of chivalry. Stow mentions, that when Edward II. was sitting royally with his peers, solemnizing the feast of Pentecost, there entered a woman attired like a minstrel, sitting on a great horse trapped, who rode about the table showing pastime. In the legend of King Estmere, the prince of that name introduces himself in a similar manner:—

"King Estmere he stabled his steede
Sae fayre at the hall bord;
The froth that came from his brydle bitte,
Light in Kyng Bremor's beard."

Arthur at this time happened to be holding full court (Cour Pleniere). At the time in which Perceval was written, the French sovereigns, from whose customs the royal manners in these romances are frequently described, did not, as afterwards, maintain a court continually open, but lived shut up with their families and the officers of their household, and only displayed their mag-

nificence on certain occasions, which occurred three or four times a year. These festivals are said to have owed their origin to the diets convoked by Charlemagne to deliberate on state affairs, which were re-established by Hugh Capet;—they were announced by heralds at the town or castle where they were to be celebrated,—the barons and strangers were invited, and the entertainment consisted in feasts and dancing, joined to the exercise of the talents of the minstrel.

It was on a solemn occasion of this nature, that Perceval behaved with the bluntness that has been described. Arthur, however, promises to make him a knight if he will dismount from his horse, and pay his vows to God and the saints. But Perceval would only receive the honour he solicited on horseback, because, as he said, the knights he met in the forest were not dismounted; and he added another condition to his reception into the order of knighthood, which was, that the king should grant him permission to acquire the arms of the Red Knight, who, it seems, was the mortal enemy of Arthur. On expressing his intention to gain them by his own valour, Lreux, the king's seneschal, who is introduced in most of the romances of the Round Table, but is always represented as a detractor, a coward, and a boaster, nearly

resembling the character which Shakspeare has painted in so many of his dramas, begins to jeer Perceval. On this a damsel, who, we are informed, had not smiled for ten years, comes up to Perceval, and tells him, smiling, that if he live he will be one of the bravest and best of knights. The seneschal, exasperated at her good humour and the prospects held out to Perceval, gives the maiden a blow on the cheek; and, seeing the king's fool sitting near a chimney, kicks him into the fire between the two andirons, because the fool had been accustomed to say that this damsel would not smile till she had seen him who would be the flower of chivalry. A fool was a common appendage to the courts of those days in which the romance was written. This embellishment was derived from the Asiatic princes. In Europe, a fool was the ornament held in next estimation to a dwarf; his head was shaved, he wore a white dress with a yellow bonnet, and carried a bell or bawble in his hand. If, however, the scene which took place between the fool, the seneschal, and damsel, be a just picture of the manners of a court in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the presence of a king must in those days have inspired very little reverence.

Perceval having at length been knighted on his own terms, sets out in quest of the Red Knight, and obtains the arms he desired by slaying him in single combat; but as he did not understand how to open or close a helmet, and knew nothing of the fabric of the other parts of armour, he would have been much puzzled without the assistance of his squire, Guyon, who aids in arming him; and also tries to persuade him to change his under dress for that of the knight he had slain. I will never, replied he, quit the good hempen shirt that my mother made me. Thus Perceval would only take the armour of the knight, and the squire is obliged to put the spurs over the gathers which his master would on no account part with. He then teaches him to put his foot in the stirrup, for Perceval had never used stirrup nor spur, but had rode without saddle, and urged on his horse with a stick. The squire then carries the news of Perceval's success to the court of Arthur, to the great joy of the fool, and consternation of the seneschal.

After this, chance (which does so much in all romances of chivalry,) conducts Perceval to the house of a knight who instructs him in the exercises and duties of his profession, and persuades

him, though not without difficulty, to forsake his rustic garb for an attire more magnificent and warlike.

The romance of Perceval is almost the only one which relates the story of a raw and inexperienced countryman's first entrance into the world, and his immediate admission into the order of knighthood. In other romances the heroes are introduced to our acquaintance in the plenitude of glory, or we follow them through their gradual initiation, while they are bred up among arms, and pass through the regular steps in their advancement to knighthood. The first pages of Perceval are also by much the most comic of the Round Table romances; in none of the other knights of Arthur do we meet with the same bluntness and *naiveté* as in the young Welshman.

After Perceval has been trained to the exercises of chivalry, and equipped in his military garb, the incidents of the romance bear a perfect resemblance to those of the other fabulous histories with which it has been classed.

Our hero having left his instructor, arrives at the castle of Beaurepaire. Soon after his entrance he finds that it is blockaded by an enemy, and in the course of the day he feels that it is reduced to extremities for want of provisions. Blanchefleur,

the lady of the castle, makes up, in the best way in her power, for his bad entertainment at table, and he in return frees her from the besiegers, by overthrowing in single combat their chiefs, whom he sends prisoners to the court of Arthur, charging them to inform the smiling damsel that he would avenge her of the blow she had received from the seneschal.

Having raised the siege of Beaurepaire, Perceval proceeds to the residence of his uncle the King Pecheur, at whose court he sees the Sangreal and sacred lance. The wounds which this prince received in his youth had never yet healed up. They would, indeed, have been cured had his nephew thought proper to ask certain questions concerning these relics, as what is the use of the Sangreal, and why does blood drop from the lance? These pertinent enquiries, however, do not suggest themselves; and by his want of curiosity he incurs, as we shall afterwards find, the displeasure of the Lady Hideous.

Leaving his unfortunate uncle unquestioned, Perceval sets out on his return to the court of Arthur, where he is preceded by many knights whom he vanquishes on his way, and sends thither as prisoners. On his arrival he takes vengeance on the seneschal Lreux, and accompanies Arthur

to Carlion, where that prince holds a full court. During his stay there, he one day sees the Lady Hideous pass, who loads him with her maledictions. Her neck and hands, says the romance, were brown as iron, which was the least part of her ugliness; her eyes were blacker than a Moor's, and little as those of a mouse; she had the nose of a cat or an ape, and lips like an ox; her teeth were red, like the yolk of eggs; she was bearded like a goat, was humped before and behind, and had both legs twisted. This paragon makes her excuses to King Arthur for not tarrying at his court, as she had a long journey before her, but points out a castle where 570 knights, each with his lady, were detained in captivity.

The deliverance of these prisoners opens a vast field of enterprise, and the adventures of many knights, particularly of Gauvain, the nephew of Arthur, are related at great length.

Perceval dedicated himself for five years to exploits of chivalry, and neglected all exercises of devotion. He is at length reclaimed by meeting in a forest a procession of ten ladies and three knights, who were doing penance for past transgression, and were walking barefooted for the sake of mortification. Perceval is much edified by

their conversation, and goes to confess himself to a hermit, who proves to be his uncle, the brother of King Pecheur.

From the hermitage Perceval sets out with the view of revisiting this piscatory monarch, and of propounding the proper interrogatories concerning the Sangreal. In wandering from wood to wood, he comes again to the castle of Beaurepaire, where, spite of his late conversion, he passes three days with Blanchefleur.

After having accomplished the visit to his uncle, whose wounds he at length heals up by virtue of his questions, Perceval returns to the court of Arthur. Soon after his arrival, intelligence is brought to him of his uncle's death, who, it would appear, had only thriven by his infirmities, as some persons are kept alive by their gout. Arthur and all his court set out with Perceval for the kingdom of his deceased relative, to be present at the coronation. In succeeding to his sinful predecessor, Perceval also inherited a number of sacred curiosities. Of these the chief was the Sangreal, whose wonders were manifested much to the satisfaction of Arthur and his barons: it appeared daily at the hour of repast in the hands of a damsel, who carried it three times round the table,

which was immediately replenished with all the delicacies the guests could desire.

Arthur returns to his usual residence, and Perceval, soon after his accession, retires to a hermitage, taking with him the Sangreal, which provided for his sustenance till the day of his death. The moment he expired, says the romance, the Sangreal, the sacred lance, and silver trencher, were carried up to the holy heavens in presence of the attendants, and since that time have never any where been seen on earth.[1]

Perceval, after his death, was conveyed to the *Palais aventureux*, where he was buried by the side of King Pecheur, and this epitaph was inscribed on his tomb:—Cy-Git Perceval le Gallois, qui du Saint Greal les adventures acheva.

Many incidents of the life of Perceval are related in other romances of the Round Table, especially in Lancelot du Lac, where a full account, but with considerable variation, is given of the early part of his career; he is brought to the court

[1] The Genoese, however, boasted that they were in possession of the St Graal, which they pretended to have acquired as their share of booty at the taking of Jerusalem in the beginning of the 11th century. Jehan d'Autun informs us that the relic was exhibited to Lewis XII. when he visited Genoa in 1502. (Croniques de Louis XII.)

of Arthur by an elder brother; and a lady, who had not spoken, in place of not having smiled, for ten years, foretells his future eminence, and expires on having uttered the prediction.

But the chief difference is in the circumstances connected with the acquisition of the Sangreal, the conquest of which is a leading incident in

LANCELOT DU LAC,

and occupies a considerable portion of that romance. Hence it has been classed among the continuations of the history of the Sangreal; but the part which relates to the acquirement of that relic, is by no means the most interesting in the work, nor that in which Lancelot himself has the greatest share. The account of the earliest years of his life is the most romantic, and his intrigue with Queen Genevra the most curious part of the composition.

King Ban of Britany was, in his old age, attacked by his enemy Claudas, a neighbouring prince, and after a long war was besieged in the strong hold of Trible, which was the only place that now remained to him, but was considered as

an impregnable fortress. Being at length reduced to extremities, he departs from this castle with his wife Helen and his infant son Lancelot, in order to beg assistance from his suzerain King Arthur; and, meanwhile, intrusts the defence of Trible to his seneschal. While prosecuting his route he ascends a hill, from the top of which he perceives his castle on fire, for it had been treacherously surrendered by the seneschal, who in romance is generally represented as a coward or traitor. At this sight the old man is struck with despair, and instantly expires. Helen, leaving her child on the brink of a lake, flies to receive the last sighs of her husband; on returning she perceives the little Lancelot in the arms of a nymph, who, on the approach of the queen, throws herself into the lake with the child. "Et quand la royne approcha des chevaulx, qu' estoient dessus le lac, si voit son fils deslye hors du berceau, et une damoiselle qui le tient tout nud en son giron, et le estrainct et serre moult doulcement entre ses deux mammelles, et luy baise souvent les yeulx et la bouche: car c' estoit ung des plus beaulx enfans de tout le monde. Et lors la Royne dist a la damoiselle—Belle doulce amye, pour Dieu laissez mon enfant; car assez aura desormais de dueil et de mesaise: il est cheu en trop grand poureté et misere; car il a

perdu toutes joyes. Son pere est orendroit mort et sa terre perdue qui n'estoit mye petite si Dieu la luy eust gardée. A chose que la Royne die la damoiselle ne repond ung seul mot. Et quant elle la voit approcher si se lieve a tout l' enfant, et s' en vient droictement au lac, et joinct les pieds et se lance dedans. La Royne voyant son fils dedans le lac se pasme incontinent."—(V. 1. F. 4. recto.) This nymph was Vivian, mistress of the enchanter Merlin, better known by name of the Lady of the Lake. Lancelot received the appellation of Lac from having been educated at the court of this enchantress, whose palace was situated in the midst, not of a real, but, like the appearance which deceives the African traveller, of an imaginary lake, whose deluding resemblance served as a barrier to her residence. Here she dwelt not alone, but in the midst of a numerous retinue, and a splendid court of knights and damsels.

The queen, after her double loss, retired to a convent, where she was joined by the widow of Bohort, for this good king had died of grief on hearing of the death of his brother Ban. His two sons, Lyonel and Bohort, are rescued by a faithful knight called Farien, from the fury of Claudas. They arrive in the shape of greyhounds at the palace of the lake, where, having resumed their na-

tural form, they are educated along with their cousin Lancelot.

When this young prince has attained the age of eighteen, the Lady of the Lake carries him to the court of Arthur, that he may be admitted to the honour of knighthood. On his first appearance he makes a strong impression on the heart of Geneura. The history of Arthur receives a singular colouring from the amours of his queen with Lancelot. It is for her sake that the young knight lays whole cargoes of tributary crowns at the feet of her husband; for her he accomplishes the conquest of Northumberland, where he takes the castle of Douloureuse Garde (Berwick), afterwards, under the name of Joyeuse Garde, the favourite residence and burying place of the knight. In compliment to Geneura, he attacks and defeats King Gallehaut, who becomes his chief confidant, and brings about the first stolen interview between his friend and Geneura. It is even at the suggestion of this queen that he excites Arthur and his knights to a long war of vengeance against Claudas, the usurper of his own dominions. When Arthur, deceived by the artifices of a woman, who insisted that she was the real Geneura, repudiates his queen, leaving her at liberty to indulge, without restraint, her passion for Lancelot, the

knight is not satisfied; he deems it necessary for the dignity of his mistress that she should be restored to the throne of Britain, and that, protected in her reputation by the cloak of marriage and the sword of her lover, she should pass her life in reputable adultery. Hence a great proportion of his exploits are single combats, undertaken in defence of the innocence of his mistress, in which his success is usually greater than he deserved from the justice of his cause. To Genoura, too, on the most trying occasions his fidelity remains inviolate, as appears from the indignation he expresses at having been betrayed into the embraces of a damsel, who inconsiderately assumed the character of Genoura.—"Trop durement damoyselle m' avez vous mocqué; mais vous en mourrez; car Je ne vueil pas que jamais decevez Chevalier en telle maniere comme vous m' avez deceu. Lors dressa l' espée contremont, et la damoyselle qui grant paour avoit de mourir luy cria mercy a joinctes mains, en luy disant—hâa franc Chevalier ne m' occiez mye, pour celle pitié que Dieu eut de Marie Magdaleine. Si s' arresta tout pensif—si la veit la plus belle que oncques avoit veu: et il trembloit si durement d' yre et de maltalent que a peine pouoit il tenir son espee, et penseit s' il occiroit, ou si il la laisseroit vivre.

Et continuellement la damoyselle luy crioit mercy; et estoit devant luy, toute nue, en sa chemise, a genoulx: et luy, en regardant sa viz et sa bouche, en quoy il avoit tant de beaulté, luy dist.—Damoyselle, Je m' en yrai tout vaincu et tout recreant comme celluy qui ne s' ose de vous venger, car trop seroye cruel et desloyal si grant beaulté destruisoye." A more convincing proof of his fidelity, however, is exhibited in his reply to a damsel who makes to him an explicit declaration of love.—" Ma voluntée y est si bien enracinée que Je n' auroye pas le couriage de l' en oter. Mon cueur y est nuyt et jour, car mon cuéur ne mes yeux ne tendent tous jours fors celle part, ne mes oreilles ne peuent ouyr bonnes nouvelles que d' elle. Que vous dirois—mon ame et mon corps sont tous a elle. Ainsi suis Je tout a son plaisir, ne Je ne puis rien faire de moy, non plus que le serf peult faire autre chose que son seigneur luy commande."

Nor does Lancelot merely signalize his attachment by the preservation of his fidelity, or by engaging in those enterprises which were congenial to the feelings of a knight, but submits to disgraces which no one of his profession could endure; thus, for the purpose of overtaking Geneura when a horse could not be procured, he ascends a cart,

the greatest infamy to which a knight could be subjected: "En ce temps la estoit accoustumée que Charrette estoit si vile que nul n' estoit dedans qui tout loz et tout honneur n' eust perdu: et quant s' invouloit a aucun tollir honneur si Je faisoit s' en monter en une Charrette: Car Charrette servit, en ce temps la, de ce que Pilloris servent orendroit; ne en chascune bonne ville n' en avoit, en ce temps la, que une."

At length the intrigue of Lancelot and Geneura is detected by the fairy Morgain, the sister of Arthur, and revealed to that prince by her and Agravain, one of the knights of the Round Table, for a vassal would have become criminal had he concealed any thing from his lord. After this detection Lancelot sustains a long war against Arthur and his knights, first in his castle of Joyeuse Garde, and afterwards in his states of Britany. Arthur is recalled from the prosecution of this contest by the usurpation of Mordrec; and as he disappears after the battle which he fights with this unnatural son, he is believed to have been slain with the rest of his chivalry.[1] Geneura, as if she thought pleasure only gratifying while criminal, withdraws to a convent. Lancelot having arrived in Britain after

[1] See Appendix, No. 10.

the battle, retires to a hermitage, and is joined in his solitude by his brother Hector of Mares, the only other knight of the Round Table who had survived the fatal battle with Mordrec.

Thus, although Lancelot du Lac is not free from the defect (common to all the Round Table romances) of a want of unity in the action, there is yet one ruling passion that animates the story. The unconnected adventures of the Duke of Clarence, as well as those of Lyonel and Boort, the two cousins of Lancelot, are, indeed, related at full length, and the conclusion of the romance is principally occupied by the quest of the Sangreal, in which Lancelot acts only a subordinate part; but as far as the hero of the work is concerned, his passion for Geneura is the ruling principle by which all his actions are guided, and the main-spring of the incidents of the romance. The adventures of the principal character, indeed, are too much of the same cast: he is too often taken prisoner, and too often rescued; and his fits of insanity are also too frequently repeated. Lancelot, however, has been perhaps the most popular of all the romances of the Round Table. On the French playing cards one of the knaves bears the name of Launcelot; a proof of the estimation in

which the work was held at the time this game was invented.

There is a metrical romance on the subject of Lancelot, entitled La Charette, which was begun by Chrestien de Troyes in the twelfth century, and finished by Geoffrey de Ligny. This work is more ancient than the prose Lancelot, but, as the incidents are different, it cannot be regarded as the original of that composition. Mr Warton, and the authors of the Bibliotheque, seem to agree in thinking that the work, of which I have given the above abstract, was originally written in Latin; but Warton ascribes the French version to Robert de Borron, on the authority of a MS. Lancelot du Lac, where it is said to be—mis en Francois par Robert de Borron par le comandement de Henri Roi d'Angleterre. This manuscript, however, is not the same with the printed Lancelot. In one passage of the Bibliotheque the composition of the prose romance of Lancelot is attributed to Gualtier Map, who is also mentioned as the French author in the preface to Meliadus,—Ce n' est mye de Lancelot car Maistre Gualtier Map en parla assez suffisamment en son livre. The authors of the Bibliotheque have elsewhere attributed Lancelot du Lac to Gasse le Blond, a mistake which seems to have arisen from a misconception of a

passage in the same preface, where it is said that he was the author of the adventures of Lancelot, meaning those connected with this hero, which are related in the romance of Tristan. Whoever may have been the author of the prose Lancelot, it is certainly of very high antiquity: indeed it is evidently older than Tristan, which is generally accounted the earliest prose romance of chivalry. No mention is made in the story of Lancelot, of the achievements of Tristan; and surely, if the work devoted to his exploits had been written first, so renowned a knight would not have been passed over in silence. The Livre de Tristan, on the other hand, is full of the adventures of Lancelot, many of which coincide with those related in the romance of that name. The romance of Lancelot was first printed at Paris in 1494, which is considered as the best edition: it afterwards appeared in 1513, and lastly in 1533, which impression is held in higher estimation than that by which it was immediately preceded.

In some of the editions, Lancelot is divided into three parts, the last of which is the origin of the celebrated metrical romance Morte Arthur. The English prose work of that name, also called the History or Boke of Arthur, was compiled from

the romances of Lancelot, Merlin, and Tristan, by Sir Thomas Malory, in the beginning of the reign of Edward IV., and was printed by Caxton in 1485. Mr Ritson imagines that the English metrical romance of Morte Arthur was versified from the prose one of the same title, but as it differs essentially from Malory's prose work, and agrees exactly with the last part of the French romance of Lancelot, it is more probable that it has been versified from this composition. To Malory, Spenser was greatly indebted, as Warton has shown at much length in his remarks on that poet's imitations of the old romances, where he also attempts to prove that Ariosto borrowed from Lancelot du Lac the notion of Orlando's madness, of his enchanter Merlin, and of his magic cup.

The fairy Morgana, who is a principal character in this romance, and discovered to Arthur the intrigue of Geneura with Lancelot, is a leading personage not only in other tales of chivalry, but also in the Italian poems. In the Orlando Furioso (c. 43,) she convinces her brother of the infidelity of his queen, by means of a magical horn. About a fifth part of the Orlando Innamorato, beginning at canto thirty-six, is occupied with the Fata Morgana. She is there represented as dispensing all the treasures of the earth, and as in-

habiting a splendid residence at the bottom of a lake. Thither Orlando penetrates, and forces her to deliver up the knights she detained in captivity, by seizing her by a lock of hair, and conjuring her in the name of her master Demogorgon. She thus became a well-known character in Italy, where the appellation of Fata Morgana is given to that strange and almost incredible vision which, in certain states of the tide and weather, appears on the sea that washes the coast of Calabria. Every object at Reggio is then a thousand times reflected on a marine mirror, or, when vapours are thick, on a species of aerial skreen, elevated above the surface of the water, on which the groves and hills and towers are represented as in a moving picture. (Swinburne's Travels, v. i. p. 365. Houel Voyage Pittoresque des Isles de Sicile, &c. v. ii. p. 2.)

We have now discussed the romances which have been considered as relating more particularly to the matter of the Sangreal. The family history of the princes of Leonnoys, which is comprised in the romances of Meliadus and Tristan, who were knights of the Round Table, and contemporary with Arthur, and of their descendant Isaïe le Triste, is next to be considered.

The country of Leonais, or Leonnoys, of which

Meliadus was king, and which was the birth-place of Tristan, though once contiguous to Cornwall, has now disappeared, and is said to be more than forty fathoms under water. An account of it has been fished up by Carew in his Survey of Cornwall, and has been quoted in the notes to Way's Fabliaux :—"The sea gradually encroaching on the shore hath ravined from Cornwall the whole tract of country called Lionnesse, together with divers other parcels of no little circuite; and that such a country as *Lionnesse* there was, these proofs are yet remaining. The space between the Lands-End and the isles of Scilley, being about thirteen miles, to this day retaineth that name, in Cornish Lethowsow, and carrieth continually an equal depth of 40 or 60 fathom, (a thing not usual in the seas proper dominion,) save that about the midway there lieth a rocke, which at low water discovereth its head. They term it the gulphe, suiting thereby the other name of Scilla. Fishermen also, casting their hooks thereabouts, have drawn up pieces of doors and windows."

Of the romances relating to the heroes of the country which has been thus overflowed, the first in the order of events, though not the earliest written, is

MELIADUS OF LEONNOYS,[1]

which was printed at Paris 1528. Rusticiçn de Pise, the original author of this romance, commences his prologue by returning thanks to the Trinity, for having enabled him to finish the romance of Brut, and to have thus acquired the favour of King Henry of England, whom his work had so greatly pleased that he had ordered him to write another of the same sort, because his former one had not comprehended every thing relating to the subject. "In this book, therefore," says he, "will be contained whatever is wanting in Brut, and the other works extracted from the matter of the Sangreal." After this formidable declaration, in order to give an appearance of authenticity to

[1] Meliadus de Leonnoys: du present volume sont contenus les nobles faicts d'armes du vaillant Roy Meliadus de Leonnoys: ensemble plusieurs autres nobles proesses de chevalerie faictes tant par le Roy Artus, Palamedes, le Morhoult d'Irlande, le bon Chevalier sans paour, Galehault le Brun, Segurades, Galaad que autres bons chevaliers estans au temps du dit Roy Meliadus.—*Histoire singuliere et Recreative nouvellement imprimée a Paris—chez Galliot du Pre.*

his fables, he talks of his labour in translating from the Latin; he also dwells with much complacency on his writings, and informs us that he had received two castles from King Henry as a reward for them. He then declines interfering with the adventures of Lancelot, as Gualtier Map had said enough of them; or of Tristan, as he himself had treated that subject in the Brut. King Henry having shown a predilection for Palamedes, who, we shall find, is a principal character in the romance of Meliadus, Rusticien wisely resolved to gratify the humour of a monarch, who remunerated the compilation of old wives' tales with a couple of castles.

This prodigal monarch must have been Henry III., for Rusticien informs us in his Gyron the Courteous, that the romance of that name was compiled from the book of his Lord Edward, when he went to the Holy Wars. It is evident this was Edward the First, who embarked for Palestine in 1270, during the life-time of his father Henry III. Now, if Rusticien compiled from a book belonging to Edward I., his existence could not have commenced in the reign of Henry II., who died in 1189, nor could it have been protracted to the accession of Henry IV., who succeeded in 1399.

The prologue of Rusticien is the only part of the composition which has reached us in its original form, and the romance of Meliadus is now only extant as corrected by a more modern author, who must nevertheless have lived at a very remote period. It is this *Redacteur*, as he is termed, who acquaints us in his preface that Rusticien de Pise was the name of his predecessor. He also informs us, that he himself laboured by order of Edward King of England; but what Edward he has left to conjecture, which has fixed on the fourth monarch of that name. He bestows much commendation on the original author, but complains bitterly of his not having been sufficiently explicit on the subject of his hero's genealogy. This deficiency it was then fortunately too late to supply, so that the romance, at least in its corrected form, begins with the adventures which happened in England to two Babylonish hostages, who had been sent by their own monarch to Rome, and had been allowed by the emperor to pass on their parole into Britain. They visited Arthur at Lramalot (Winchester), which was his chief city next to London, and his favourite residence, on account of the fine rivers and woods by which it was surrounded. Some curious delineations are given in this part of the romance concerning the manners

of the court, and form of the government of this fabulous monarch.

During the stay of the Babylonians at the court of Arthur, a romantic story occurs of a knight who arrives incognito in a vessel, and defies all the companions of the Round Table, but is severely wounded in a combat with one of their number. Arthur receives this unknown knight in his palace, and treats him with kindness, even after he discovers that the stranger is Pharamond, King of the Franks, his mortal enemy.

Being cured of his wounds, the French king embarks for his own country;—he sails down a stream, and enjoys a favourable breeze till he comes to the mouth of the river. There a storm arising, he lands and reposes himself by the side of a fountain, which was surrounded by a grove of pines, and where the grass was green and abundant. When refreshed, he sends to demand joust from Trarsin, the lord of the territory, a brave but felonious knight. This adversary he speedily overthrows; but afterwards encounters Morhault, or Morhoult, of Ireland, a celebrated character in the romances of the Round Table, and by him he is in turn defeated. After the combat, these opponents, who were unknown to each other, mutually recount their adventures; and, while thus enga-

ged, a damsel arrives to inform Morhoult that her lady, who was the wife of Trarsin, and the most beautiful woman in the kingdom, expected him to an interview. This, however, was a snare laid by the husband, who had suspected his wife's fidelity, and had bribed the damsel to bring Morhoult into his power. A punishment is prepared for the lovers, which seems to have suggested to Tasso the situation in which he places Olindo and Sophronia, in the 2d canto of the Jerusalem. Brehus, who afterwards received the surname of Pitiless, attempts to rescue the lovers, but in vain. After his failure in this trial, while ranging through a forest he meets Yvain, the nephew of Arthur, with a lady in his company.[1] Brehus kills the lady, owing to the hatred he had conceived against the fair sex, on account of the damsel who had betrayed Morhoult. A combat ensues between Brehus and Yvain, who could not be persuaded of the justice of this retaliation. When both are nearly exhausted with fighting, the Knight without Fear arrives on the spot, and accompanied by Brehus again proceeds to attempt the rescue of Morhoult. This is at length effected, and Morhoult carries off the lady from Trarsin; but, when he

[1] See Appendix, No. II.

has travelled a short way, he is met and vanquished by Meliadus, who restores the lady to her husband, after exacting a promise that he would use her well for the future, and cease to interrupt her gallantries.

This is the first appearance of the hero of the romance, though the preceding part occupies 29 chapters of the 173, which constitute the whole work. Meliadus again vanishes, and we hear little more of him till the 43d chapter. The intervening sections are chiefly filled with the exploits of Morhoult and of the Knight without Fear. Afterwards, however, Meliadus enters on a long series of adventures, chiefly warlike, of which the principal is the deliverance of Arthur and his companions from the castle of the rock. At the end of twenty chapters, entirely occupied with "tournaments and trophies hung," the reader is pleased, though it redounds little to the honour of the hero, to find a love story, which the author has introduced at the 65th chapter. Meliadus, in the course of his wanderings, meets with the queen of Scotland in a castle, where he was entertained, and becomes deeply enamoured of her. He returns to his own country in a languishing state of health, and imparts the story of his love

to one of his knights, who undertakes to acquaint the queen with his passion, and to repeat to her a lay which his master had written, expressive of his sentiments. Meliadus afterwards prosecutes his suit personally, with the utmost success, at the court of Arthur, where his mistress then resided, till the king of Scotland being informed of the intrigue, surprises Meliadus with his queen; but promises him,—qu' il ne feroit aucun mal a la reine pour chose qu' il eut vue. The king considers it prudent, however, to depart from court with his consort; but on his way to Scotland he is overtaken by Meliadus, and the queen is carried off. On account of this outrage, Arthur declares war against Meliadus. This prince, in consequence, retires to his own states, whence he describes his situation, and demands aid from Pharamond, in a poetical epistle, and is promised assistance in a similar form. A long account is given of the contest carried on in Leonnoys; Meliadus is taken prisoner, and the war concludes, in the 106th chapter, with the surrender of his capital, and redelivery of the queen of Scotland to her husband. Meliadus amuses himself, while in confinement, with playing on the harp, and composing songs, particularly a lay, entitled, Dueil sur Dueil, which, the romance informs us, was the second that ever

was written. He is allowed to solace himself in this manner till Arthur, being attacked by the Saxons, frees him from prison, in order to avail himself of his assistance in his contest with these enemies, which is, at length, terminated by Meliadus overthrowing Ariohan, the Saxon chief, in single combat.

In more regular works of fiction, the late appearance of the hero would, no doubt, be considered as a blemish; but in few of the ancient romances of chivalry is unity of action and interest, or any other rule of art, accurately attended to. Meliadus is destitute, however, of the principal charm of works of this nature,—a variety of enchantments, of giants, and of monsters, which are the only embellishments that can compensate for the want of regularity and breach of the laws of composition. The knights in Meliadus wander for ever amid gloomy forests, and there is more of the sombre mythology of the north, with less eastern splendour and imagination, than in almost any of the tales of chivalry.

Towards the conclusion, the romance is occupied with the exploits of the son of Meliadus, whose adventures form the subject of a separate romance, called

TRISTAN,[1]

from the name of its hero. This composition has been the most popular of all the romances of the Round Table, and is considered as the work which best characterises the ancient spirit of French chivalry. It was first printed at Rouen, 1489, one volume folio; afterwards in two volumes folio at Paris, by Verard, without date, and again at the same place in 1522 and 1569. The date of its composition, however, is many centuries prior to that of its first publication.

The story of Tristan seems to have been current from the earliest times. It was the subject of a number of metrical tales in the romance language, which were versified by the French minstrels from ancient British authorities. From these original documents, or from the French metrical tales, was compiled the Sir Tristrem, attributed to Thomas of Erceldoune, and which has been edited by Mr Scott. There are also extant two fragments of

[1] Roman du noble et vaillant Chevalier Tristan, fils du noble Roi Meliadus de Leonnoys, compilé par Luce Chevalier, Seigneur de Chasteau de Gast.

metrical versions, which are supposed to be parts of one whole work, written by Raoul de Beauvais, who lived in the middle of the 13th century. But the immediate original of the prose Tristan is understood to be the history of Mark and Yseult, written in verse by Chrestien de Troyes, who flourished early in the 12th century. The MSS. of this work have not reached us, and the prose composition of which it is the original is of a date long posterior. Mr Scott believes that the author of the prose Tristan is the same with the earliest writer of Meliadus, who was certainly Rusticien de Pise, and who lived in the reign of Henry III. The author of Tristan, however, informs us at the beginning of the romance, that his name is Luce Sieur de Gast: "I, Luce Seigneur de Gast have compiled the authentic history of Tristan; who, next to Lancelot and Galaad, was the most renowned knight of the Round Table." Mr Warton attributes it to the same author, on the authority of a title-page, in a MS. copy of the romance—Le Roman de Tristan et Iseult traduit de Latin en Francois, par Lucas Chevalier du Gast, prende Sarisberi, Anglois. In the preface to Meliadus, we are informed that it was begun by this Lucas de Gast, or Lucas de Inu, as he is there called, the first who extracted from the

matter of the St Greal; that Gasse le Blond next wrote the part which relates to Lancelot, after which the story was concluded by Robert and Helias de Borron. "Aussi Luces de Iau transla-ta, en langue Françoise, une partie de l'Hystoire de Monseigneur Tristan, et moins assez que il ne deust. Moult commenca bien son livre, et si ny mist tous les faicts de Tristan, ains la greignour partie. Apres s'en entremist Messire Gasse le Blonc qui estoit parent au Roy Henri, et devisa l'Hystoire de Lancelot du Lac, et d'autre chose ne parla il mye grandement en son livre. Messire Robert de Borron s'en entremist, et Helye de Borron par la priere du dit Robert de Borron; et pour ce que compaignons feusmes d'armes longuement Je commenczay mon livre," &c. It was formerly shown that Rusticien de Pise, by whom this preface to Melindus was written, lived in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. since he talks of the expedition of the latter to the Holy Land. Now, since Rusticien mentions Robert and Helye de Borron, by whom Tristan was completed, as his contemporaries, that celebrated romance could not have been finished before the reign of Henry III. Indeed, in the MS. of Helye de Borron's portion of the work, entitled La Mort de Tristan,

it is said to have been written at the desire of Henry the *Third*.

The early part of the prose romance of Tristan is occupied with an account of the ancestors of the hero, and many generations pass successively in review before the birth of Meliadus. This prince was married to Isabella, sister of Marc, king of Cornwall;—a fairy fell in love with him, and drew him away by enchantment, while he was engaged in the exercise of hunting. His queen set out in quest of him, but was seized with the pains of child-birth during her journey, and expired soon after being delivered of a son, whom, from the melancholy circumstances of his birth, she called Tristan before her death.

Gouvernail, the queen's squire, who had accompanied her, took charge of the child, and restored him to his father, who at length burst the enchantment of the fairy, and returned to his capital.

A dwarf having foreshown to Marc, the uncle of Tristan, that he would be dethroned by means of his nephew, this monarch vowed the death of Tristan. The emissaries he employed surprised and slew Meliadus during a chace, but Gouvernail saved his son, and conveyed him to the court of Pharamond. As the young prince grew up, Belinda, the daughter of this French monarch, be-

came enamoured of him; but, her passion being discovered by her father, Tristan found it necessary to leave the court.

A reconciliation was now effected between Tristan and his uncle Marc, who, at this time, resided at the castle of Tintagel, rendered famous by the amour of Uter and Yguerne. In this court, Tristan became expert in all the exercises incumbent on a knight. Nor was it long till he had an opportunity of practically exhibiting his valour and skill. The celebrated Morhoult, brother to the queen of Ireland, arrived to demand tribute from Marc. Tristan encountered this champion, who was forced to fly and embark, bearing with him a mortal wound. This was the first, and perhaps the most glorious, of the exploits of Tristan; but the lance of Morhoult had been poisoned, and a wound his opponent had received grew daily more envenomed. He departed from Cornwall, with the view of finding in a foreign country the relief which could not be obtained in his own. A breeze of fifteen days continuance conveyed him to the coast of Ireland. He was ignorant to what shore he had been carried, for he seems to have steered at random: he disembarked, however, on this unknown country, tuned his harp, and began to play. It was a summer evening, and the king of

Ireland and his daughter, the beautiful Yseult, were at a window which overlooked the sea. The strange harper was conveyed to the palace, and his wounds were cured by Yseult. But after his recovery he was found out, from the circumstance of wearing the sword of Morhoult, to be the person who had killed that knight, and was in consequence obliged to quit the country.

On his return to Cornwall, Tristan fell in love with the wife of Segurades, a Cornish nobleman, and followed her into the dominions of Arthur, whither she had been carried by Bliomberis. While in England he defeated a knight called Blaanor, who had accused the king of Ireland of treason, before the court of Arthur. The king being thus acquitted of the charge, Tristan, at his request, accompanied him to Ireland, where he finally yielded to the solicitations of his champion, and promised to bestow his daughter Yseult in marriage on the king of Cornwall. The mother of Yseult gave to her daughter's confidant, Brangian, an amorous potion, to be administered on the night of her nuptials. Of this beverage, Tristan and Yseult, during their voyage to Cornwall, unfortunately partook. Its effects were quick and powerful: nor was its influence less permanent than sudden; but, during the remainder of their

lives, regulated the affections and destiny of the lovers. A medical potion, producing a temporary love, or rather passion, is said to have been frequently composed; but the power of the beverage quaffed by Tristan and Yseult was not believed to be confined to its immediate effects, nor to derive its power from stimulating ingredients, but was supposed to continue its influence by the force of magic, through the lives of those who shared in the draught. Nor was the belief in such philtres the offspring of the middle ages: rules for their composition are to be found in every author who treats of drugs, from Pliny's Natural History, to the works of the 17th century.

In the course of a delightful, though unprosperous voyage, Tristan and Yseult arrive on an unknown island, where they are detained as prisoners, along with a number of knights and damsels, who had previously landed. But the uncourteous customs of this castle being destined to end, when it should be visited by the bravest knight and fairest woman in the world, Tristan is enabled, by overcoming a giant, to effect the deliverance of the captives, after which he becomes the friend of Gallehault, the lord of the manor.

After the arrival of Tristan and Yseult in Cornwall, and the nuptials of the latter with King

Marc, an uneasiness arises lest the husband should discover the imperfections of his bride. Brangian, the confidant of Yseult, who had never yielded to the weakness which occasioned the embarrassment of her mistress, agrees, by a deception frequently practised in the romances of chivalry, to occupy her place for a single night. Marc being thus guarded from suspicion, the provident Yseult, to escape the possibility of detection, delivers her late substitute to two ruffians, with orders to murder her in a wood. The assassins, having somewhat more mercy than their fair employer, leave their commission unexecuted, and only tie her to a tree, from which she is soon released by Palamedes.

After this, a great part of the romance is occupied with the contrivances of Tristan, and the tender Yseult, to procure secret interviews, which are greatly furthered by Dinas, Marc's seneschal.

Tristan, at a time when he was forced to leave Cornwall, on account of the displeasure of his uncle, was wounded one day while sleeping in a forest, with a poisoned arrow, by the son of a person he had killed. The ladies of those days, and particularly Yseult, were very skilful leeches; but to return to Cornwall in the present circumstances was impossible. He was, therefore, advised to repair to Britany, where Yseult with the White

Hands was as celebrated for her surgical operations, as Yseult of Cornwall. Tristan was cured by this new Yseult, and married her, more out of gratitude than love, if we may judge from his apathy after the nuptials.[1] He employed himself solely in building a vessel in which he might sail to Cornwall, and at length embarked on receiving a message from the queen of that country; but was driven by a tempest on the coast of England, near the forest of Darnant, where he delivered King Arthur from the power of the Lady of the Lake. Having experienced a number of adventures he reached Cornwall, accompanied by Pheredin, his wife's brother, whom he had made the confidant of his passion, and who had followed him through the whole course of this expedition. These friends had no sooner arrived in Cornwall, than Pheredin became enamoured of the queen. Tristan was seized with a fit of jealousy, retired to a forest, and went mad. After many acts of extravagance and folly, he allowed himself to be conducted to court, where he was soon restored to reason by the attention of Yseult. But, on his recovery, the jealousy of Marc revived, and he was compelled to take a solemn oath that he would leave Cornwall for ever.

[1] See Appendix, No. 12.

Our hero proceeded to the dominions of Arthur, which again became the theatre of unnumbered exploits. The jealousy of Marc, however, was not extinguished by the absence of Tristan; he set out for England with a view of treacherously killing his nephew, and in his progress through the kingdom made himself ridiculous by that cowardice for which most of the knights of Cornwall were notorious. At the court of Arthur he became the laughing-stock of all the knights, by flying before Daguenet, the king's fool, whom he mistook for Lancelot du Lac. While there, however, Arthur effected a reconciliation between him and his nephew, and after their return to Cornwall, Tristan delivered that kingdom from the invasion of the Saxons, by whom it had been brought to the verge of ruin. Marc, however, behaved with signal ingratitude, for his suspicions being again awakened, he threw Tristan into prison. He was freed by an insurrection of the people of Cornwall, and in turn shut up Marc in the same prison in which he had been himself confined. Tristan took this opportunity of eloping with the queen of Cornwall, to the dominions of Arthur, where he resided at Joyeuse Garde, the favourite castle of Lancelot, and which that knight assigned the lovers as their abode, till Arthur again reconciled all parties.

Marc was then delivered from prison, and restored to the enjoyment of his rebellious kingdom and his fugitive spouse.

Tristan, subsequent to these events, returned to Britany and to his long-neglected wife. Soon after his arrival, information was brought that the Count of Nantes had thrown off his allegiance to Runalen, brother of the white-handed Yseult, who had lately succeeded his father in the duchy of Britany. Tristan defeated the rebels, but while mounting a tower by a scaling ladder, he was struck to the ground by a stone thrown from the garrison, and severely wounded.

It was during the attendance of Yseult on Tristan, that she first became his wife in the tenderest acceptation of the term. The Count de Tressan, in his extract, has represented this late fulfilment of his obligations, as the primary cause of the death of Tristan; but, in reality, he recovered from his wound and its consequences, and forgot Yseult of Britany, and the white hands, who was now doubly his own, in the arms of Yseult of Cornwall. He had obtained admission to the palace of Marc in the disguise of a fool, and had many secret interviews with the queen; but, being at length discovered, he was forced to return to Britany.

Runalen, the brother-in-law of Tristan, was at

this time engaged in an intrigue; our hero had assisted him in forging false keys to enter the castle of the knight with whose lady he was enamoured, and even consented to accompany him to a rendezvous which his mistress had appointed. Tristan had already retired, when the husband unexpectedly returned from the chace: Runalen and Tristan escaped in the first instance, but were pursued and overtaken by the husband and his people; Runalen was killed, and Tristan received a wound from a poisoned weapon. Of the physicians who attended him, an obscure doctor from Salerno[1] was the only one who understood his case; but the other physicians insisted on his dismissal, and Tristan was soon reduced by their remedies to the lowest ebb. In this situation, as a last resource, he despatched a confidant to the queen of Cornwall, who was so celebrated for her surgical skill, to try if he could induce her to accompany him to Britany. Should his endeavours prove successful, he was ordered to display, while on his return, a white sail, and a black one if his

[1] In the middle ages, a number of quack-doctors, mostly Italians, were educated at the Jewish university of Salerno. They commonly undertook the tour of Europe, after they left college, accompanied by a punch or merryman, paying their way by the fees received for their advice.

persuasions were fruitless;—an idea which every one will trace to a classic and mythological origin. The messenger arrived in Cornwall in the character of a merchant; in this disguise he had an early opportunity of seeing the queen, and persuaded her, in the absence of Marc, to return with him to Britany.

Meanwhile Tristan awaited the arrival of the queen with such impatience, that he employed one of his wife's damsels to watch at the harbour, and report to him when the black or white sail should appear over the wave. Yseult, who was not in the secret, demanded the reason of this perpetual excubation, and was, for the first time, informed, that Tristan had sent for the queen of Cornwall. It was but lately that this white-handed bride had learned the full value of a husband, and the jealousy to which she had hitherto been a stranger took possession of her soul.

Now the vessel which bore the queen of Cornwall is wafted towards the harbour by a favourable breeze, all its white sails unfurled. Yseult, who was watching on the shore, flew to her husband, and reported that the sails were black. Tristan, penetrated with inexpressible grief, exclaimed, "Ilas doulce amye a Dieu vous command—Jamais ne me veerez, ne moy vous: A Dieu je vous

salue. Lors bat sa coulpe, et se commande a Dieu, et le cueur luy creve, et l'ame s'en va."

The account of the death of Tristan was the first intelligence which the queen of Cornwall heard on landing. She was conducted almost senseless into the chamber of Tristan, and expired holding him in her arms;—"lors l'embrasse de ses bras tant comme elle peut, et gette ung souspir, et se pasme sur le corps; et le cueur lui part, et l'ame s'en va."

Tristan, before his death, had requested that his body should be sent to Cornwall, and that his sword, with a letter he had written, should be delivered to King Marc. The remains of Tristan and Yseult were embarked in a vessel, along with the sword, which was presented to the king of Cornwall. He was melted with tenderness when he saw the weapon which slew Morhoult of Ireland, which so often saved his life, and redeemed the honour of his kingdom. In the letter Tristan begged pardon of his uncle, and related the story of the amorous potion.

Marc ordered the lovers to be buried in his own chapel. From the tomb of Tristan there sprung a plant, which went along the walls, and descended into the grave of the queen. By order of Marc it was cut down three times, but every morning the

obdurate vegetable sprung up more verdant than before, and this miracle has ever since shaded the tombs of Tristan and Yseult.

Such plants are common in the old ballads. The Scotch ballad, Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, concludes,

> "Lord Thomas was buried without kirk wa',
> Fair Annet within the quiere;
> And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
> The other a bonny briere,
> And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
> As they would fain be near."—*Percy's Relics.*

Similar verses, but with some verbal alterations, conclude Prince Robert, published in the Minstrelsy of the Border; and we have plants possessed of the same powers of sympathy and vegetation in the wild romantic ballad of the Douglas Tragedy.

The fabulous history of Tristan has generally been considered as the most beautiful of the romances of the Round Table. "The character of Palamedes, (says Mr Scott) the despairing adorer of Yseult, is admirably contrasted with that of Tristan, his successful rival. Nor is there a truer picture of the human mind, than the struggles between the hatred of rivalship, and the chivalrous

dictates of knightly generosity, which alternately sway both the warriors. The character of Dinadan, brave and gallant, but weak in person and unfortunate in his undertakings, yet supporting his mischances with admirable humour, and often contriving a witty and well-managed retort on his persecutors, is imagined with considerable art. The friendship of Tristan and Lancelot, and of their two mistresses, with a thousand details which display great knowledge of human nature, render Tristan interesting in the present day, in spite of those eternal combats, to which, perhaps, the work owed its original popularity. The character of King Marc is singular and specific; it is well brought out from the canvass, and a similar one is not to be met with in other romances of chivalry. In the early metrical tales, he is merely represented as weak and uxorious. The darker shades of character have been added in the prose romance, to excuse the frailty of Yseult." I am not certain if the idea of the amorous potion, which is Yseult's great apology, and forms the ground-work of the romance, be well conceived; for, if in one respect it palliates the conduct of the lovers, it diminishes our admiration of their fidelity. The character of the queen of Cornwall can hardly excite love or compassion, as the savage atrocity of her conduct

to Brangian starts up every moment in the recollection of the reader. The pitiful malice of the white-handed Yseult, who, to serve no end, brings a false report to her husband in his last moments, renders her as contemptible as the heroine is hateful, and the dishonourable manner in which Tristan comes by his death, diminishes the pity we might otherwise feel for his fate.

Whatever may be its beauties or defects, the romance was well known, and popular in all the countries of Europe; it was repeatedly printed in France in its original form, and modernized into the language of that country by Jean Maugin dit le petit Angevin, 1554, under the title of Le Nouveau Tristan.

A translation of Tristan was printed in Spanish, at Seville, 1528; and a romance, somewhat different in the adventures it contains, was published in 1552, in Italian, entitled *I due Tristani.*[1]

[1] This romance coincides in its circumstances with a very scarce Italian poem, by Nicolo Agostini, the continuator of Boiardo, printed at Venice in 1520, entitled Il secondo e terzo libro de Tristano, nel quale si tracta come re Marco di Cornovaglia trovandolo un giorno con Isotta l'uccise a tradimento, e come la ditta Isotta vedendolo morto di dolore morì sopra il suo corpo.

Nor has any romance of the Round Table furnished such ample materials of imitation, to the Italian novelists and poets. The story of the Greyhounds, a favourite dog in the middle ages, which has been successively copied by the queen of Navarre and Bonaventure des Perriers, may be found in Tristan. There Dinas, King Marc's seneschal, pursued his wife, who had been carried off by a knight, and had taken her husband's greyhounds along with her; the seneschal overtakes the fugitives, and, trusting to the affection of his wife, agrees that she should be left to her own choice. The lady follows the knight, but the lovers instantly return and demand the greyhounds, concerning which a similar agreement is made; but they, more faithful than the lady, and deaf to the voice of a stranger, remain with their old master. The same story is told in the Fabliau of the Chevalier a l'Epée: and is related of Gauvain in the metrical romance of Perceval, but has not been introduced into the prose one of that name. It is also in the printed Lancelot, but not in the most ancient MS. of that romance.

I will not say that the phrensy of Orlando has been imitated from that of Tristan; but in some

circumstances they have a striking resemblance. Jealousy was the cause of both, and the paroxysms are similar. Ariosto, however, though perhaps through the medium of his predecessor Boiardo, is indebted to this romance for the notion of the fountains of love and hatred, which occasion such vicissitudes in the loves of Rinaldo and Angelica. Tristan also makes a conspicuous figure in the 32d canto of the Orlando Furioso, where a story is related concerning Tristano, which is borrowed from this romance. Bradamante, overtaken by night, is directed to a building which still retained the name of the Tower of Tristan. In this retreat, Clodion, the son of Pharamond, had confined a beauty of whom he was jealous. Tristan had arrived there at eve, and, being at first refused admission, had procured it by force of arms. After this the usage was established, that a knight should only obtain entrance if he overcame those knights who had found reception before his arrival, and the lady, if she surpassed in charms the females by whom the castle was already occupied. From the romance of Tristan, Ariosto has also borrowed the story of the enchanted horn, by which the husband discovers the infidelity of his wife, by *his own* way of drinking, and which is said to have been origi-

nally given by Morgana to convince Arthur of the infidelity of Geneura:

> Qual gia per fare accorto il suo fratello
> Del fallo di Gineura fe Morgana;
> Chi la Moglie ha pudica bee con quello,
> Ma non vi può gia ber chi l' ha puttana,
> Che l' vin quando lo crede in bocca porre
> Tutto si sparge, e fuor nel petto scorre.—(C. 43.)

In Tristan, however, the discovery is made by the *Culprit's* mode of drinking. In that romance, during one of King Marc's fits of jealousy, a knight, who was an enemy of Tristan, brings a lady to court who possesses an enchanted horn, which was so framed that those wives, who had been unfaithful to their husbands, spilled the liquor with which it was filled, in attempting to drink from it. They all perform so awkwardly, that Marc, in the first heat of his resentment, orders a bon-fire to be prepared for the general reception of the ladies of the court. This horn is also introduced in Perceval, but there the experiment is also tried on the knights. A similar trial is made on the ladies at the court of Arthur in the English Morte Arthur. The fiction, however, may be traced higher than the romance of Tristan. Le Grand thinks that it has been imitated from the Short Mantle in one of the Fa-

bliaux he has published, which was too short or too long for those ladies who had been false to their husbands or lovers. This story was originally called in the Fabliaux, Le Court Mantel, but was translated into prose in the sixteenth century, under the name of Le Manteau mal taillé. There is, however, a Breton lay, entitled Lai du Corn, which bears a nearer resemblance to the story in Tristan. A magical horn is brought by a boy during a sumptuous feast given by Arthur, which, in a similar mode, disclosed the same secrets as that in Tristan. The stories of the Mantle and the Horn have been united in an English ballad of the reign of Henry VI., published by Percy, entitled The Boy and the Mantle, where the cup is the test of a dishonoured husband, and the mantle of a faithless woman. Some mode of trial on this point is common in subsequent romances and poems. In Perceforest it is a rose; in Amadis de Gaul a garland of flowers, which blooms on the head of her that is faithful, and fades on the brow of the inconstant. The reader of Spenser is well acquainted with the girdle of Florimel. B. 4. l. 5. s. 3.

Some experiment for ascertaining the fidelity of women in defect of evidence, seems, in reality, to have been resorted to from the earliest ages. By

the Levitical law, (Numbers, c. v. 11—31,) there was prescribed a proof of chastity, which consisted in the suspected person drinking water in the tabernacle. The mythological fable of the trial by the Stygian fountain, which disgraced the guilty by the waters rising so as to cover the laurel wreath of the unchaste female who dared the examination, probably had its origin in some of the early institutions of Greece or Egypt. Hence the notion was adopted in the Greek romances, the heroines of which, we have seen, were invariably subjected to a magical test of this nature, which is one of the few particulars wherein any similarity of incident can be traced between the Greek novels and the romances of chivalry: the Grecian heroines, however, underwent the experiment in a cave, or some retirement, though they might have exhibited with credit openly, while the ladies of chivalry are always exposed in public—in a full court or crowded assembly; the former, too, are only subjected to a trial of virginity, the latter more frequently to some proof of conjugal fidelity.

We have been long detained with Tristan and Yseult; it is now time that we proceed to the romance of

YSAÏE LE TRISTE,[1]

in which is related the history of their son, who was the fruit of the interviews procured for these lovers by the accommodating Dinas.

When Tristan departed for the court of Arthur, the queen was obliged to ask permission to make a distant pilgrimage. The necessity of this request conveys a most cruel, and, if we believe other romances, a most unfounded insinuation against King Marc. Yseult had proceeded no farther in her journey than the skirts of the forest of Mouris, when she gave birth to a son. She sent for a hermit who resided in the vicinity, but who, spite of the urgency of the occasion, refused to baptize the child till the mother had revealed her foibles, and thus paid the tribute which in those days conscience owed to religion. He then baptized the infant by submersion in a neighbouring fountain, and called him Ysaie le Triste; an appellation

[1] Le Roman du vaillant Chevalier Ysaie le Triste, fils de Tristan de Leonnoys Chevalier de la Table Ronde, et de la princesse Yseult Royne de Cornouaille; avec les nobles prouesses de Marc l' Exille fils du dit Ysaie, reduit du vieil language Francois.

compounded of the names of his parents. After this the queen returned to her husband, and the recluse carried the little Ysaie along with him to his hermitage.

One clear moonlight evening when the hermit had retired to his devotions, and was kneeling before the altar, his attention was distracted by the sound of delightful and unearthly music, which he heard at a distance in the forest, and which gradually approached his solitary dwelling. Looking through a window which opened from this oratory into his cell, he perceived a group of fairies, who made free to light a comfortable fire, and, having warmed themselves and washed the child, departed to the same tune to which they had entered.

At this visit the hermit felt considerable inquietude, for the fairies were not Christians; but the benevolence with which they had treated the child, and their liberality in leaving a plentiful supply of provisions, induced him to consider them as such. Some nights after, his new guests returned, and introduced themselves in due form; one as the Vigorous Fairy, another as the Courageous Fairy, &c. They announced that they frequently resorted to the bush which confined the magician Merlin, with whom they had lately enjoyed a full conversation on the merits of differ-

ent knights, and other important affairs of chivalry. In particular, Merlin had mentioned the death of Tristan, and recommended his child to their best attentions: accordingly they now endued Ysaie with the gifts which each had the power of bestowing, one giving him strength, another courage, and so forth. They also directed the hermit to proceed with his ward, as soon as he passed the period of infancy, through the Green Forest; and then, on hearing the cock crow, they suddenly vanished.

After some years had elapsed, the hermit set out with Ysaie, according to the route which had been prescribed to him by the fairies. Having passed through the Green Forest, they came to a plain, in the midst of which stood a fountain, and from the middle of the fountain grew a tree, which shaded it with spreading branches. Around sat the protecting fairies, who now bestowed on Ysaie, as an attendant, an ill-favoured dwarf, called Trone, whose personal deformity was compensated by the quickness of his understanding.

Having left the fairies, chance conducted our adventurers to the tomb of the enchanter Merlin, whence deep groans were heard to issue: Trone interrogated the voice of the magician, which informed them of the overthrow of Arthur with his

chivalry, and directed his audience to proceed to the hermitage of Lancelot du Lac, who having alone survived the fatal battle with Mordrec, was now the only person worthy to invest Ysaie with the order of knighthood, and to bestow a new Tristan on the world. In obedience to the exhortation of Merlin, they proceeded to the retreat of Lancelot; but found on their arrival that it was no longer inhabited, as the knight had met in repose the death which had so often spared him in battle. By advice of the dwarf Tronc, they repaired to the tomb of Lancelot, where a mausoleum of noble simplicity rose in view. The marble which covered the body of the warrior was raised, and the hermit dubbed Ysaie a knight with the right arm of the skeleton, accompanying this ghastly inauguration with a harangue, which seems to form a compendium of the duties of knighthood:—"Chevalier, soies cruel a tes ennemys, debonnaire a tes amys, humble a non puissans, et aidez toujours le droit a soustenir, et confons celluy qui tort a Vefves dames poures pucelles et orphelins; et poures gens aymes toujours a ton pouoir, et avec ce aime toujours Saincte Eglise."

Ysaie returned to the hermitage, but the recluse having died after a time, he set out in quest

of adventures, in all which the stratagems and ingenuity of Tronc were of great service to his master. The state of the country at this period gave ample scope for chivalrous exploits. After the death of Arthur, a number of petty sovereignties had been erected, and were maintained by cruelty and oppression. Ysaie, however, abolished the evil customs which had been established at different castles, and in their place substituted others more consonant to the genuine spirit of chivalry.

By these means the fame of Ysaie reached the court of King Irion. It is not said where this monarch reigned, but he had a beautiful niece, called Martha. This princess had a strong prepossession in favour of knights, as her nurse had persuaded her that the bravest heroes were the most tender lovers. She resolved to be beloved by Ysaie, and immediately wrote to him on the subject. Our hero returned a favourable answer, but his speed not keeping pace with her wishes, she prevailed on her uncle to proclaim a tournament, in the hope that he would repair to the exhibition. On the eve of its celebration, while Irion was dining in his hall with four hundred knights and an equal number of ladies, and while the second course (second metz) was serving, the pleasure of the repast was suddenly interrupted by the

arrival of Trone, whom his master had sent on before, and who entered, to the utter amazement and consternation of the assembly, *Car trop estoit hideux a merveilles.* Having discovered Martha seated between two knights, who were clothed in black and purple, he delivered her a letter from Ysaie announcing his speedy approach.

Ysaie arrived during supper at the palace of the king, where he knocked out the brains of the porter who refused him admittance. On ascending the stairs he discovered Martha, by whom he was received as he had reason to expect. Their interview was interrupted by the approach of the king; but the host, with whom Ysaie had taken up his quarters, came soon after to inform the princess that her knight had proceeded no farther than the first house in the suburbs. In consequence of this intimation she repaired in the evening to the rendezvous, where she gave her lover the most decisive proofs of her benevolence.

On the following day Ysaie, who was arrayed in white armour, distinguished himself at the tournaments; but during the entertainment by which they were succeeded, a defiance was brought from the giant, styling himself Lord of the Black Forest, addressed to Ysaie in his character of reformer of abuses, and declaring that he the giant

meant to persevere in the practice which he had hitherto observed, of delivering all ladies whom he caught within his jurisdiction to his grooms (varlets de chevaulx), and afterwards throwing them into the ditch surrounding his castle, which, as the romancer very justly remarks, "Estoit la plus laide coustume du monde."

Our hero proceeded to destroy this monster, and on the road conversed with Tronc on his late happiness; who, it would appear, had little cause to rejoice at the amorous success of his master:— "Ja en suis Je," says he, "moulu et dechiré. Les Fées, vos amies et protectrices, m' ont fait chierement payer vos plaisirs; ores dansiez vous aux nopces et payois Je les violons; et disoient elles que en ma chair devois Je resentir le tort que avoit la votre."

While Ysaie was engaged in discomfiting the giant, and in making converts by force of arms to the true faith, the Princess Martha had felt the consequences of a frank letter and an imprudent rendezvous. King Irion pardoned her transgression, and indeed swore "Par Saincte croix si c'est du chevalier au blanc escu Je ne fus oncques si joyeulx." But, however much gratified by hearing that it was the white-shielded knight, he could not help expressing his astonishment that Ysaie,

having passed only twenty-four hours in his territories, should have employed them in knocking down his porter and seducing his niece.

Martha having given birth to a son, who was called Marc, adopted, though somewhat late, the intention of uniting herself in marriage to Ysaie. With this view she set out in quest of him, disguised as a minstrel, and wandered from tower to tower singing lays expressive of her pain and her passion:—"Lors tire la harpe et la trempe, et puis commence a harper si melodieusement que c'estoit merveilles a ouyr. Et puis chantoit avec ce tant bien que le palays en retentissoit." On one occasion she poured forth her melody at the gates of the castle of Argus, where Ysaie happened at that time to reside. Unfortunately she was recognised by Tronc, who, still mindful of the chastisement of the fairies, informed her, after having disguised himself, that Ysaie had gone to the next town, and that she would easily overtake him.

While Martha thus wastes her steps and her music, her son Marc passed the period of infancy: "Et bien saichez que c'estoit le pyre de son aage que oncques fust veu. Si vous diray en quelle maniere; de prime face quant le Roy mengeoit il venoit a la table et espandoit le vin et tiroit la

nappe et les hanaps a luy et boutoit tout a terre: Et puis venoit en la cuisine et respandoit les pots. Aux petis enfans faisait il tant de hont que c'estoit merveilles. Le roy avoit avec luy ung sien nepveu fils de son frere: une heure regardoit en la court dedans ung puis; Marc le leva par les piez et le bouta dedans, et fut noyé. Quant le Roy Irion le sceut si en fust moult courroucé." It was no wonder then that the knight, "qui l'endoctrinoit," complained to the king, "que c'est la plus cruelle piece de chair qui oncques nasquit de mere. Et vous ditz, que se tantost ne fais oyé ce que il dist il meteroit hors par les fenestres de la tour: Et sachez que au jour de l'escremie il a tué vostre Boutillier et ung des maistres d' hostel. Mon Dieu, fait le Roy Irion, J'estoye tout esbahy que Je ne les veoye plus aller ne venir." The king on receiving this account sends for his nephew, and instead of reprimanding him, "*Beau* nepveu, fait le roy, Je suis desormais ancien homme et tout maladif, et vous etes fort, et puissant et *saige;* se vous voulez, si vouldroyé que par le conseil des saiges que gouvernissiez mon royaume en contester contre tous ceux qui mal vouldroyent faire."

The first exercise of power on the part of this wise young prince was to proclaim a tournament, during which he displayed more courage than cour-

tesy. The knights and courtiers of King Irion, being jealous of the authority of a prince whose recommendation to sovereign power seems to have consisted in his dexterity in throwing children into wells, and beating out the brains of butlers, entered into a conspiracy against him, of which the plot is so singular, and so similar to the stories of haunted apartments in modern romance, that I have thought it deserving of a place in the Appendix.[1]

After Marc had triumphed over all the machinations of his enemies, intelligence arrived that the Amiral of Persia had just landed in Britain, accompanied by his nephew, the king of Nubia, surnamed the Red Lion; as also by the kings of Castille, Seville, and Arragon, who had all sworn by Mahomet and Tervagant that they would not return to their own country till they had extirpated Christianity.

It would appear that the Saracen commander had divided his army into two portions. A few troops proceeded against the capital of Irion, but the main body, under the orders of the amiral in person, remained near the coast on which they had disembarked. Marc advanced against the latter di-

[1] See Appendix, No. 13.

vision, which, with the assistance of a few peasants, he totally defeated. After the engagement he found the beautiful Orimonda, daughter of the amiral, reposing in the pavilion of her father. He conducts this princess as a trophy to his tent, sups with her, baptizes her, and promises to espouse her on his return to the court of King Irion, but meanwhile prevails on her to invert the usual ceremonies which constitute a legal marriage :—

Il n'est rien de si doux pour descoeurs pleins de gloire,
Que la paisible nuit qui suit une victoire ;
Dormir sur un trophée est un charmant repos,
Et le champ de bataille est le lict d'un heros.

ALARIC.

Next morning the son of Ysaie set out in pursuit of the remaining Saracen army, but his father had been beforehand with him. Ysaie had proceeded with great rapidity in the work of conversion ; but as he had nearly extirpated the native infidels, he was much delighted with this fresh supply, which he had accordingly attacked and defeated under the walls of the capital of King Irion. The father and son, equally victorious, met and recognised each other on the field of battle, where Orimonda was presented by Marc to

his father. A moment of yet greater transport was reserved. Tronc being now associated to Marc in the adventures he undertook, it was partly by his means that Martha was delivered from traitors, who were leading her to death, and finally restored to the arms of Ysaie.

The posterity of Tristan were thus happy and united. The nuptials of the father and son were celebrated, and the son was knighted by the father. During the festival that ensued, the protecting fairies again appeared. To the faithful Tronc a recompence was still wanting. They informed him that he had the good fortune to belong to their family, being the son of Julius Cæsar by their eldest sister the Fairy Morgana. Strange events, which are written in the Chronicles of Fairies, had forced him to endure a long and severe penance. His aunts the fairies, in order to enable him to pass the time more agreeably, had transformed him into a hideous dwarf, and linked him to the fate of their *protegé*. But the period of disgrace was at length expired. The fairies cleansed him from his deformities, and he now appeared the handsomest prince in the world, as he had formerly been the most witty and ingenious. The smallness of his stature, which did not exceed three feet, was the only imperfection that

remained. His aunts bestowed on him a kingdom, and in this new form and dignity he was known by the title of Aubron, under which denomination he performed many wonders, related in the beautiful romance of Huon of Bourdeaux. Before departing for the Vergier des Fees, where he was about to establish his empire, he left with Ysaie a magic horn, which is the origin of that in Huon:—"Or quant Tronc fut baptizé se dist a Ysaie—tenez ce cor sur vous et le portez; si vous avez besoing vous ou Marc si le sonnez, mais gardez vous bien que point ne le sonnez si ce n'est pour grant besoing, et Je vous viendray aider et secourir."

The romance of Ysaie derives its chief excellence from the singular character of Tronc—his attachment, wit, and endless resources. His fidelity is the same to Ysaie and Marc, whose behaviour to him is singularly contrasted; by the former, who is a more polished warrior, he is invariably treated with tenderness and respect; while he is often driven from the presence of his impetuous son, and reminded that he is "trop defiguré, trop hideux a veoir, et plus laide creature du monde."

Ysaie le Triste has also received much novelty from Tronc's relatives the fairies, as it is the first

tale of chivalry in which they are introduced acting a decided part. This new species of machinery has given rise to gorgeous descriptions, and pictures of magnificence, hitherto unknown. The representation of the Vergier des Fees, which Tronc and Ysaie visit in the course of their adventures, is perhaps the richest and most splendid in romance.—" Et ainsi qu'ils parloient voyt Marc une grande valee, et au fons du val avoit tant d'arbres que merveilles ; et y chantoient oyseaulx, tant doulcement que c'estoit plaisance a ouyr. Et Marc s'arresta ung petit, si entend chanssons de damoyselles chantans tant doulcement que tout esbahy en estoit, car oncques tels choses ouy n'avoit; et avec ce s'accordoient divers instrumens de music tant et si melodieusement que tous cueurs sen pouoient esjouyr . . . Mais ne veirenet ne dames, ne damoyselles, ne creature nulle ; et y avoit ung si beau pré que c'estoit soulas a veoir, car toutes manieres de bonnes fleurs et herbes aromtiques y estoient, et si y fleuroit tant souef que tous cueurs y debvoient prendre plaisance. Si chevaucha ung petit avant, et trouva ung moult beau verger enclos et advironné d'ung petit mur tout de diverses manieres de pierres precieuses, et tout entour y avoit une vigne qui estoit toute d'or et y avoit grapes toutes d'esmeraudes ; et en ce

verger avoit une table mise, et estoient les treteailx de jayet, et la table de jaspe, et la nappe de blanche soye si subtillement ouvrée que c'estoit merveilles a veoir: Et assez pres de la table avoit ung beau dressouer qui estoit tout chargé de pierres precieuses et de grant plante de joyaulx precieux; au prés avoit une petite fontaine plate qui estoit d'une topase, et y venoit l'eaue par ung couloir de rubis qui estoit si cler que autre eaue ne si pouoit comparer; et yssoit l'eaue de la fontaine quant elle estoit plaine par ung conduit qui estoit de crystal, et entroit en terre tant subtillement que on ne le pouoit appercevoir: Et a l'autre coste du verger avoit ung lyt dont la chalit estoit d' yvoire entaille en grans ymages eslevez moult subtillement; et la estoit contenue l' hystoire de Lancelot et de la Dame du lac, et estoit couvert d' ung grant drap de diverses couleurs moult subtillement entrelacé, et y avoit tant d' hystoires que les yeulx en estoient tous eblouis." c. 80.

It is the introduction of fairies, and the frequently recurring descriptions of those splendid wonders they produce, or by which they are attended, that induce me to place the composition of this romance in the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, which is a

century and a half later than the date of Tristan. In that work, in Lancelot du Lac, and other romances of the Round Table, there are no doubt fairies, but they are of a different species from the protectresses of Ysaie. They are merely women, as Morgain or Vivian, instructed in magic. They indeed have all hell at their command, can perform the greatest miracles, and occasion to any one the severest misfortunes. All this, however, is accomplished by intermediate agency, and they are only formidable by the intervention of demons, with whom they have formed advantageous connections: but the second class of fairies, as those in the romance of Ysaie, were self-supported beings—they were a species of nymph or divinity, and possessed a power inherent in themselves. Nor were these creatures merely the offspring of the imagination of romancers, but were believed to exist in the age in which they wrote. At a period much later than the composition of Ysaie, the first question asked at the Maid of Orleans, in the process carried on against her, was, if she had any familiarity with those who resorted to the Sabat of the fairies, or if she had ever attended the assemblies of the fairies held at the fountain near Domprein, round which the evil spirits danced; and the Journal of Paris, in the reigns of Charles

VI. and VII. states, that she acknowledged that, in spite of her father and mother, she had frequented the beautiful fountain of the fairies in Lorraine, which she named the good fountain of the fairies of our Lord.

There are other circumstances, besides the machinery of fairies, which may lead us to assign a late period to the composition of Ysaie; as, for instance, the introduction of Saracens, instead of Saxons, as enemies of the heroes of the romance. The French is also evidently more modern, being much less difficult, but also less energetic, than the language of Tristan or Lancelot. It is true, that the romance, as now extant, is said in the title to be "redigé et reformé en commun langaige vulgaire." The pretended Redacteur professes to have adhered to the story "selon l' intention du premier hystoriographe;" but he declares that "l' original estoit en si estrange et maulvais langaige mis et couché que a grant peine en ay peu entendre le sens et elucider la forme de la matiere." All this, however, was probably asserted in order to give the stamp of authority, and I have little doubt that the language and story of this romance are of the same antiquity. "The romance of Ysaie," say the authors of the Bibliotheque des Romans, "is as infe-

rior to those by which it was preceded, in characters, sentiments, and incidents, as in language; yet the history of Ysaie offers many interesting situations, and presents many *coups de theatre:* but what renders it chiefly valuable is, that it makes us acquainted with the difference of manners which prevailed in the beginning of the 12th and end of the 14th century. The world, which is so readily accused of growing worse, had no doubt wonderfully degenerated in point of chivalry, at least during these three centuries. At the conclusion of that period, too, the deepest shades of ignorance had gathered, and mankind were strangers to all delicacy of sentiment. The knights, indeed, still fought with courage, and hence the writers of romance continued to describe the most terrible combats. Principles of honour yet existed in the heart of the *Chevalier*, but they were concealed under a rude exterior. Devotion was fervent and sincere, but it was ill understood and worse directed. All this will be remarked in the history of Ysaie."

This romance is also one of the scarcest of the class to which it belongs, which is strong evidence of its fancied inferiority. As far as I know, it is one of the few romances which never appeared in a metrical form. There is no MS. of it extant, and

there have been but two editions,—one printed at Paris, 1522, small folio, Gallyot du Pré, and the other 4to, without date, by Filippe le Noire.

The romance of

ARTHUR[1]

contains little more than the events of which we have already given an account in the preceding fabulous stories of the knights of the Round Table. The incidents, however, are better arranged, and presented in one view. It comprehends the history of the Round Table, of which Arthur was the founder, or at least the restorer, and gives an account of that monarch from his birth to the period of his tragical death.

The authors of the *Bibliotheque* inform us, with most absurd credulity, that this romance was written by one of the Sire Clerks or annalists of the Round Table: they even fix on the name of the author of Artus, and assert that it was Arrodian de Cologne, who, they say, retired with Lancelot du Lac into his hermitage after the defeat

[1] Le Roman du Roy Artus et des compagnons de la Table Ronde, &c.

of Arthur. They argue, that it is impossible to assign an earlier origin to the romance, as it gives an account of the catastrophe of almost all the knights of the Round Table.—" *Selon toute apparence,* ces chroniqueurs sont les Sires Clercs, ou officiers historiens et annalistes de cette premiere chevalerie du monde. Nous savons meme leurs noms, et *l' on peut conjecturer,* que c' est ici l' ouvrage du premier d' entre eux, nommé Arrodian de Cologne. *On croit* qu' il se retira avec Lancelot du Lac, dans un meme hermitage, apres la terrible defaite ou perirent le Roy Artus, et la plus grande partie de ses chevaliers. La preuve que cette chronique ne fut terminée qu' apres cette catastrophe c' est qu' on y voit la fin de presque tous ces heros."

In the body of the work itself, it is said to have been written by the equivocal Gualtier Map; it was printed at Paris, 1488, folio, by Jehan de Pré.

After a narrative of the events connected with the birth and succession of Arthur to the kingdom, which have been formerly related in the Book of Merlin, the romance informs us that he drove the Saxons out of his dominions, by which means he secured the public peace; but he still continued to receive much disquiet from his own family. His four nephews, especially Gauvain,

on pretence of the illegitimacy of their uncle, refused to acknowledge him as king. He defeated them in the field by his own skill and the sagacity of Merlin, and afterwards so far conciliated their favour by his bravery and good conduct, that they became the most faithful of his vassals.

Arthur then set out with his knights to the assistance of Laodogant, King of Carmelide in Scotland. This prince had been attacked by King Ryon, a man of a disposition so malevolent that he had formed to himself a project of possessing a mantle furred with the beards of those kings he should conquer. He had calculated with the grand-master of his wardrobe that a full royal cloak would require forty beards: he had already vanquished five kings, and reckoned on a sixth beard from the chin of Laodogant. Arthur and his knights totally deranged this calculation by defeating King Ryon. Laodogant, in return for the assistance he had received, offered his daughter, the celebrated Geneura, in marriage to Arthur. Merlin, however, who does not appear to have been a flattering courtier, and who does not seem to have attached to the conservation of Laodogant's beard the importance that it merited, declared that his master must first deserve the princess. In obedience to his oracle the enchant-

ter, Arthur, in order to qualify himself for the nuptials, made an expedition to Britany, where he defeated Claudas, king of Berri, who had unprovokedly attacked a vassal of the British monarch.

After this exploit, Arthur returned to the court of Laodogant, where preparations were now made for his union with Geneura. This princess is described as the finest woman in the universe—her stature was noble and elegant—her complexion fair, and her eyes the finest blue of the heavens: the expression of her countenance was lively yet dignified, but sometimes tender—her understanding, naturally just, was well cultivated—her heart was feeling, compassionate, and capable of the most exalted sentiments.

On the second day of the tournaments (for without these no great festival was exhibited,) an unknown knight, of a ferocious aspect, came to defy the combatants. He entered the lists, but was speedily unhorsed by Arthur, and afterwards slain by him in mortal combat (*combat a outrance.*) This knight was, after his death, discovered to be King Ryon, by the mantle which he carried under his cuirass, half furnished with the spoils of vanquished monarchs.

Arthur, after his return to England with his

bride, re-established the Round Table, which was transported from Scotland, for King Laodogant had it in deposit since the death of Uter, the father of Arthur. Merlin dictated the laws and regulations of this renowned association. The kings of Scotland and Norway, the princes of Armorica and Gaul, disdained not to pay a species of tribute to the English monarch, in order to be admitted into this celebrated society. The glory of the institution was completed by Pharamond, the king of the Franks, and conqueror of Gaul, arriving incognito in Britain to obtain, by his prowess and exploits, a seat at this renowned board.

The knights of the Round Table had no exterior and characteristic mark of their order, but each had a peculiar device and motto of his own. Thus Arthur carried for his arms thirteen golden crowns, with the motto Moult de couronnes plus de vertus.

Lancelot du Lac had six bends of or and azure —Haut en naissance en vaillance en amour.

His brother Hector of Mares a golden star.— Pour etre heureux un bel astre suffit.

King Pharamond bore the Fleur de Lis.—Que de beaux fruits de ces fleurs doivent naitre.

After the institution of the Round Table, Arthur conceived the design of obtaining possession

of the Sangreal; but this precious relic, according to the oracles, could only be acquired by a knight who had a very rare qualification, and Perceval, it seems, was the only one whose purity of morals fitted him for this enterprise.

The story of the false Geneura, the credulity of Arthur, and the final triumph of the queen, which has been mentioned in the account of Lancelot, is fully related in the romance of Arthur.

After Geneura was reinstated in the affections of her husband, the glory and domestic felicity of Arthur seem to have been at their height, but the period of the destruction of the first chivalry in the world was now fast approaching. Mordret, the son of Arthur, by the Queen of Orkney, disputed the right of succession with the nephews of that monarch. Arthur sustained the claims of his nephew Gauvain against this unworthy and illegitimate son, and Mordret assembled under his banners all those who had solicited and had been refused admittance to the Round Table. Some of the knights of Arthur were still engaged with Perceval in the conquest of the Sangreal; the rest defended themselves with unexampled valour, but Arthur and his chivalry were finally overthrown. The Saracens, who supported Mordret, reached the division commanded by the king. Arthur was

overpowered by numbers and mortally wounded; his faithful squire, Goifled, who saw him expire, carried off his famous sword Escalibor, and threw it into a lake. Lancelot, who in the romance of his own name, does not arrive in England till after this battle, had meanwhile attacked the battalion which Mordret commanded, put it to flight, and pursued its leader to the sea-shore. There he overtook him, and plunged his sword into his bosom. Lancelot having routed his whole host, returned exulting to the tents of Arthur, where he learned the fate of his sovereign. After these events the beautiful Geneura retired to a convent, and Lancelot closed his life in a hermitage.

It appears strange at first sight, that Arthur and his knights should be represented in romance, as falling in battle, as well as Charlemagne with all his peerage, at a time when success in war was thought necessary to complete the character of a warrior. But the same fate has been attributed to all the fabulous chiefs of half-civilized nations, who have invariably represented their favourite leaders as destroyed by a concealed and treacherous enemy. Achilles, at least according to the fables of the middle age, was thus slain by Paris; and Rustan, the great Persian hero, fell a victim

to the snares of Bahaman, the son of his mortal foe Isfendar. This has probably arisen from poets and romancers wishing to spare their heroes the suspicion of having died in bed by the languor of disease, to which any violent death is preferred by barbarous nations.—"He'll be strapped up on the kind gallows of Crieff, where his father died, and his goodsire died, and where I hope he'll live to die himself, if he's not shot or slashed in a creagh." "You hope such a death for your friend, Evan?" "And that do I e'en; would you have me wish him to die in yon den of his, like a mangy tyke?" —(*Waverley.*)

But though Arthur was universally believed to have been discomfited, and was by some supposed to have perished in the battle with Mordret; the expectation of his return to restore the Round Table, and to rule over Britain, was long and fondly cherished in Wales. Alanus de Insulis, who was born in 1109, says, that if any one were heard in Bretagne to deny that Arthur was yet alive, he would be stoned. This tradition formed a favourite subject of the legends of the bards; and on his imaginary tomb there was inscribed,

Hic jacet Arthurus rex quondam rexque futurus.

The belief in Arthur's return probably originated

with the stories in the romance of Lancelot, and other tales of chivalry, concerning his disappearance with his sister Morgana, after the battle; some of which bear a striking resemblance to what Homer tells us of Sarpedon, that Apollo washed his wounds in a stream, anointed them with ambrosia, and having clothed him in ambrosial garments, delivered him to the care of Sleep, to be conveyed to Lycia. But though no doubt was entertained as to the re-appearance of Arthur, very different notions prevailed with regard to his state of intermediate being. According to some traditions, he drove through the air in a chariot with prodigious noise and velocity; while, according to others, he had assumed the shape of a raven, a bird which it became a capital crime in Wales to destroy. It was more generally fabled that he remained in subterraneous existence, a superstition alluded to by Milton:

> Arthur, their chief, who even now prepares
> In subterraneous being future wars.
>
> COWPER'S *Milton.*

The various traditions concerning the disappearance and coming of this fabulous monarch, have been embodied in Warton's Grave of King Arthur,

and are represented as sung by the Welch bards, for the amusement of Henry II., when he passed through their country on an expedition to Ireland:—

" Then gifted bards, a rival throng,
From distant Mona, nurse of song;
From Teivi, fringed with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale and Cader's crown,
From many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude;
From many a shaggy precipice,
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose.

" O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roared,
High the screaming seamew soared;
On Tintaggel's topmost tower,
Darksome fell the sleety shower,
When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimsoned banks,
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed,
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet, in vain, a Paynim foe
Armed with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell, an Elfin Queen,
All in secret and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,

To her green isles enamelled steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew,
From flowers that in Arabia grew;
On a rich enchanted bed
She pillowed his majestic head;
O'er his brow with whispers bland,
Thrice she waved an opiate wand;
And to soft music's airy sound
Her magic curtains closed around:
There renewed the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king;
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fanned,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return,
If right prophetic rolls I learn,
Borne on victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume;
Once more in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride;
His knightly table to restore
And brave the tournaments of yore."

He ceased: when on the tuneful stage
Advanced a bard of aspect sage.
"When Arthur bowed his haughty crest,
No princess veiled in azure vest,
Snatched him by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
Where crowned with wreaths of mistletoe,
Slaughtered kings in glory go.

But when he fell, with winged speed
His champions on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
In the fair vale of Avalon:
There with chaunted orison
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier;
Through the dim aisles, in order dread
Of martial woe the chief they led,
And deep entombed in holy ground
Before the altar's solemn bound:
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark his grave,
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry! to renew.
There shalt thine eye, with wild amaze,
On his gigantic stature gaze,
There shalt thou find the monarch laid
All in warrior weeds arrayed,
Wearing in death his helmet crown,
And weapons huge of old renown—
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save,
From dark oblivion, ARTHUR'S GRAVE."

I have now given an account of the romances of the fabulous history of Britain, as far as Arthur and his knights are concerned, which form by far the largest proportion of the number.

There are two romances connected with the imaginary history of Britain, preceding the time

of Arthur, and two which relate the fabulous incidents posterior to his reign.

Those which are first in the order of events, happen to be also the earliest, considered as to the dates of their composition. One of these relates the adventures of

GYRON LE COURTOIS,[1]

a romance which chiefly hinges on the disinterested friendship of Gyron for Danayn the Red, and the ungrateful return he receives.

This work was written by Rusticien de Pise, who was also the author of Meliadus, and lived during the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. of England. Rusticien informs us, that Gyron was translated by him from the book of Edward I., when he went to the conquest of the Holy Land, "et saichez tout vrayement que cestuy livre fut

[1] Le Roman de Gyron le Courtois translaté de Branor le Brun le vieil Chevalier qui avoit plus de cent ans d'age, lequel vint a la cour du roy Artus, accompagné d'une demoiselle pour s'eprouver a l'encontre des jeunes Chevaliers, &c. Et traite ledit des plus grandes adventures que jadis advinrent aux Chevaliers Errans; avec la devise et les armes de tous les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde.

translaté du livre du Monseigneur Edouart le roi d'Angleterre, en celluy tems que il passa oultre la mer, au service de nostre seigneur, pour conquester le Saint Sepulchre. Et maistre Rusticien de Puise compila ce Roman: car de cellui livre au roi Edouart d' Angleterre translata il toutes les merveilleuses qui sont en cestuy livre." Who the original author was from whom Rusticien compiled, or what was the nature of this book of King Edward's, which Rusticien used, it is impossible to conjecture. The romance of Gyron, as written by Rusticien de Pise, was first printed by Verard, Paris, 1494, in folio; and afterwards in 1519.

In this fabulous work we are informed that Brehus, surnamed Sans Pitie, in the course of his unmerciful adventures, one day entered a cavern fitted up with dead bodies, and inhabited by two old knights, who prove to be the father and grandfather of the hero of this romance. Having boasted of the exploits which were performed by their companions in arms in their own days, Brehus contends that they were surpassed by those of a knight, who excelled all others in courtesy and valour, and was the admiration of the British court, though it was unknown whence he came, or what was his lineage. *Grant Pere Gyron*, as

he is called, conjectures from this description that Brehus alluded to his grandson, Gyron the Courteous. The oldest Gyron and his son had quitted the inheritance of the throne of Gaul, in order to devote themselves to knight errantry, which they had in turn abandoned for the tranquil and temperate life they were then enjoying. They thought it necessary, however, to make an apology for their meagre and squalid appearance, which they attributed to the want of provisions, " car nous mangeons si pourement en cestuy lieu, où vous nous voyez, que a grant peine en pouons nous soubstenir nostre vie."

The crown which the Gyrons abdicated had been usurped by Pharamond; and their descendant, Gyron the Courteous, had been compelled to embrace the life of a knight errant. In the course of his adventures he became the companion in arms of Danayn the Red, lord of the castle of Maloane, whose wife, the lady of Maloane, was the most beautiful woman in Britain. This lady was enamoured of Gyron, and saw that she was by no means indifferent to the knight; but all her inducements proved ineffectual to persuade him to betray his friend.

At length Gyron and Danayn proceeded to a tournament, proclaimed at the British court, whi-

ther they were followed by the lady of Maloanc. During the celebration of the tournament, Danayn was unexpectedly called home, in order to avenge the death of one of his relatives, who had been treacherously murdered. At his departure he consigned his wife to the charge of Gyron, who was now distracted by the new temptations presented, and the additional claim on his honour. While roaming through a forest, perplexed with these conflicting emotions, he overheard Messire Lac, as he is called, express a passion for the lady of Maloanc; Lac accosted him, and commenced a long and tedious story, which he had no sooner concluded, than he proposed to tell another. This is declined by Gyron, but is insisted on by Lac,—"en nom Dieu, fait le Chevalier, Je vous en compteray ung autre. Je n' en vueil point ouyr, fait Gyron. Nostre vassal, fait le Chevalier, or saichez qu' il est mestier que vous l' escoutez; et que si vous ne le me laissez compter en telle maniere que Je soies courroussé, Je le vous compteray donc en telle guyse qu' il ne sera jour de vostre vie qu' il ne vous en souviengne." Messire Lac accordingly proceeds to tell his story at the point of the sword. The object of these tedious narratives was to detain Gyron till Lac's arrangements for carrying off the lady of Malo-

ance had been completed. Gyron, however, ultimately frustrates all his designs, overthrows Lac in single combat, and rescues the lady of Maloane, who had fallen under his power. " Et quant la belle dame de Maloane, qui ja avoit toute sa paour oublié, se voit toute seule avec le Chevalier du monde qu' elle aymoit le plus, et qui si preud homme des armes estoit qu' il avoit tout le monde passé, et qui estoit plus beau et plus gracieulx que tous les autres en toutes choses, elle ne scait a celluy point quelle en doit dire; tout le coeur luy va remuant. Orendroit luy veult elle parler d' amours, et maintenant s' en retient." At length, when they had reached the side of a delightful fountain, she ventures to ask Gyron if he be in love. The knight, unable longer to restrain his emotions, confesses that she was and had long been the sole object of his adoration. A mutual confession of a secret, but long subsisting attachment, spares the minutiæ of courtship; and Gyron appears to have been on the eve of violating that fidelity to his friend, which he had so long preserved, when he fortunately casts his eyes on the hilt of his sword, where was inscribed the motto,—Loyaulté passe tout—Faulseté honit tout. He is awakened to

such a sense of his own unworthiness, and of self-indignation, by this inscription, that he plunges the sword into his bosom. While lying wounded by the side of the fountain, Danayn, who had heard some false report of the infidelity of his wife and his friend, arrives at the spot, on his return to the British court. Gyron conceals the part which the lady bore in the adventure, and merely relates, that he had inflicted the wound as a punishment of his mental infidelity. The friendship of Danayn, instead of being diminished, is thus redoubled, and the wounded knight is conveyed to the castle of Maloane.

When Gyron was restored to health, he formed a new attachment to a damsel, called Bloye, of whom he daily became more deeply enamoured. With this lady Danayn also fell in love, and secretly carried her off, regardless of the happiness of his friend, and unmindful of the striking example which he had experienced of his fidelity. The resentment of Gyron was proportioned to the injury he had received, and the ingratitude of him by whom it was inflicted: He immediately set out in quest of the traitor, and during a year's wandering experienced many perilous and romantic adventures, totally foreign to the object of his search.

One day, says the romance, when the season was fair and clear, as it might be in the end of October, it happened that the road which Gyron held conducted him to the foot of a hill. The hill was white with snow, for it was winter, but the plain was green as if it had been the month of May. At the foot of this hill, in the plain, and beneath a tree, gurgled a fountain most beautiful and most delightful, and under that tree sat a knight, armed with hauberk and greaves; his other arms were near him, and his horse was tied to the tree. By the knight sat a lady so beautiful that she was a miracle to behold; and if any one were to ask who was the knight, I would say it was Danayn the Red, the brave knight; as the lady seated before him was no other than the beautiful Lady Bloye, who had been so much beloved by Gyron.[1]

A desperate combat ensued between the knights, in which Danayn was vanquished: Gyron spared his life, but refused to be reconciled to him, and departed with Bloye, of whom he was more enamoured than ever.

Some years afterwards, Bloye engaged in an adventure with her lover Gyron which had a very

[1] See Appendix, No. 14.

unfortunate issue, as they were both imprisoned, and it was not till after a long period that they were freed by the valour of Damayn, who thus made some reparation for the injuries he had formerly inflicted on his friend. Gyron and his lady, however, were a second time thrown into confinement by the treachery of the Knight of the Tower, and are left in thraldom at the termination of the work, which concludes with the exploits of a son of Gyron by Bloye, referring the reader for an account of the deliverance of his parents to the romance of Meliadus:—"Mais quant ils furent delivrez ne fais Je point de mention, pour ce que le livre de Latin se finist en coste endroit quant a leurs faits; mais le Romant du Roy Melladus de Leonnoys dit la maniere comment ils furent delivrez, et par qui."

The great fault, however, of the romance of Gyron is, not that it terminates too soon, but that it is too long protracted. It ought to have concluded with the overthrow of Damayn and the recovery of Bloye by Gyron; for the adventures of their son, which form a considerable part of the romance, are miserably tagged to the main subject. Indeed it is a common blemish in romances of chivalry, that there is no repose in them, and

that the reader is led on from generation to generation after the principal interest is exhausted. The earlier part, however, of the romance is uncommonly interesting, and the style is perhaps the finest of all the old fabulous histories of Britain; accordingly it was extremely popular in this country and France, and was translated at an early period into many different languages of Europe. It is the subject of an Italian poem of the 16th century, entitled Girone Cortese, versified in ottava rima, and containing 24 cantos. This poem was written by the celebrated Alamanni, author of the Coltivazione, but never obtained much popularity, owing to an injudicious imitation of the ancient epic poems in a romantic subject. That part of the romance which relates to the adventures of Gyron with the lady of Malouane, has been beautifully versified by Wieland, the German poet, well known as the author of Oberon.

The second romance concerning events preceding the reign of Arthur, to which I alluded, and which exhibits a different set of heroes from the tales of the Round Table, is

PERCEFOREST,[s]

which comprehends the fabulous history of Britain, previous to the age of Arthur. It is the longest and best known romance of the class to which it belongs, and is the work which St Palaye, and similar writers, have chiefly selected for illustrations and proofs of the manners of the times, and institutions of chivalry.

It is strange that Perceforest, which sets all chronology, geography, and probability at defiance, more boldly than almost any other romance, should begin with a profound, and by no means absurd, investigation concerning the topography

[s] La tres elegante, delicieuse, melliflue, et tres plaisante hystoire du tres noble, victorieux, et excellentissime Roy Perceforest Roy de la Grant Bretaigne, fundateur du Franc Palais et du Temple du Souverain Dieu; avec les merveilleuses enterprinses, faits, et adventures du tres belliqueulx Gadifer Roy d' Escosse, lequelx l'Empereur Alexandre le Grant couronna Roys soubz son obeissance: en lacquelle hystoire le lecteur pourra veoir la source et decoration de toute Chevalerie, culture de vraye noblesse, prouesses et conquestes infinies accomplies des le temps de Julius Cesar; avecques plusieurs prophecies, comptes d'amans et leurs diverses fortunes.

of Britain, and the earliest ages of its history. Julius Cæsar, Pliny, Bede, and Solinus, are cited with the utmost ostentation of learning.

The author, however, soon enters on the regions of fiction. That part of his work which immediately succeeds the geographical disquisition, corresponds pretty closely with the fabulous history of Geoffrey of Monmouth; he relates that Brutus, or Brut, the son of Sylvius, and great grandson of Æneas, having killed his father by mischance, fled to the states of a Greek king, called Pandrasus, whose daughter Imogene he espoused. From this kingdom he fitted out an expedition, and landed in Albion, since called Britain from his name, and conquered the whole country with the assistance of Corinæus, another Trojan chief whom he had picked up on his voyage. Most of the European nations were anciently fond of tracing their descent from Troy. The greater part of them had been at one time provincial to the Romans; and the Britons, who remained so long under their dominion, may have imbibed a general notion of the Trojan story from their conquerors. As Rome, from becoming the capital of the supreme pontiff, was a city highly reverenced and distinguished, and as the Trojans were believed to be its founders, an emulation gradually arose among the na-

tions of Europe, of claiming descent from the same respectable origin. Nor were the monks and other ecclesiastics (the only writers and readers of the age,) uninterested in broaching and maintaining such an opinion. But, as to the story of Brutus, who is represented as the founder of the kingdom of Britain, in Geoffrey and Perceforest, and is the hero of the most ancient, as well as the most celebrated of all the metrical romances, it may be presumed that it was not invented till after the ninth century, as Nennius, who lived towards the close of it, mentions him with great obscurity, and seems totally unacquainted with the British affairs which preceded Cæsar's invasion.

After the death of Brutus, the author of Perceforest drags us through the history of his numerous descendants. One of these monarchs is King Leyr, whose story was first related of a Roman emperor in the Gesta Romanorum, and was afterwards told of the British monarch, in the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth. These works were the origin of Shakspeare's celebrated tragedy, which, however, differs so far from them that, both in Geoffrey's Chronicles and Perceforest, the events have a happy conclusion, as Cordelia defeats her sisters, and reinstates her father on the throne. From Perceforest the tale had found its

way into Fabian's Concourdance of Stories, written in the time of Henry VII. and thence passed into various Lamentable ballads of the death of King Leyr and his three daughters, of which the catastrophe probably suggested to Shakspeare the tragic termination which he has given to his drama. The story of King Lear is also in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's Albion's England, and in Spenser's Faery Queen, (book 2, canto 10,) where, in conformity with the romance and chronicle, the war against the sisters has a successful termination :—

> So to his crown she him restored again,
> In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld.

Gorboduc, who succeeded to the crown of Britain, soon after the death of Lear, profited so little by the example of his predecessor, that he divided his realm during his life between his two sons, Ferrex and Porrex, whose bloody history is the subject of the first regular English tragedy: it was partly written by Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurst, was acted in 1561, and afterwards printed in 1565, under the name of Gorboduc. Sir Philip Sidney says that this drama climbs to the height of Seneca, and Pope has pronounced the

much higher eulogy, that it possesses "an unaffected perspicuity of style, and an easy flow in the numbers; in a word, *that* chastity, correctness, and gravity of style, which are so essential to tragedy, and which all the tragic poets who followed, not excepting Shakspeare himself, either little understood or perpetually neglected." Both in the drama and romance, the princes, between whom the kingdom had been divided, soon fell to dissension, and the younger stabbed the elder: the mother, who more dearly loved the elder, having killed his brother in revenge, the people, indignant at the cruelty of the deed, rose in rebellion, and murdered both father and mother. The nobles then assembled and destroyed most of the rebels, but afterwards became embroiled in a civil war, in which they and their issue were all slain.

Brennus and Belinus were the first monarchs who reigned over the almost depopulated country. These joint sovereigns, who, we are informed, with rare historical confusion, were contemporary with Artaxerxes, king of Greece, having subdued Gaul, besieged and burned Rome during the consulship of Fabius and Porsenna.

At length, after a long succession of princes of the family of Brutus, his race fortunately became

extinct on the demise of King Pyr: during this interregnum the goddess Venus recommended to the inhabitants to watch for a certain time on the sea-shore, where they would find a king properly qualified to govern them.

About this period Alexander the Great was employed in the conquest of Asia. Parmenio, his lieutenant, slew Gaddiffer, governor of Galde, a city between India and Babylon, who had imprudently attacked the Greek army, on account of some depredations it had committed. Alexander, who was a generous prince, took the children of Gaddiffer under his protection, and in a great battle defeated Claurus, who had seized on their territory. Claurus was killed in the engagement, and his son Porus taken prisoner. Alexander, however, restored to the latter his father's kingdom, on condition that he should marry Feronus, a lady of whom he knew that Porus was enamoured. Wives are also provided by this bounteous monarch for Betis, afterwards called Perceforest, and his brother Gaddiffer, the two sons of old Gaddiffer, governor of Galde.

The nuptials of Porus were celebrated in the city of Glodofard. About a league from this town, there was an island of the sea called Ciceron, where Venus was worshipped. To this isle Alex-

ander set out on a pilgrimage with all his *knights*, but scarcely had they sailed when a frightful tempest arose, which drove their fleet on the coast of England; and a frightful tempest it must have been which carried a fleet from the East Indies to the shores of Britain.

Alexander landed with his barons at the moment the inhabitants, in obedience to the oracle of Venus, were waiting by the sea-side to receive a king, and being accordingly entreated to give them a monarch, he crowned Betis king of England, and Gaddiffer of Scotland. The Macedonian hero solemnized their coronation by the institution of tournaments, of which the intention was to renovate the ancient valour of Britons, who, even in that early age, were suspected of degenerating from their forefathers. These spectacles, which were attended by all the ladies and knights of the surrounding country, are described at full length.

After the tournaments were concluded, King Betis conceived the project of constructing a palace from the wood of the forest of Glar, which enchanters defended by the most formidable incantations. Betis accordingly set out on this expedition, and proceeded a considerable way in the forest without experiencing any adventures. At length he came to a fountain, where stood an image

with an ivory horn, which the statue sounded on his approach. On this warning, the magician Darnant, the inhabitant and guardian of the grove, issued forth in knightly armour. A combat ensued, and Darnant being defeated, fled away. Betis, in the pursuit, met with enchanted rivers and other obstacles, raised by the power of magic. He at last overtook Darnant at the gate of a delightful castle, but, when about to slay him, the sorcerer changed himself to the resemblance of the beautiful Idorus, the wife of Betis. The king then embraced him with transport, but received a wound in return, on which he instantly cut off the head of the magician.[1] The enchantments were now at an end, and Betis, on account of this exploit, acquired the name of Perceforest. But the wood was ever after known by the name of the forest of Darnant. We are told in the romance of Lancelot du Lac, that Merlin was confined by his mistress in the forest of Darnant, "qui marchoit a la mer de Cornouailles et a la mer de Sorelloys." The idea of this forest may have arisen from that of Marseilles, in the Pharsalia, which was hewn down by Cæsar, and may in turn have suggested the enchanted wood to Tasso. Like Rinaldo, Betis

[1] See Appendix, No. 15.

surmounts the obstacles presented by necromancy to his design. As the resolution of the Italian hero is for a moment shaken by a demon from the tree, assuming the appearance of the beautiful Armida; so the king of England is about to save the chief magician, who had clothed himself with the form of the fair Idorus.

The labours of Perceforest were not completed by the death of Darnant, as he had many combats to sustain with the son and brothers of that enchanter. Alexander, surprised at his delay in returning from the forest, set out in quest of him: on his way he encountered the family of Darnant, and carried on a long intrigue with Sibille, the Lady of the Lake in those days, from which amour sprung the ancestor of the renowned Arthur.

After the termination of a long war against the posterity of Darnant, of which the siege of Malebranche is the leading incident, tournaments were exhibited by the knights of a new order of chivalry, instituted by Alexander and Perceforest. These were attended by the hermit Pergamon, who had been a companion of Brut, and seems to have lived through the intervening centuries for no end but to be present at these tiresome spectacles. The tournaments being concluded, Alexander, whom we have hitherto seen acting so con-

spicuous a part in this romance, set off for Babylon. The Macedonian monarch was introduced into many other tales of chivalry; he was chiefly indebted for his romantic decoration to a fabulous account of his conquests, which was compiled from eastern fictions by Simeon Seth, but passed under the name of Callisthenes, and was translated into almost all the languages of Europe during the middle ages.

About the time that Alexander returned to Asia, Gaddiffer, the brother of Perceforest, went to take possession of his kingdom of Scotland, of which country there is more said in this work than in any other romance of chivalry. After Gaddiffer arrived in Scotland, he proceeded on an excursion through his dominions, for the sake of dispensing justice and reforming the savage manners of his subjects; and the king and his courtiers, says the romance, entered on the deserts of Scotland, and travelled two days without seeing town, castle, or human being. At length they came to a delightful meadow, through which a fine river flowed. The king regretted that this district was so thinly peopled, but at length perceived some tame cows, and children of ten or twelve years of age running amongst them. The knight Estonne seized one of these tender savages, who, like her

companions, was clothed with a sheep skin, but proved to be a girl of twelve years of age. She was extremely handsome, but much more remarkable for beauty than good manners; for, on looking down, the knight perceived that his fair prisoner was gratifying either her hunger or resentment, by demolishing the neck of his courser. She also spoke such bad Greek, that it was impossible to comprehend her verbal communications, though accompanied by gestures unusually energetic.

After Gaddiffer had done all in his power to amend the unpolished fashions of his infant kingdom, the incidents related have but a very remote connection with his history, or that of his brother Perceforest, the titular hero of the romance. Every thing like unity of action is disregarded, and the rest of the work is occupied with the insulated adventures of individual knights. A great proportion of these is attributed to Estonne, lord of the Scotch deserts. This great landed proprietor was in the good graces of a spirit called Zephyr, who, assuming a variety of shapes, carried his favourite wherever he desired. Estonne, at length, while dozing by an enchanted fountain, was murdered by Bruyant Without Faith. His death was revenged by his son Passelion, whose

adventures are the most entertaining in the latter part of the romance; when only two years old he became a paragon of chivalry, and not long after was carried, by a spirit, around Tartarus, in a manner which may have suggested some of the scenes in the Comedia of Dante.

Near the middle of the romance, an account is given of the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar. This chief had landed on a former occasion, but had been worsted in single combat by the British knight Lyonnél; his second attempt was more successful, owing to the treachery of the wife of Bethides, son of Perceforest, a lady to whom the author assigns an intrigue with Luces, a Roman senator. All the knights of Britain were destroyed in a great battle. Their bodies are indeed still preserved in Aran, an Irish island, where the climate is such that nothing can decay; but the exploits of a new race of heroes fill up the romance. Of these the chief is Gallifer, grandson of old Gaddiffer, king of Scotland, who experienced innumerable adventures in his pursuit of the lady with two dragons. He also put an end to the enchantments at the tomb of Darnant, which seems to have been the rendezvous of all the evil spirits in Great Britain. At length having delivered his country from the anarchy in which it was left by

the Romans, he was acknowledged as sovereign of Britain, but did not long enjoy this exaltation, as he was expelled by Scapiol, a German knight, who usurped the throne. Olofer, one of the deposed monarch's sons, became a great favourite of the new king; the other, named Gallafer, retired to a distant part of the island, at first studied astronomy, and afterwards founded a new sovereignty.

In this kingdom the royal astronomer was visited and converted by Alain, a Christian disciple, who persuaded him to change his heathenish name of Gallafer into Arfaran. He soon after resigned his crown to Josue, Alain's brother, and proceeded to preach the gospel to his ancestors, Percefforest and Gaddiffer, who, the reader will be surprised to hear, were yet in existence, and residing in the island of Life (supposed Wight.) Percefforest had been severely handled in the wars with the Romans; he had received twelve mortal wounds on the head; he had left his right hand on the field of battle; the other hung by a fibre; his belly was laid open in four places, and he was lame of his left foot. In this fractional state he had passed into the island of Life, where he was joined by his brother Gaddiffer, and afterwards by the deposed Gallifer. On landing on this island,

King Arfaran beheld a temple, and, looking in, perceived a group of worshippers before the altar. They were clothed in sheep's-skins; their hair, whiter than snow, descended to their heels; their beards covered their breasts, and thence extended to their knees. These antiques consisted of Dardanon, who had come to Britain soon after Brut; Gaddiffer, with his queen; Gallifer, and the relics of Perceforest. King Arfaran having given them an abridgement of the doctrines of the Old and New Testament, they expressed a great desire of death. For this special purpose they departed from the isle of Life, and arrived on a shore where five monuments had spontaneously arisen for their accommodation. Dardanon, as the oldest, is honoured with sepulchral precedence, and the rest follow according to seniority. These monuments may have suggested to Tasso, the self-formed sepulchre which rose to receive the body of Sueno (Gerus. Lib. c. 8;) and that which in his Rinaldo miraculously enclosed the Knight of the Tomb (c. 7.).

In this romance the concluding incident of the tombs is indeed abundantly ludicrous, but it has been rendered impressive by description. Nothing can be better painted than the voyage from the isle of Life, and arrival at the unknown solitary

shore; the mysterious voice directing where to proceed; the midnight journey through the wood; the five monuments rising under the light of the moon; the gradual decay of the venerable band, and the voluntary resignation of their breath into the hands of their Creator.

Indeed, ludicrous incident and beautiful description form the chief characteristics of the work. I know no romance of chivalry which more abounds in the beauties and faults of that species of composition; all unity of action, probability, and chronological accuracy are laid aside; but there is an endless variety of enchantments, and a wonderful luxuriance of description.

There is a great difference among the romances concerning the early history of Great Britain, with regard to the introduction of marvellous embellishments. Thus it is impossible to conceive two works more completely different than Perceforest and Meliadus, of which we have formerly given an account. The latter is almost entirely filled with descriptions of battles and tournaments, and is adorned with no supernatural ornaments. Perceforest, on the other hand, abounds with evil spirits, fairies, enchanters, and all those specious wonders which constitute the soul of romance. Dreams, too, and visions, which we have seen

were so much used by Heliodorus, Tatius, &c., and so little in the other romances of chivalry, are common in Perceforest.

From the endless variety of enchantments it contains, this romance is, perhaps the most entertaining, and has become the most popular of the class with which it has been ranged. In consequence of the information it comprehends concerning the manners of the period in which it was written, especially the solemnities observed at tournaments, and the *costume* of our ancestors, it is also the most instructive, and has been chosen as a text-book by M. de Sainte Palaye, and other enquirers into the history and habits of the middle ages. It is said that Perceforest was one of the books which Charles IX., during his education, chiefly busied himself in reading; and that to this study he was enjoined (I cannot discover with what view) by his mother Catherine de Medicis.

Mr Warton informs us that Perceforest was originally written in verse about the year 1220. It is difficult to say precisely at what time it was reduced to prose, but it was probably subsequent to the annexation of Dauphiny to the crown of France, as the son of the King of Gulles (Wales) is called the dauphin, which, I think, also proves that the author was a Frenchman. With regard to his

name I cannot give even the inconsistent information which I have collected concerning the other writers of romance. There is nothing said on this subject in the preface, which is merely an address to the French nobility, loaded with extravagant compliments, and containing a summary of the whole. The author just hints that he had borrowed the incidents, contained in Perceforest, from a preceding work. It is in the second chapter that the fabulous story of its origin is related. We are there told that Philip, Count of Hainault, attended the daughter of the King of France to England, in order to be present at her nuptials with Edward, which were celebrated in 1286. During the count's residence in England, he went on an excursion to the northern part of the kingdom, and arrived one day at a monastery situated on the banks of the Humber. The abbot received him with much politeness, and conducted him through the apartments of the convent. Among other places they entered an old tower, which was then repairing, where the abbot pointed out a vault in the deep walls, which had lately been discovered by the workmen. He informed his guest that in this vault there had been found an old chronicle which no one could read, till a Greek Clerc having come to study philosophy in this

country, translated it from the Greek into the Latin language. The count insisted on having a loan of the Latin version; and, on his return to his own territories, took it with him to Hainault, where it was copied. We are farther told in the course of the work, that the first part of this MS. was originally written by Cressus, *maitre d' hotel* to Alexander the Great. To Cressus the knights every year related their exploits on oath. He was thus enabled to make a compilation, which was preserved by Paustounet, a minstrel, and read by his son Pousson at the coronation of King Gallafor. With this recital the court were so much delighted, that Pousson was commanded by the king to continue the adventures of the knights of his own period, and his labours accordingly formed the last part of the romance of Perceforest.

The whole work occupies three volumes folio, which were first printed in 1528, Gallyot du Pré, at Paris, and afterwards at the same place in 1531.

It has already been mentioned that there are two romances which recount events subsequent to those concerning Arthur or his knights—Artus de la Bretagne, and Cleriadus, both of which may be regarded as continuations of the fabulous history of the Round Table. The authors of these works do not fix the period in which these two

descendants of the great Arthur flourished; but the romances themselves have no doubt been composed at a date much posterior to Lancelot or Tristan.

ARTUS DE LA BRETAGNE,

which, I think, is the earliest of the two, is supposed by the authors of the Bibliotheque des Romans, to have been written during the reign of Charles the Sixth of France, who died in 1422.—First, because the decorations given to the knights and heroines are the same with those which were in fashion while Charles swayed the sceptre; and, secondly, because the language is nearly of the same antiquity with that of Froissard, who lived in the time of that monarch. In the court of his queen, Isabella of Bavaria, it is said, splendour and gallantry reigned in spite of disorder and proscription.—Festivals and tournaments were revived by her to amuse the clouded mind of her husband, or occupy his attention when gleams of reason disclosed to him the miseries of his kingdom.—These exhibitions served to volume that romantic spirit of chivalry which had blazed with so much lustre in the better ages of France, and which was

not unsuitable to the character of its unfortunate monarch.

I suspect, however, that too early a date has been assigned to this as to most other romances of chivalry; and there is good reason to suppose that it was not written till some years after the accession of Charles VIII., who ascended the throne in 1483. The subject of the romance is the adventures of a duke of Britany, and the disgrace of Peronna, an Austrian princess, whose alliance having been solicited, was finally rejected by the heir to that dukedom, under circumstances by no means creditable to the lady, after she had arrived at his court. Now, it is well known, that in 1489, the French council determined to *send back* the princess Margaret of Austria, daughter of Maximilian, to whom the young monarch had been long betrothed, and who had arrived at Paris, where she bore the title of Madame la Dauphine. At the same time the council resolved to demand Anne of Britany in her place, and the nuptials by which that last great fief was united to the dominions of France, were celebrated in 1491. Now the romance of Arthur of Britany was first printed in 1493, and I have little doubt was written immediately before its publication, during these important transactions at the court of France, in

order to compliment the new queen by celebrating the exploits of her ancestors, and recording the disgrace of her rival. The language of the romance, I confess, appears somewhat too ancient for the close of the 15th century; but it was natural for an author of romance and chivalry, rather to adopt the phraseology which was falling into disuse, than to affect a style which had recently come into vogue.

The distinguished part which Anne of Britany performed on the political theatre of France, during the reigns of Charles VIII. and Lewis XII., to whom she was successively united; and the great popularity of her character, may have contributed to the circulation of Artus de la Bretagne, of which there were three editions subsequent to that in 1493; one in 4to, 1502; a second in 1539, and the last in 1584.

This romance comprehends the adventures of Arthur, son of John duke of Britany, who was descended from the celebrated Lancelot du Lac. A renowned knight, called Gouvernau from his employment, was appointed tutor to this young prince. One day, while engaged in the pleasures of the chase, the preceptor and his pupil being separated from their party in a forest, arrive at a cottage, where an elderly lady, whose

husband had been once a powerful baron, resided with her daughter Jeannette. Arthur is enchanted with the beauty of the damsel, bestows on her the revenues of the spot, and often repeats his visit.[1]

The mother of Arthur, afraid, from his frequent absence, that he is about to be betrayed into an alliance unsuitable to his birth, proposes to the duke to demand Perona, daughter of the duchess of Austria, in marriage for their son. This young lady possessed but an indifferent reputation, and the duke for some time declines the connection, but is at last forced to consent to the wishes of his wife. The seneschal is sent as a proxy, and Perona, who had cogent reasons to accelerate her nuptials, arrives soon after with great ceremony at Nantes.

During the preparations for his marriage, Arthur continues to frequent the cottage. He finds Jeannette less troubled than he expected by the news of his approaching nuptials; she merely informs him, that she also was about to be united, that her intended husband resembled Arthur in form, and was matchless in nobility and power.

These ambiguous expressions of Jeannette, and

[1] See Appendix, No. 16.

her apparent indifference, are accounted for in the following manner:—During the preparations for the marriage, Lucca, the mother of Perona, had been in some tribulation, as she was aware of the backsliding of her daughter. Ancel, one of her knights, for he too was in the secret, suggests to the Austrian family a stratagem similar to that which for some time preserved the fame of Yseult of Cornwall. He explains that there is a damsel in the neighbourhood called Jeannette, whose mother might be bribed to lend her daughter as a substitute for Perona till Arthur should fall asleep, after which the princess could occupy the place that was allotted her without hazard of detection.

In pursuit of this speculation Ancel proceeds to the cottage. He finds the mother little disposed to engage in this sort of traffic; but Jeannette overpowers all scruples by a torrent of argument, which may have been satisfactory to herself on the score of her future intentions, but certainly possessed very little plausibility for the conviction of others.

The nuptials of Arthur and Perona are solemnized, and Jeannette performs the part she had chosen. It seems to have been the custom in Britany that on the night after a marriage the husband should present his wife with a ring and

act of dowry. Jeannette does not neglect to demand the performance of this ceremony, hoping that she will thus be entitled to assert claims to Arthur as her husband. Fortified with these credentials, she readily resigns her place to Perona when the opportunity is presented.

Arthur next morning pays a visit to Jeannette, who produces the ring; and at the same time gives him some insight into the character of Perona. This lady is also a good deal nonplust on being asked by the duke to show him the act of dowry. Gouvernau, who had been at the cottage with Arthur on his last visit, reveals the whole story on his return. Jeannette is confronted with the Austrian family, and Perona is utterly disgraced. Lucca leaves the court with her daughter, and when they came to the fields the mother began to lament, and Perona was so much grieved that she died; at which, says the romance, Arthur and his court had great joy, and Jeannette above all the rest.

Now Arthur remained with Jeannette four years in his father's court. At the end of this period he has a dream, in which Florence, his predestined consort, appears to him, and his other adventures are very clearly portrayed by a vision of eagles and griffins. Arthur is induced by this dream to

ask leave of his father to travel in quest of his future mistress. This being granted, he sets out with his cousin Hector, son of the Count of Blois, Gouvernau, and a squire.

At this time a king called Emendus reigned in Sorolois, an empire little known in modern geography, but which the romance declares to be situated in the heart of Mesopotamia. This monarch had four vassal kings, who ruled over the uncouth lands of Normal, Valfondeé, &c., and a queen called Fenice, who possessed the contiguous territories of Constantinople and Denmark. On one occasion the royal pair held their court at Corinth, and gave a grand festival to their peers, at which the queen sat on the right hand of the king. It would appear that her majesty had intended to take the liberty of bringing forth in presence of her court, but the king of Yrcania having looked at her, declared she must instantly retire to the place where the king wished her to be confined. A discussion arose at table concerning the most suitable situation. At length it was determined that the castle of the Black Gate (Porte Noire,) lying on the Perilous Mount, guarded by every species of monster, and surrounded by a river, abounding in all sorts of vermin, would be the most commodious spot for the ensuing parturition.

Another advantage of this situation was, that the castle belonged to a fairy called Proserpine, who, if duly propitiated, might bestow a number of fine qualities on the infant. The daughter to whom the queen gives birth receives the name of Florence. She is educated with Stephen, son to the king of Valfondeé, and proves, when she grows up, a miracle of beauty.

The great object of Arthur is the quest of this incomparable princess; but he is frequently diverted from his chief design by the enticements held out to him in the destruction of monsters and giants. His exploits, however, principally consist in disenchanting castles, one of which is the Porte Noire, the birth-place of Florence, where an image, holding a hat which it was foredoomed to place on the head of the destined husband of Florence, had been in attendance from time immemorial. But the period of this inauguration was not yet arrived. Arthur had still to encounter

> —— fierce faces threatening wars,
> Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.

In these exploits he is neither assisted by Hector of Blois, whom at the beginning of his career he had married to the countess of Brueil, a lady whom he

had freed from her enemies, nor does Gouvernau attend him in many of his expeditions, but experiences separate, though similar, adventures. He is frequently enabled, however, to track Arthur by the carcases he finds on the roads; and he walked, says the romance, till he saw ten robbers lying slain; then Gouvernau said to Jaquet, My lord has been here (c. 57).

But Arthur occasionally meets with a different species of allurement from that presented in an intercourse with giants and monsters. Proserpine, the protecting fairy of Florence, in order to try his fidelity to her *protegeé*, risks her own honour by throwing herself in his way at the foot of an oak in a forest he was traversing. Nor is this vigilant fairy satisfied with one experiment. She contrives a plot by which Arthur comes to her palace, where her own blandishments being again resisted, she employs one of her damsels, who is treated with an indifference as satisfactory to Proserpine as provoking to the damsel, who did not feel the same interest as the fairy in this triumph of constancy.

Florence, in the mean time, was exposed to similar difficulties. The emperor of India had demanded her in marriage, and had lately arrived at her father's court to prosecute his suit in person. This alliance was as acceptable to King Emendus

as it was disagreeable to the party chiefly interested. Matters, however, having come to a crisis, Florence is obliged to request that the celebration of her nuptials be deferred till a splendid tournament is proclaimed, the fame of which she trusts will lead Arthur to court; for of his approach and attachment she had been apprized by her confidant Stephen, who had met with him at Porte Noire and other places.

Arthur, according to expectation, appears at the tournament, and Florence obtains an interview with him, by the intervention of Stephen, or the Master, as he is generally called.

On the first day of the tournaments Arthur greatly distinguishes himself, and Florence, in order that her lover might not be exhausted with two days continued exertion, feigns sickness on the following morning, and requests that the tournament be delayed. "Aura elle ce meschef," says Emendus, on hearing of the illness of his daughter, "Je serois courroucé si elle se mouroit sans hoir de son corps." (c. 63.) This paternal monarch is conducted to the chamber of Florence by Stephen, who there commences a harangue, which may give some idea of the mode of managing sick princesses in those times. "My lady, God to-day has done you great honour. Never

were there so many people assembled by the sickness of a princess as there are to visit you; for here is an emperor, ten kings, thirty dukes, and the whole chivalry of the sovereign of India."

But in this chamber there was something still more important than all this blaze of quality. In a corner of the room stood the image with the hat, which Stephen, who dabbled in magic, had lately smuggled from Porte Noire by a stroke of necromancy. The company assembled are informed that the person on whom this statue confers the hat will be acknowledged as the husband of Florence. The emperor of India first presents himself, but the image continues motionless. To the vassal kings of Emendus it is equally unpropitious; till at length Arthur approaching receives the token that was reserved for him.

In spite of this unequivocal demonstration on the part of the image, Emendus still persists in his intention of bestowing his daughter on the emperor of India. This resolution compels Florence to fly to the Porte Noire, accompanied by the kings and knights who were friendly to her cause; while the fairy Proserpine, who exactly resembled her in figure, occupies her place at court. The imposture, however, being at length detected, Florence is besieged in Porte Noire by her father and the

emperor of India with immense armies. During the siege, Proserpine is observed by the latter flying from the castle. As she had assumed the shape of Florence, he overtakes her, and extorts a promise of marriage. Then, having assured her of his protection, he conducts her to Emendus, who, on her entrance, salutes her with his foot. This commentary on her returning obedience not being relished by the emperor, a squabble arises between the monarchs, during which Proserpine disappears, and the emperor soon after retires to his own country.

The night succeeding his departure, Stephen throws the whole army of Emendus into a profound sleep, and then, with the assistance of five knights, conveys the king, while in bed, to Porte Noire. By this trick of legerdemain he is obliged, when he awakes, to give his consent to his daughter's marriage with Arthur. Previous to their union that prince pays a visit to Britany, where he has rather an awkward interview with Jeannette. On his return to Porte Noire, he is accompanied by a number of the peers of France, the duke and duchess, and also Jeannette, whose presence was certainly superfluous. Stephen on the journey informs Arthur, that he had discovered by his books that Florence had left Porte Noire, and was now

besieged in the White Tower by the emperor of India, who had returned to the war. Arthur is advised to proceed thither with his host, but he determines on a plan of action more suited to his impatience, and to his confidence in his own prowess. He presses forward in disguise, followed by three knights, to the White Tower, where he signalizes his arrival by cutting up a whole army, with wounds that exhibit great anatomical variety. His other friends having come up soon after, the gates of the White Tower are purposely left open, and the emperor, thinking it defenceless, enters with the remains of his army, still amounting to fifty thousand men. These are speedily despatched; the emperor himself is taken prisoner, and soon after dies of grief.

No farther obstacle remaining to the marriage of Arthur, a splendid tournament celebrates the triple nuptials of Arthur with Florence, Gouvernau with Jeannette, and Stephen the Master with Margaret, a princess whom Arthur had reinstated in her kingdom early in the romance.

Florence in due season produces a son, whom the accurate romancer informs us she conceived the night of the espousals. The birth of this child King Emendus solemnizes by dying of joy. Arthur is, of course, crowned king of Sorolois; he

reigned, says the romance, thirty-two years, and left the care of his child, and all that he possessed, to Hector, Gouvernau, and the Master—"et d' autre chose plus rien n'en dict l' histoire, ains elle se tait."

The chief excellence of the romance of Artus de la Bretagne is, that it possesses more unity of design than the works of the same nature by which it was preceded. The story of Jeannette at the beginning is indeed episodical, but it is discussed in fourteen chapters, and through the remainder of the work the adventures relate to one common original, the object that appeared in the dream; and to one common end, the union of Arthur and Florence. Accordingly, the chief employment of Arthur is the search of Florence, and her deliverance from the power of the emperor; and though these objects be occasionally lost sight of by the irresistible temptations thrown out by giants or monsters, they are never entirely abandoned. But in Tristan, Meliadus, Perceforest, and the older romances, there is no permanent motive that inspires the action. In them the momentary gratification of passion, an occasional display of valour, and a concluding paroxysm of devotion, comprise the incidents of the romance.

Neither is there any romance of the Round Table in which so great a war is carried on for the sake of a single woman, as in that just analyzed. We do not behold two knights occasionally tilting for the heart or favours of a lady, but the whole forces of India ranged against the chivalry of France. A single knight, in a paroxysm of valour, overthrows the army of an empire; and though the combats are usually described more circumstantially than intelligibly, the slaughter is always conducted on a magnificent scale, and tends to one purpose.

But though the unity of design in this romance be commendable, the design itself is by no means deserving of applause. Nothing can be more absurd than that Arthur should be enchanted with a woman he had never beheld, desert a beloved mistress, and set out in quest of the unknown fair, in consequence of an obscure vision. There is something, too, extremely cold and hard-hearted in thus abandoning Jeannette, which gives us, at the first, a very unfavourable idea of the character of the hero. Nor, as we advance, do we find him possessed of a single quality, except strength and courage, to excite respect or interest. This remark might, perhaps, be justly extended to all the

other characters in the romance, except Stephen, or the Master, as he is called. That young and royal astrologer is painted as endowed with every personal grace and accomplishment—he has endless resources in every emergency—he possesses a delightful frankness and gaiety, united to an invincible heroism; the utmost warmth of friendship for Arthur, and an unshaken fidelity to Florence. He also constantly amuses the reader by raising up delightful gardens, fountains, and singing birds, by the operations of natural magic,—a knowledge of which was at one time believed to be a common attainment, and was known in Scotland by the name of *glamour*. The Jongleurs were professors of this mystery; and Sir John Mandeville saw many proficients in the East. In particular, he gives a description of the marvels displayed before the khan of Tartary, so strikingly similar to those in the romance of Arthur, as to afford a strong presumption that such exhibitions were actually attempted in the middle ages, and were not merely the offspring of the romancer's fancy. "And than comen jogulours and enchantoures that don many marvaylles: for they maken to come in the ayr the sonne and the mone, be seemings to every man's sight. And after they maken the nyght so

derk, that no man may see no thing. And aftre they maken the day to come agen fair and plesant, with bright sonne, to every mannes sight. And than they bringen in daunces of the fairest damyselles of the world, and richest arrayed. And after they maken to comen in other damyselles, bringinge coupes of gold, and geven drynke to lordes and to ladyes. An than they make knyghtes to jousten in armes full lustyly; and they breken here speres so rudely, that the tronchouns flen in peces alle aboute the halle. And than they make to come in huntyng for the hert and for the boor, with houndes renning with open mouthe, and many other thinges they don be craft of hir enchauntments that it is marveyle for to see." And elsewhere the traveller remarks, "And wher it be by craft or nygromancye, I wot nere."

It can hardly be doubted that the leading incident of the romance of Arthur of Britany suggested to Spenser the plan and outline of his Faery Queene; where Arthur, the hero, sees in a vision, and, seeing, falls in love with the fairy queen, whose quest is the great object through the whole of that romantic poem.

CLERIADUS

is the last romance that has been ranked among those of the Round Table. It does not strictly belong to that class of fictions, but has been numbered with them, as a great proportion of the adventures happen in England, and as the hero was married to a princess descended from the great Arthur.

Philippon, king of England, one of the successors of Arthur, being far advanced in life, sent to Spain, in order to request that the count of Asturias, a man renowned for his wisdom, would come to England to assist him in the government of his kingdom. The count arrived according to invitation, and brought with him his son Cleriadus, who soon became enamoured of Meliadice, the daughter of Philippon. To render himself worthy of her affections, he engaged in many hazardous enterprises both in Britain and in his native country. Among other exploits, he subdued a lion which ravaged all England, but who turned out to be a gallant knight metamorphosed by the malevolence of a fairy; and on one occasion he challenged and overcame all the heroes of the court of Philippon. After this exhibition, Philippon gave a splendid

entertainment in honour of Cleriadus, who contributed a *pic-nic* of sparrowhawks and dressed dogs, which seem to have been the delicacies of the time; he also danced for the amusement of the company, and sung a duet with Meliadice by order of the king.

The final happiness of the lovers seemed fast approaching, when ambassadors arrived from the court of Cyprus to beg assistance against the Saracens, who had invaded that island. Though this enterprise was somewhat out of the line of his English majesty's politics, yet, in order to testify his zeal for the Christian cause, he sent eight hundred men to Cyprus, with Cleriadus at their head, an expedition which may, perhaps, have been suggested to the imagination of the romancer by the circumstance of a king of Cyprus having resided in England during the reign of Edward the Third.

The Queen of England had a brother Thomas, Count of Langarde, a man of infamous character, who had conceived an incestuous passion for his niece. As his proposals were rejected with horror, he seized the absence of Cleriadus as a fit opportunity for revenge. He forged letters, which he made appear to have passed between Cleriadus and Meliadice, in which the lovers agreed to poison the king, and ascend the throne in his stead.

The good monarch, though he seems generally to have dispensed with the trouble of reflection, at first betrayed an inclination for a trial, but at the persuasion of Langarde, Meliadice, without farther ceremony, is sent under the charge of four ruffians to be murdered in a wood. Two of their number, however, are seized with compunction, and persuade their comrades to agree in saving her. She is accordingly allowed to escape on condition of leaving England, but is previously stripped, that she might not draw observation by the splendour of her dress. Thus she wanders through the country, in a dishabille which was fully as likely to attract attention as her royal vestments. At many gates she was refused admittance, as a person of suspicious character; but at length found refuge in the cottage of an old woman, who gave her clothes, and sent her, with letters of introduction, to a merchant, who lived on the sea-coast, and was speedily to embark for Spain. After a prosperous voyage she was landed at Villablanca, the capital of Asturias, where she entered into service with a female cousin of the merchant.

Meanwhile Cleriadus having conquered the Saracens, returned to England, where he was informed of the death of Meliadice. He also found that

his father, having lost all influence, had retired to Asturias, and that the defamer of his mistress was acting as viceroy. He assaulted Langarde next morning, and defied him to single combat; but that traitor preferring the certainty of immediate execution to the risk of a battle, confessed his crime. Philippon, as may be imagined, was inconsolable for the loss of his daughter, but, spite of his entreaties, Cleriadus would not consent to remain in England. He assumed a pilgrim's habit, and embarked on board a vessel which was bound for the Tagus. The ship, however, fortunately encountered a storm on the coast of Gascony, which forced it to enter the port of Villablanca. Although Cleriadus had formally renounced his country, he could not refrain from ascending a hill in the neighbourhood to take a last geographical survey of the abode of his parents.

While ruminating on his misfortunes, a young woman, whom the reader divines to be Meliadice, arrived, bearing a water-pitcher on her head. Seeing him plunged in distress, she attempted to console him, and concluded with offering charity. She persuaded him to disclose the cause of his grief; and while he was yet speaking she recognised her lover, broke her water-pitcher, and threw herself into his arms. The happy couple set off for the

seat of the count of Asturias, who, in a few days, accompanied them to England. There they were legally united with the consent of Philippon, who soon after resigned his crown to Cleriadus.

The above work is the foundation of a Scotch metrical romance, written in the reign of Queen Mary, and entitled Clariodus, of which there is a MS. copy in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

There exists one other prose romance of the knights of the Round Table,—the history of Giglan, (son of Gauvain) and Geoffrey of Mayence; it was translated from the Spanish by Claude Platin, and was printed, according to De Bure, in 1530. I have never seen this romance; but to judge from extracts, it is not scarcer than it deserves to be.

Besides the metrical romances from which the prose compilations above analyzed have been chiefly formed, there are a number of others which existed in MS. in the library of M. de Sainte Palaye. None of them have been printed at full length, but of those which were written by the Trouveurs of the north of France an abridged version has been given in the admirable selection of Le Grand. A great proportion of the metrical romances concerning Arthur and his knights was written in the twelfth century by Chrestien de

Troyes, and many of them were afterwards continued by Huon de Mery. Some of these relate new adventures concerning knights of the Round Table, and others introduce new heroes.

1. One of the most beautiful of these metrical tales is Erec and Enide, by Chrestien de Troyes. Erec vanquishes a knight who had insulted an attendant of Queen Geneura at a national hunt. After the battle, Erec discovered on the domains of the person he had conquered, his beautiful niece, called Enide, who resided near her uncle's castle, but had been allowed by him to remain in the utmost poverty. Erec marries this lady, and soon forgets all the duties of chivalry in her embraces; his vassals complain bitterly of his sloth, and Enide rouses him to exertion. Attended by her alone he sets out in quest of adventures, of which a variety are related. One day Erec swoons through fatigue, and Enide readily believes him dead. A baron, whose castle was in the neighbourhood, happens to pass at the time, and Enide is married to him while her husband is in the fainting fit. A nuptial feast is prepared in the room where Erec lay, but a squabble arising between the baron and his bride, on account of the obstinacy of the latter in refusing to eat, Erec is roused by the noise; and being, it would appear, much refreshed by

his swoon, instantly beats out the brains of his rival, and disperses the attendants. As the provisions had by this time cooled, he immediately departs with Enide, and arrives in safety at his own castle, after experiencing a curious adventure in a subterraneous labyrinth, from which he rescued a lady who was there detained by enchantment.

2. La Charette, the first part of which was written by Chrestien de Troyes, and the conclusion by Geoffrey de Ligny, relates the early adventures of Lancelot, and the commencement of his amour with Queen Geneura.

3. The Chevalier au Lion has been generally attributed to Chrestien de Troyes, but the Abbé de la Rue ascribes it to Wace. This romance must not be confounded with another of the same name, of which Perceval is the hero. In the present work Yvain is the principal character, and it has given rise to an old English poem, Yvain and Gawain, published by Mr Ritson. A knight at the court of Arthur relates that he had been induced to try the adventure of a fountain, where a dreadful storm was raised by throwing the water on a marble stone, and that the commotion brought to the spot a valiant knight, by whom he had been defeated. Yvain resolves to try this stormy experiment, and the expected combatant appears. Our

hero kills this champion, and marries his widow, who resided in a castle in the neighbourhood, and finds that a knight is necessary to defend her territories, and reply to the whirlwinds from the fountain. After remaining some time with his wife, Yvain sets out in quest of new adventures, promising to return in a year. When he had exceeded the appointed time, a damsel on the part of his wife comes unexpectedly to the court of Arthur, and reproaches him with his infidelity. Yvain instantly goes mad, and roams through the country, committing extravagancies, which, it may be remarked, bear much closer resemblance to those of Orlando, than the transports of Lancelot or Tristan. It is after being cured of this phrensy that he rescues the lion, which he finds engaged in a perilous combat with a dragon. The grateful animal attends him ever after, and is of great service in all his adventures. Yvain at last thinks of being reconciled to his wife, and begins his overtures towards accommodation, by raising storms from the fountain. The lady, who had resolved against agreement, is shaken by this species of eloquence; as she finds she must either be reconciled to her husband, or pass her life in an eternal hurricane. This notion of a knight having obliged, and being afterwards accompanied by a lion, which

is the leading incident in the above tale, seems to be a fiction common to all nations: every one knows the story of the Roman knight, and in the Teutonic romance of the Book of Heroes, written in the beginning of the 13th century, Wolfdietrich having aided a lion in a combat with a dragon, is ever after followed by the grateful quadruped.

There are a great number of fabliaux relating to the knights of Arthur, of which Gauvain is generally the hero, but which also contain a vast deal about Queux, the seneschal of Arthur.

4. In le Chevalier a l'Epeé, erroneously ascribed by some to Chrestien de Troyes, Gauvain is received in a splendid castle, where it was a rule that every person should be put to death who found fault with any thing he saw in the habitation. Owing to a hint he received from a peasant on entering this ceremonious residence, he abstains from all criticism: but he was not aware of a second regulation, that an enchanted sword cut off the head of those who took liberties with the daughter of the Chatelain. On the second night of his stay, the father locks him up in the same chamber with his daughter; but the lady having taken a liking to him, warns him of his danger, and he escapes with a slight wound in the arm. This damsel was afterwards married to

Gauvain, and of her is related the example of female infidelity, contrasted with canine attachment, which has been given in the abstract of Tristan.

6. La Mule sans Frein has by some been attributed to Paysans Maisiriers, and by others to Chrestien de Troyes. A disconsolate lady, mounted on a mule without a bridle, comes to the court of Arthur, and requests that one of his knights would go in search of this bridle, declaring, that the mule knew the road to the place where it lay. Queux, the seneschal, offers his services, but speedily returns, appalled by the dangers he encounters. Gauvain then sets out, and after much procedure with giants and monsters, recovers the treasure from the lady's elder sister, who had robbed the younger of it. In the original romance there is not the smallest advantage to be derived from the possession of this bridle; but, in an abstract in the Bibliotheque des Romans, it is feigned to procure for the holder the comforts of eternal youth and unfading beauty, which gives a semblance of probability to the contest of these freakish sisters. The tale has been versified by Mr Way, and by the German poet Wieland.

7. The well-known story of le Court Mantel, printed in the 16th century, and analyzed by Le Grand, under the title of Le Manteau mal Taillé.

8. History of the adventures of four brothers, Agravain, Gueret, Galheret, and Gauvain, all of whom set out in different directions, in quest of Lancelot du Lac. Agravain, as a *coup d' essai*, kills Druas, a formidable giant, but is in turn vanquished by Sornehan, the brother of the deceased. His life is spared at the request of the conqueror's niece, and he is confined in a dungeon, where his preserver secretly brings him refreshments. Gueret also concludes a variety of adventures, by engaging Sornehan, and being overcome, is shut up in the same dungeon with his brother. Galheret, the third of the fraternity, arrives at a castle, where he is invited to play with its lady at chess, on condition that if he win he is to possess her person and castle, but should otherwise become her slave. The chess men are ranged in compartments on the floor of a fine hall, are large as life, and glitter with gold and diamonds. Each of them besides is a fairy, and moves on being touched by a talisman. Galheret loses the game, and is confined with a number of other check-mated knights. Gauvain, however, soon after arrives, and vanquishes the lady at her own arms; but only asks the freedom of the prisoners, among whom he finds his brother. Having learned from an elvish attendant of the lady, the fate

of his two other kinsmen, he equips himself in the array of the chess king. In this garb he engages Sornehan, who, being dazzled by the brightness of his attire, is easily conquered, by which means Agravain and Gueret are delivered from confinement.'

This story is told, with little variation, in the prose romance of Lancelot du Lac, to which it was probably transferred from the metrical tale above-mentioned.

An account has now been presented of the romances of the Round Table, the most ancient class of chivalrous composition. Of the usual tone of incident in these works, I trust the reader may have formed some idea from the abstracts already given. In many of those points that have been laid down, as constituting excellence in the materials of fictitious narrative, they will be found extremely defective. The novelty of adventure is not great, as most of the events related were drawn from those metrical romances, by which the prose ones were preceded. But, if we at one view consider the originals and imitations, the incidents are of such a nature as were never before presented in combination to the world, and form in every particular a complete contrast to the Greek romances. As the fictions concerning the

Round Table, in common with all other tales of chivalry, are full of stories of giants and enchanters, they have no claim to probability of incident in one sense of the term, and even that species of verisimilitude, which we expect in the actions and machinations of unearthly beings, is more often violated than preserved.

A modern reader, too, is shocked by the glaring anachronisms and geographical blunders which deform the romances of chivalry. These and other absurdities have been happily ridiculed by Butler in his Hudibras:

> Some writers make all ladies purloined,
> And knights pursuing in a whirlwind;
> Others make all their knights in fits
> Of jealousy to lose their wits;
> Some force whole regions in despite
> Of geography, to change their site,
> Make former times shake hands with latter,
> And that which was before come after.

The story is invariably told in the person of the author, and in this the writers of romance have perhaps acted judiciously. As the exploits of so many knights were to be related, it would not have suited to put the account of them in the mouth of the principal character, as he could not be mi-

nutely acquainted with adventures, in which, for the most part, he had no concurrence. The story is never carried on, as in the Greek romances, in the form of an epic poem, commencing in the middle of the action, but truly begins with the egg of Leda—the adventures of the father or grandsire of the hero. After being protracted through a period of twenty or thirty years, the romance concludes with the death of the principal character, or his retirement into a hermitage; or drags us through a long list of descendants. The interest, also, is too much divided, and the part of the titular hero is not always the most considerable. He appears and vanishes like a spirit, and we lose sight of him too soon to regard him as the most important character in the work. In the Greek romances, all the adventures accelerate or impede the solution of the fable; but in the tales of chivalry there is a total want of unity of design, which prevents our carrying on the story in our mind, and distracts the attention. Indeed, I believe that in the metrical romances, and those few that were originally written in prose, the author had no idea where he was to stop; he had formed no skeleton of the story, nor proposed to himself a conclusion to which his insulated adventures should lead.

With respect to those excellencies which have been termed the ornaments of fictitious narrative: the *characters* of the heroes are not well shaded nor distinguished. The knight, however, is always more interesting than the heroine, which must appear strange when we reflect that these romances were composed in an age when devotion to the ladies formed the essence of chivalry, and that it is quite the reverse in the Greek romances, though, at the time in which they were written, women acted a very inferior part in society. In the romance of Perceval, he appears a great deal, and Blanchefleur very little. Some romances, as Meliadus, have no heroine at all, and the mistresses of Lancelot and Tristan are women of abandoned character.

In all these works the *sentiments* are thinly scattered, and perhaps a greater number would not have been appropriate in that species of composition. During the chivalrous ages, as Madame de Staël has well remarked, "L' honneur et l' amour agissoient sur le coeur de l' homme comme la fatalité chez les anciens, sans qu' on reflechit aux motifs des actions, ni que l' incertitude y fût admise."

The charm of style and beauty of description form the most pleasing features of the romances

of chivalry. There is something in the simplicity of the old French tongue which surpasses that of all other nations, and, from an assiduous perusal of romances, where it is exhibited in its greatest richness and beauty, we may receive much additional insight into the etymology of our own language.

M. de Sainte Palaye talks in high terms of the light which these works are calculated to throw on the labours of the genealogist, and of the information which they afford with regard to the progress of arts among our ancestors. That writer was an enthusiast for this species of lore; and, like other enthusiasts, was disposed to exaggerate its importance and value. It may indeed be granted, that the romances of chivalry are curious as a picture of manners, and interesting as efforts of the imagination, in a certain stage of the progress of the human mind; but with this exception, and the pleasure occasionally afforded by the *naiveté* of the language, the most insipid romance of the present day equals them as a fund of amusement, and is not much inferior to them as a source of instruction.

Those, too, who have been accustomed to associate the highest purity of morals with the manners of chivalry, will be greatly deceived. Indeed,

in their moral tendency, many of the romances are highly reprehensible. In some, as Perceforest, particular passages are exceptionable, and the general scope in others, where the principal character is a knight, engaged, with the approbation of all, in a love intrigue with the wife of his friend or his sovereign. In one of the best of these romances, Tristan carries on an amour through the whole work with the queen of his benefactor and uncle. I need not mention the gallantries of Lancelot and Geneura, nor the cold hard-hearted infidelity of Artus de la Bretagne. "The whole pleasure of these bookes," says Ascham, with some truth and *naiveté*, "standeth in two specyall poyntes, in open mans slaghter and bolde bawdrie, in which bookes those be counted the noblest knights that doe kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shifts, as Syr Launcelott with the wife of Kyng Arthure his maister; Syr Tristram with the wife of Kyng Marke his vncle; Syr Lamerocke with the wife of Kyng Lote, that was his own aunte. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at."

CHAPTER IV.

Romances of Chivalry relating to Charlemagne and his Peers.—Chronicle of Turpin.—Huon de Bourdeaux.—Guerin de Monglave.—Gallien Rhetoré.—Milles et Amys.—Jourdain de Blaves.—Ogier le Danois, &c.

It was formerly shown that the romances relating to Arthur and the knights of the Round Table were in a great measure derived from the History of Geoffrey of Monmouth. It now remains for us to investigate what influence the chronicle falsely attributed to Turpin, or Tilpin, archbishop of Rheims, the contemporary of Charlemagne, exercised over the fabulous stories concerning that prince and his paladins.

The chronicle of Turpin is feigned to be addressed from Viennes, in Dauphiny, to Leoprandus, dean of Aquisgranensis (Aix la Chapelle), but was

not written, in fact, till the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century. Its real author seems not to be clearly ascertained, but is supposed by some to have been a Canon of Barcelona, who attributed his work to Turpin.

This production, it is well known, turns on the expedition of Charlemagne to the peninsula. Some French writers have denied that Charlemagne ever was in Spain, but the authority of Eginhart is sufficient to establish the fact. It seems certain, that about the year 777, the assistance of Charlemagne was invoked by one of those numerous sovereigns, among whom the Spanish provinces were at that time divided; that, on pretence of defending this ally from the aggressions of his neighbours, he extended his conquests over a great part of Navarre and Arragon; and, finally, that on his return to France he experienced a partial defeat from the treacherous attack of an unexpected enemy. These simple events have given rise to the famous battle of Roncesvalles, and the other extravagant fictions recorded in the chronicle of Turpin.

Charlemagne, according to that work, having conquered Britain, Italy, Germany, and many other countries, proposed to give himself some repose, though the Saracens were not yet extir-

pated; but, while in this frame of mind, being fortunately addicted to star-gazing, he one night perceived a cluster of stars,[1] which, commencing their procession at the Frisian sea, moved by way of Germany and France into Gallicia. This phenomenon being repeated, attracted the thoughts of Charles, but he could form no rational conjecture as to what was portended. The prodigy, which eluded the waking researches of the monarch, was satisfactorily expounded in a vision. A figure appeared to Charles while he was asleep, introduced itself as the apostle James, and announced that the planetary march typified the conquest of Spain; adding, that he had himself been slain by King Herod, and that his body had long lain concealed in Gallicia. Hence, continued he, I am astonished that you have not delivered *my* land from the yoke of the Saracens. The apostle's appropriation of territory was somewhat whimsical, but Charles did not dispute his title. This prince, however, seems not to have been renowned for a retentive memory, and accordingly the apostle took the precaution, on the following night, of renewing his suggestion.

[1] "Intentione sagaci," says Eginhart, "siderum cursum curiosissime rimabatur." (C. 25.)

In consequence of these successive admonitions, Charles entered Spain with a large army, and invested Pampeluna. He lay three months before this town, but could not take it; because, says the chronicle, it was impregnable. At the end of this period, however, he bethought himself of prayer, on which the walls followed the example of their tottering prototypes of Jericho. The Saracens who chose to embrace Christianity were spared, but those who persisted in infidelity were put to the sword. Charles then paid his respects to the sarcophagus of James, and Turpin had the satisfaction of baptizing a great proportion of the Gallicians in the neighbourhood.

The main object with this bishop and his master, was to destroy all the idols which could be discovered; an undertaking which, among a people who abominate idolatry, must have required a very patient research. At length these images were completely extirpated, except an obstinate mawmet at Cadiz, which could not be broken, because it was inhabited by a cluster of demons.

After this Charles founded a number of churches, and endowed them with much wealth; grants which were afterwards reclaimed with great zeal by a successor, who boasted him as a prototype.

Charles had scarcely returned to France, when a strenuous pagan, named Aigolandus, recovered the whole country, which obliged the French monarch to return with great armies, of which he gave the command to Milo, the father of Orlando.

While these troops were lying at Bayonne, a soldier, named Romaricus, died, after having ordered one of his relations to sell his horse, and distribute the price among the clergy and the poor. His kinsman sold the horse, but spent the money in carousing. After thirty days the deceased, who had been detained that time in purgatory, appeared in a dream, upbraided his faithless executor for the misapplication of the alms, and notified to him that he might depend on being in Tartarus in the course of the following day. While reporting this uncomfortable assurance next morning to his fellow soldiers, he is hurried off by a flight of demons, and dashed against a rock as a preliminary to subsequent punishment.

After this there follows a long account of the war with Aigolandus, which was first carried on by two hundred, or two thousand, soldiers, on one part, engaging an equal number of the enemy: but at length a general battle was fought, in which

were slain *forty thousand* Christians, Milo the commander of the forces, and the horse of Charles. Next day, however, the French having been reinforced by *four thousand* men from the coast of Italy, Aigolandus fled to a different part of the peninsula, and Charles, departed for France.

Aigolandus now carried the war into Gascony, followed by the Moabites, Ethiopians, Parthians, and Africans. At Sanctona (Xantonge), previous to a great battle, certain Christians having fixed their spears in the ground towards night, found them decorated next morning with leaves, which signified to the proprietors of these warlike instruments that they were about to obtain the crown of martyrdom. Aigolandus was defeated in the battle with the loss of four thousand of his troops, and fled to Pampeluna. Thither he was followed by Charles, and an army of a hundred and thirty-four thousand men. On this occasion the reader is presented with a list of the chief warriors, among whom are mentioned the names of Orlando, Rinaldo, Oliviero, and Gano. Charles having arrived at Pampeluna, received a message from Aigolandus, requesting a truce till his army should come forth fully prepared for war.

This being granted, Aigolandus in the interval

paid a visit to Charles, and was much astonished to hear himself attacked as an usurper in the Arabic tongue, which Charles had learned at Coletus (Thoulouse). Aigolandus expostulated, that his competitor had no right either in his own person, or derived from his ancestors, to the throne of Spain; but Charles replied, that the country must be conquered for the extension of the Christian religion. This brought on a theological dispute between the two sovereigns, which terminated in a resolution to fight on the following day, with a hundred soldiers against a hundred, and a thousand against a thousand: but Aigolandus being ultimately vanquished in this singular species of warfare, agreed to be baptized with his people. For this purpose he came to Charles next day, and found that monarch carousing, while thirteen naked beggars were sitting on the ground looking on the feast. The malapert heathen asked who these were. Charles replied, rather unfortunately, that they were the people of God whom he was feeding, and that they represented the apostles. Aigolandus thereupon notified that he would have nothing to do with such a faith.

Next day a pitched battle was fought, in which Aigolandus having only a hundred thousand troops, and his enemy a superiority of thirty-four thou-

sand, was entirely defeated, and was himself slain, which demonstrated the propriety of the mode which Charles had adopted of entertaining the representatives of the apostles.

The French monarch next carried on a war against Furra, a prince of Navarre. On the approach of a battle, he prayed that the sign of the cross might appear on the shoulder of those who were predestined to perish in the action. In order to evade the decrees of Providence, Charles shut up the soldiers who had been marked in consequence of this application, in his oratory; but on returning from the battle, in which he vanquished the enemy, he found that all those he had in ward were dead, to the number of a hundred and fifty, which evinced the impiety of his precaution.

While in Navarre, it is reported to Charles that a Syrian giant of first-rate enormity, called Ferracutus (the Ferrau of the Italians), had appeared at Nagera. This creature possessed most exuberant proportions: he was twelve cubits high, his face was a cubit in length, and his nose a measured palm. As soon as Charles arrived at Nagera, this unwieldy gentleman proposed a single combat, but the king was so little tempted by a personal survey, that he declined his offer. Ogerius the

Dane was therefore selected as the Christian champion, but the giant trussing him under one arm, carried him off to the town. Having served a succession of knights in a similar manner, Orlando at length went out against him. The Saracen, as usual, commenced the attack by pulling his antagonist from the saddle, and rode off with him, till Orlando, exerting all his force, seized him by the chin, and both fell to the ground. When they had remounted, the knight thinking to kill the pagan, only cut off the head of his horse. Ferrau being now on foot, Orlando struck a blow on his arm that knocked the sword from his hand; on which the giant slew his adversary's horse with a put of his fist. After this the opponents fought on foot, and with swords, till towards evening, when Ferrau demanded a truce till next day.

In the morning Orlando had recourse to a new sort of implement; he attacked his enemy with an immense club, which had no more effect than the finer weapon. The champions now assaulted each other with stones; but when this species of warfare was at the hardest, giants being naturally prone to somnolency, Ferrau became overpowered with sleep, and again begged a truce. When he had composed himself to rest, his courteous antagonist placed a stone below his head, that he

might sleep more softly. When he awoke, Orlando took an opportunity of asking him how he was so hardy, that he neither dreaded sword nor batoon. The giant, who must have been more remarkable for strength than caution, explained the whole mystery, by acknowledging that he was every where invulnerable except in the navel. Ferrau, in his turn, made less pertinent enquiries concerning the name, lineage, and faith of his foe. This last subject being started, Orlando, hoping to make a convert, explained the articles of his creed. The giant opened the controversy by questioning the possibility of three being one, but Orlando vanquished his arithmetical scruples by a number of ingenious illustrations; as that an almond is a single nut, though it consists of three things, the husk, the shell, and the kernel. The disputant replied, that he had now a very clear conception how three made one, but that he was scandalized at a virgin producing. Orlando reminded him that there was nothing more remarkable in this, than in the original creation of Adam. Our giant readily waved this point, but could not comprehend how a God could die. The arguments on this head he seems to have been as little prepared to canvass as the other topics, but entrenched himself within what he considered his last strong-hold, that

the God who died could not come alive again. It was argued by Orlando, that there was nothing impossible in this, as Elijah and Elisha readily revived after their death, and that the dead cubs of a lioness can be resuscitated on the third day, by the breath of the mother. Orlando must, no doubt, have expected, that the ingenuity of this last illustration would have completed the work of conversion; what then must have been his disappointment, when the pertinacious Saracen, by demanding that a sword should be admitted into the conference, proved that his head was as impenetrable to argument as his body to the incomparable edge of Durindana. In the ensuing combat, Orlando made great use of the information he had received concerning the perforable part of his antagonist, who being slain in consequence, the city of Nagera surrendered to the arms of Charlemagne.

After this success, the French monarch received intelligence that Ebraim, king of Sibilia (Seville), who had escaped from the battle before Pampeluna, was encamped at Cordova, ready to resist his invasion. Charles, without loss of time, marched to the south of Spain. When the French vanguard approached the enemy, it found that the troops of the hostile army wore bearded masks, that they had added horns to their heads, and that

each soldier held a drum in his hand, which he beat with prodigious violence. The horses, quite unaccustomed to this sort of masquerade, immediately took fright, and spread considerable confusion in the Christian army, which with difficulty retreated to an eminence. Next day, however, previous to an attack, Charles ordered his horses to be hood-winked, and their ears to be stopped with wax. This stratagem, or *ars mirabilis*, as it is called in the chronicle, rendered useless the martial prelude of the enemy, and gained Charles the victory. A similar device is resorted to, on a like occasion, in the metrical romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, by the English monarch.

The capture of Cordova was the immediate fruit of the success of Charlemagne, and Spain being now entirely subdued, the conqueror made a proper partition of the kingdom. He bestowed Navarre on the Britons, Castille on the French, and Arragon on the Greeks, while Andalusia and Portugal were assigned to the Flemings.

After the account of this distribution, the historian most seasonably introduces a description of the person of his hero, and the capacities of his stomach. As to his external appearance, he had dark hair, a ruddy countenance, a stern aspect, but a graceful and elegant form. This, indeed,

appears from his dimensions, for his legs were thick, his altitude eight feet, and his belly protuberant. His daily consumption of provisions, though almost incredible, scarcely exceeds that of Lewis XIV., of whose diet an account has been served up in the Walpoliana. During night, Charles was guarded by a hundred and twenty of the orthodox, who relieved each other during three watches, ten being placed at his head, ten at his feet, and the same number on either side, each holding a naked falchion in one hand and a burning torch in the other.

When Charles had arrived as far as Pampeluna on his return to France, he bethought himself that he had yet left in Spain two Saracen kings, Marsirius (the same who in Ariosto is present at the siege of Paris by Agramante), and his brother Beligandus, who reigned jointly at Cæsaraugusta (Saragossa). To these miscreants he despatched Gannalon (the Gan Traditor of Italian poets) to expatiate on the necessity of their paying tribute and receiving baptism. They sent Charles a quantity of sweet wine and a thousand houris, but at the same time bribed the ambassador to betray his master. Gannalon, on his return to head-quarters, reported that Marsirius was well disposed to become a Christian and to pay tribute. Trusting

to this information, Charles made a disposition on his march to France, by which he lost the half of his army. He himself passed the Pyrenees in safety with part of his troops; but the second division, commanded by Orlando, consisting of 20,000 men, was unexpectedly attacked in the defiles of Roncesvalles, by a guerilla of 50,000 Saracens, and was cut to pieces, except Orlando and a few knights.[1]

The main body of the pagans having retired, Orlando discovered a stray Saracen, whom he bound to a tree. After this exploit he ascended an eminence, and sounded his ivory horn, which rallied around him a hundred Christians, the remains of his army. Though the pagans had, with little loss to themselves, reduced his soldiers from 20,000 to 100, Orlando by no means despaired of discomfiting the host of his enemy. He returned with his small band to the Saracen he had put in durance, and threatened to kill him unless he would show him Marsirius. The Saracen yielded to so powerful an argument, and pointed out his king, who was distinguished by his bay horse and

[1] The valley of Roncesvalles, where this catastrophe is supposed to have happened, lies to the north-east of Pampeluna. It extends to St Jean Pied de Porte in Basse Navarre, and receives its name from the mountain of Roncesvalles, which terminates this plain, and is accounted the highest of the Pyrenees.

round shield. Orlando rushed among the pagans and slew their monarch, which induced Beligandus to fall back with his army on Saragossa. In this brilliant enterprise the hundred Christians were killed, and their commander severely wounded. Wandering through a forest, Orlando arrived alone at the entrance to the pass of Cisera, where, exhausted with wounds, and grieving for the loss of his army, he threw himself under a tree. As a refreshment, he commenced a long address to his sword Durindana, which he complimented with all the superlatives in the Latin language—"Fortitudine firmissime, capulo eburneo candidissime, cruce aurea splendidissime," &c. &c.

The dying champion next blew his horn with such force that he burst it.[1] Charles, who was then in Gascony, heard the peal distinctly, and wished to return to the succour of his nephew, but was persuaded by Gannalon that he could be

[1] This horn has been of infinite service to future poets and romancers. Logystilla, in the Orlando Furioso (c. 15.), bestows it on Astolpho, and Prince Arthur's squire is furnished with a similar one by Spenser. The notion probably came to Turpin from Simeon Seth's Life of Alexander, where that monarch gives his war signal by a horn of irresistible power. All these have perhaps been derived from the horn of Alecto, in the 7th book of the Æneid.

in no danger, and that he was merely taking the diversion of hunting in the forests. The blast, however, brought to him Theodoricus, the only surviving knight. Orlando had received the sacrament that morning, and had confessed himself to certain priests, which this learned chronicle informs us was the universal custom of knights before proceeding to battle. Nothing, therefore, remained for the hero but to make a long prayer before he expired.

At this very moment Turpin was standing by King Charles, saying mass for the souls of certain persons lately deceased, and informs the reader, that while thus employed, he heard the songs of the angels who were conveying Orlando to Heaven. At the same time a phalanx of demons passed before the archbishop, and notified that they were so far on their way to Gehenna with the soul of one Marsirius, but that Michael, with an angel crowd, was conveying the trumpeter aloft (Tubicinem virum. cum multis Michael fert ad superna). As no person could doubt the accuracy of these respectable deponents, Turpin announced to Charles the death of his nephew. Charles immediately returned to Roncesvalles, where he uttered a learned lamentation over the remains of Orlando, whom he compared to Sam-

son, Saul, Jonathan, and Judas Maccabeus, and then embalmed the body with balsam, myrrh, and aloes.

Charles now thought of taking vengeance on the heathen, as an incitement to which the sun held out to him the same encouragement it had formerly done to Joshua. By this means he came up with the Saracens, while yet reposing on the banks of the Ebro in the neighbourhood of Saragossa. Of them he killed four thousand, a favourite number with this historian, and then returned to Roncesvalles. Here he instituted an enquiry into the conduct of Gannalon, and the champion of that traitor having been slain in single combat, he was tied to the four most ferocious horses in the army, and thus torn to pieces.

There is next related the manner in which the Christians preserved the bodies of their friends, and the final interment of each species of mummy.[1]

[1] The origin and incidents of this expedition of Charlemagne are told in a totally different manner by the Spanish historians. They assert that Charlemagne was called into Spain by Alphonso, king of Leon, on a promise to nominate him as a successor if he would assist in the expulsion of the Moors. Charlemagne was successful in his efforts against the infidels, but the nobles and chieftains of Alphonso disapproving of the ulterior part of their sovereign's compact, supported by Bernardo del Carpio, and at length by their

The emperor having returned to Paris, St Denis informed him, in a dream, that all those who had fallen in Spain had their sins forgiven; and at the same time took the opportunity of mentioning that a similar mercy would be extended to those who gave money for building his church. Those who contributed willingly were freed from all servitude, whence the name of Gaul was changed into France.

Charles had been much debilitated by his campaign in the peninsula. For the sake of the warm baths he repaired to Leodio (Liege), where he built a palace, in which was painted the story of his wars in Spain. Now it fell out that one day, while Turpin, who resided at Viennes, was officiating before the altar, an host of demons, who seem to be the newsmongers in this history, passed before him with unusual velocity. Having in-

own monarch, attacked and cut to pieces an immense army, with which the French emperor had encamped on the plain of Roncesvalles. The incidents are represented in a similar manner in the Spanish romantic poems. In the Orlando of Nicholas Espinosa, Con el verdadero successo de la famosa Batalla de Roncesvalles, published 1557, Bernardo del Carpio stiles Orlando to death, and the poet declares,

Cantera la verdad aquesta historia,
Y no segun Turpin Frances lo sientê.

terrogated one of these, who resembled an Ethiopian, and was lagging behind the rest, he was advertised that they were all going to attend at the death of Charles, and hurry his soul to Tartarus. Turpin requested that, having despatched their errand, they would return with the earliest intelligence. The fiends were faithful to their appointment, but were reduced to the mortifying acknowledgement that a Galician, without a head, having weighed the sins and merits of Charles, had deprived them of their expected prize, and conveyed the soul in a quite contrary direction from what they had intended. In fifteen days after, a special messenger or express arrived at Viennes, who confirmed the deposition of the demons as to the death of Charles, a loss which could have excited no surprise, as the sun and moon had prepared the minds of his subjects for the event, by assuming a black colour for six days preceding his decease. Besides, his name was spontaneously effaced from a church; and a wooden bridge over the Rhine, which took six years to build, had been recently consumed by internal fire.

Turpin concludes his history with a remark, which seems to be intended as the moral of the whole work, that he who builds a church on earth cannot fail of obtaining a place in Heaven.

I have given this minute analysis of the absurd chronicle of Turpin in deference to the common opinion, that it had a remarkable influence on the early romances relating to Charlemagne, and thence on the splendid monuments of human genius that have been erected by the Italian poets.

It must, however, be remarked, that there are few incidents in this work which breathe the spirit of romantic fiction. There are no castles nor dragons, no amorous knights, and no distressed damsels. The chronicle is occupied with wars on an extensive scale, and with the theological controversies of chiefs in the Saracen and Christian armies. Indeed the campaign of Charlemagne seems to have been chiefly formed on the model of the wars of Joshua. Jericho and Pampeluna fall in the same manner into the hands of the besiegers: the stratagem of Marsirius resembles that of the Gibeonites, and the victors divide the conquered lands in a similar manner among their followers. Many wonders, it is true, are related in the chronicle of Turpin, but they more resemble the miracles of the monkish legends than the beautiful fables that decorate romance. These fictions, according to the principles already established, must have flowed from other sources,

though the historical materials to be found in some of the romances of Charlemagne may have been derived from the chronicle. It has been much doubted whether the Italian poets consulted the original Turpin. Ariosto quotes him for stories of which he does not say a single word, and which are the most absurd and incredible in his poem; as Voltaire, subsequently, in the Pucelle d'Orleans, laid the *onus probandi* on the Abbé Tritheme. Thus in the Orlando Furioso,

> Scrive Turpino, come furo ai Passi
> Dell alto Atlante, che i cavalli loro
> Tutti in un punto diventaron Sassi.—C. 44.

Boiardo, whose Orlando Innamorato, in its original form, is the most serious of the romantic poems of Italy, jocularly calls the chronicle of Turpin his True History, as Cervantes terms his feigned authorities,

> La vera Historia di Turpin ragiona
> Che regnava in la terra d'Oriente, &c.

The incidents in the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci are those which approach nearest to the chronicle, yet Crescimbeni has asserted that it was

never seen by that father of romantic poetry.[1] The conclusion of the Morgante, however, seems almost copied from Turpin. Gano is there sent ambassador to King Marsilio to negociate a treaty: he treacherously writes that this king is ready to pay tribute, and requests Charlemagne to send his paladins to Roncesvalles to receive it. There they are attacked by the Saracens. Orlando sounded his horn, but Gano at first persuaded Charles that he was hunting. At the third blast, however, the king proceeded to Spain, but Orlando was dead before his arrival. He then besieged and took Saragossa; and, after the return to France, Gano was pulled to pieces by four horses. These circumstances bear a stronger resemblance to the chronicle of Turpin than to any intermediate romance, for it is clear that the French romance of Morgante is not the original, but a version of the Italian poem.

But whatever may have been its effect on the Italian poems, it is probable, from its wide circulation and great popularity, that the chronicle of Turpin had some influence on the romances of Charlemagne, or at least the metrical tales from

[1] Luigi Pulci spesso volta la cita piu per giuoco, crediam noi, che perche egli l' avesse veduta.

which they were immediately formed. The work was very generally read in the fourteenth century, and was several times translated into French with variations and additions. Of these versions the first is by Michel de Harnes, who lived as early as the time of Philip Augustus, and the next by Gaguin, who was librarian to Charles VIII. There were also a number of French metrical paraphrases, which were nearly coeval with the original chronicle.

In the reign of St Louis there appeared a romance in verse on the exploits of Charlemagne by an unknown author, which chiefly relates to the wars of that monarch with the Saxons, and their celebrated chief Guitichens (Witikend.)

About the time of Philip the Hardy, Girard, or Girardin, of Amiens, composed a metrical romance on the actions of Charlemagne, divided into three books. Of these the first gives an account of an early expedition of Charles, under the name of Maine, into Arragon, to assist Galafre, a Saracen, whose daughter he marries after vanquishing her father's enemies; a story which, in a much later romance, is told of Charles Martel. The second book contains his wars in Italy against Didier king of the Lombards, and differs little from what is contained in the authentic histories relating to

Charlemagne. The third book is a rhythmical version of the chronicle of Turpin.

Nearly at the same time, in another voluminous metrical romance, an account was given of Charlemagne's preparations for his expedition to the Holy Land, and the adventures of some of his knights who preceded him to that region. Nothing, however, is said of the conquest of Palestine, and indeed the reality of this enterprise is denied by all authentic historians, though it found its way into many of the absurd and fabulous chronicles of the 13th and 14th centuries.

There is another work somewhat resembling the chronicle of Turpin, which, according to the authors of L' Histoire Literaire de la France, was written in 1015, while the Count de Caylus places its composition in the reign of Lewis IX. It is called Philumena, a name derived from that of a pretended secretary of Charlemagne, but it was in fact written by a monk of the Abbey de Grasse. It contains an account of the exploits of the emperor against the Moors of Spain, but is more especially devoted to the history and miracles of the abbey, the foundation of which the author attributes to Charlemagne.

In the Reali di Francia, an ancient Italian chronicle, we are presented with a fabulous account of

the early periods of the French monarchy previous to the age of Charlemagne, the first exploits of that monarch, and the amours of Milo, father of Orlando, with Bertha, Charlemagne's sister.

There were also many rhythmical French romances on the subject of the *paladins* of Charlemagne. The northern bards, who followed Rollo to France, introduced their native traditions; those, for instance, relating to Ogier the Dane, and other northern heroes, who were afterwards enlisted into the tales of chivalry. The earliest French metrical romances related, as we have seen, to Arthur; but when Normandy had fallen under the dominion of the kings of France, and that country began to look on England with an eye of jealousy, which was the prelude to more open hostility, the native minstrels changed their theme of the praises of the Round Table knights to the more acceptable subject of the paladins of Charlemagne. In the 13th century, Adenez, who was a kind of poet laureat to Henry III., duke of Brabant, wrote the metrical romance, L'Enfance d' Ogier le Danois; and about the same period, Huon de Villeneuve produced the still more celebrated compositions of Regnauld de Montauban, Doolin de Mayence, Maugis d' Aygremont, and Quatre fils Aimon.

The ancient chronicles and metrical romances above mentioned, may be considered as sources which supplied with materials the early writers of the prose romances relating to Charlemagne; but though they may have suggested his expedition to Spain and the Holy Land, with several other circumstances, the authors of the prose romances of Charlemagne seem to have written more from fancy, and less slavishly to have followed the metrical tales by which they were preceded, than the compilers of the fables concerning Arthur. They added incidents which were the creatures of their own imagination, and embellished their dreams with the *speciosa miracula*, derived from the fables of Arabia, or from northern and classical mythology. Heroes of romance, besides, are frequently decorated with the attributes belonging to their predecessors or descendants. Many of the events related in the romantic story of Charlemagne are historically true with regard to Charles Martel. When the fame of the latter was eclipsed by the renown of Charlemagne, the songs of the minstrels, and legends of the monks, transferred the exploits of the Armorican chief to his more illustrious descendant.

Thus, from the ancient chronicles and early metrical romances; from the exploits of indivi-

dual heroes, concentrated in one; from the embellishments added by the imagination of the author, and the charms of romantic fiction, sprung those formidable compilations we are about to encounter, and which form the second division of Romances of Chivalry.

It is still more difficult to fix the dates of the fabulous tales relating to Charlemagne than of those of the Round Table.

HUON DE BOURDEAUX,[1]

though written in verse by Huon de Villeneuve, as far back as the 13th century, is not, in its present form, supposed to be long anterior to the invention of printing, as there are no manuscripts of it extant. It is said, indeed, at the end of the work, that it was written by desire of Charles Seigneur de Rochfort, and completed on the 29th of January, 1454; but it is suspected that the conclusion is of a date somewhat more recent than the first part of the romance. The oldest

[1] Les prouesses et faicts merveilleux du noble Huon de Bordeaulx, Per de France, Duc de Guyenne.

edition is one in folio, without date, and the second is in quarto, 1516. There are also different impressions in the original language of a more recent period. Huon of Bourdeaux, indeed, seems to have been a favourite romance, not only among the French, but also with other nations. The English translation, executed by Lord Berners in the reign of Henry VIII., has gone through three editions, and it has lately formed the subject of the finest poem in the German language.

As the incidents in the Oberon of Wieland are nearly the same with those in the old French romance, and are universally known through the beautiful translation of Mr Sotheby, it will not be necessary to give so full an analysis of the work as it would be otherwise entitled to, from its antiquity, singularity, and beauty.

Huon, and his brother Girard, while travelling from their own domains of Guyenne to pay homage to Charlemagne, are treacherously way-laid by Charlot, the emperor's son, who, by the advice of evil counsellors, had formed the design of appropriating their possessions. Having killed, though in self-defence, the favourite son of his sovereign, Huon could not obtain pardon, except on the whimsical condition that he should proceed to the court of the Saracen Amiral, or Emir Gau-

disse, who ruled in Bagdad—that he should appear while this potentate was at table—cut off the head of the bashaw who sat at his right-hand—kiss his daughter three times, and bring, as a tribute to Charlemagne, a lock of his white beard, and four of his most efficient grinders.

Before setting out on this excursion, Huon proceeds to Rome, where he is advised by his uncle, the pope, to perform a pilgrimage to Palestine, and thence depart on the remainder of his expedition.

Having complied with this injunction, and visited the holy sepulchre, Huon sets out for the coast of the Red Sea, but wanders in a forest, where he supports himself with wild fruits and honey till the end of the third day, when he meets an old man of gigantic stature, naked, as far as clothes were concerned, but covered with long hair. This *ancien preudhomme*, as he is called, addresses Huon in a dialect of the French language, informs him that his name is Gerasmès, and that he is brother to the mayor of Bourdeaux; he had been made prisoner in a battle with the Saracens, but having escaped from slavery, and possessing much of the *sçavoir vivre*, he had judiciously chosen to reside thirty years in the forest in his present comfortable pr[illegible]ument.

Gerasmes informs Huon that from this wilderness two roads led to the states of Gaudisso, one a journey of forty days, the other less tedious, but extremely dangerous, as it passed through the forest inhabited by Oberon, who metamorphosed the knights who were bold enough to trespass, into hobgoblins, and animals of various descriptions.

Our hero having, of course, decided in favour of the most perilous road, he and Gerasmes penetrate into the thickest part of the forest of Oberon. Having followed a path through the wood to a considerable distance, they sit down almost exhausted with famine under an oak. At this hour Oberon, who was apparently a child of four years of age, of resplendent beauty, and clothed in a robe sparkling with precious stones, was parading through the forest. The dwarf accosts Huon and his attendants, but, enraged at their silence, raises a frightful tempest. Huon attempts to escape through the thickets, but is soon overtaken by Oberon, who allays the storm, and sounds a magic horn, which throws the attendants of Huon into convulsions of merriment and dancing. Oberon, at length having ceased to blow the horn, enters into conversation with the knight: he commences an account of his own pedigree, and de-

clares that he is the son of Julius Cæsar and a fairy, who was lady of the Hidden Isle, now Chifalonia, in which she had received the Roman chief, when on his voyage to Thessaly to attack Pompey. Many rare endowments had been bestowed on Oberon at his birth, but a malevolent fairy, offended at not being invited to attend on that occasion, had decreed that his stature should not increase after he was three years of age. Oberon farther professed the utmost esteem for Huon and his kindred, as a proof of which he immediately raised up a sumptuous palace for his reception, where he was entertained with a magnificent banquet, at which the fairy presided in great state. After the repast he presented Huon with a goblet, which, in the hands of a good man, spontaneously filled with wine, and also the ivory horn, which, if softly sounded, would make every one dance who was not of irreproachable character, and, if blown with violence, would bring Oberon himself to his assistance, at the head of 100,000 soldiers.

Fortified with these gifts, Huon proceeds on his journey. After travelling a few days, he arrives at the city of Tourmont, which he finds is governed by one of his uncles, who, in his youth, had gone on a penitential pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and having become the slave of the Emir Gau-

disse, had been deputed to govern a Saracen city as a reward for renouncing the Christian faith. In this place Huon attracts immediate notice by feasting all the poor of the city out of his enchanted cup. This procures Huon a visit from his apostate uncle, to whom he introduces himself as a nephew, and presents him with the goblet filled with wine; but as his relative was a person of abandoned character, the liquor instantly disappears. The renegado receives his nephew with apparent kindness, but privately meditates his destruction. He accordingly invites him and Gerasmes to a sumptuous banquet, but orders one of his agas to place guards in the antichamber, who should be ready to attack the Christians. This officer was of French birth, and having been befriended in his youth by the father of Huon, he fills the anti-room with Christian prisoners, whom he had set at liberty. Accordingly the traitor's command for an attack on Huon is the signal for a general massacre of the pagans. The emir, however, having escaped, assembles his forces and besieges his nephew, who remained in the palace. Huon, considering this as an occasion sufficiently important to demand the assistance of Oberon, sounds his horn, and while the besiegers are in consequence dancing with prodigious agility, the Chris-

tians are reinforced by an army of a hundred thousand men, with the fairy as generalissimo. The governor's troops being immediately cut to pieces, and he himself slain, Huon prepares for his departure. Oberon gives him a last advice concerning his journey, warning him particularly not to approach the tower possessed by Angoulaffre, a cruel giant, who could only be vanquished by a person defended by a certain hauberk, which the monster unfortunately kept in his custody.

To this very tower Huon directs his course, and, entering it while the giant is asleep, he arms himself with the fatal hauberk, awakens the lord of the manor, and kills him by the assistance of a lady, who was confined there, and who finds a kinsman in her deliverer.

Huon follows up this exploit by possessing himself of a ring which had been sent to the giant as a tribute from Gaudisse. Here he dismisses Gerasmes and the rest of his retinue, and having crossed an arm of the Red Sea on the back of Malebron, one of the spirits of Oberon, he at length arrives at Babylon (Bagdad) in Arabia, where that emir held his court.

Having entered the palace, and passed the saloon where the emir was banqueting with a few tributary sultans, Huon suddenly interrupts the

pleasures of the entertainment by removing the head of the king of Hyrcania, who was the intended husband of Esclarmonde, the daughter of Gaudisse, and was then seated at the right-hand of her father. He next fulfils the second part of his mission, on the lips of the princess, and concludes with promulgating his designs against the beard and grinders of the emir. This potentate was but ill prepared with an answer to so novel a proposition, and a mode of address somewhat unusual at his board. Huon, however, having produced the ring of Angoulaffre, is at first heard with tolerable patience; but when he mentions how he became possessed of it, the emir orders him to be apprehended. The knight at first defends himself with great courage, and kills many of the assailants, but is at last overpowered by numbers. It was now in vain to have recourse to his horn; at the first gate of the palace, Huon, in order to gain admittance, had professed himself a mussulman, a falsehood which rendered the horn of no avail, since from that moment his character had ceased to be irreproachable. He is loaded with chains and precipitated into a dungeon, where the emir intended he should be tormented with the punishments of hunger and bondage, as pre-

paratory to that of being burned alive, which was in reserve. Huon receives sustenance, however, and many consolatory visits, from the beautiful Esclarmonde, interviews which must have been the more agreeable, as he could not be conscious of any claims to the favour of that princess, farther than having cut off the head of her lover, insulted her father, and knocked out the brains of his body-guards.

After a few tender conversations, Esclarmonde professes her readiness to become a Christian. In many of the romances of Charlemagne, the fable hinges on the assistance given by Saracen princesses to Christian knights, and the treasons practised for their lovers' sake against their fathers or brothers. It must, indeed, be confessed, that they are not of the sex to which the Mahometan religion is most seductive.

When this good understanding had been established, in order to secure Huon against the dangers with which he was threatened, his jailor, who had been bribed by Esclarmonde, informs the emir that his prisoner had died two days ago, and had been interred in the dungeon.

At this period, Gerasmes, whom we left at the tower of Angoulaffre, arrives at Bagdad, and, along with Esclarmonde, plots the deliverance of

Huon. The princess had now become so furious a Christian, that she declared to Huon, " que n' est homme que plus Je hais que l' admiral Gaudisse mon pere, pource qu'il ne croit en nostre seigneur Jhesu Christ." Her hatred, indeed, had risen to so high a pitch, that she insisted on her father being murdered in his sleep.—" A l' heure de minuit Je vous meneray en la chambre de mon pere; vous le trouverez dormant, puis incontinent le occirez: Et quant est a moy, Je vueil bien estre la premiere qui le premier coup luy baillera." These plans are aided by the invasion of Agrapard, the brother of Angoulaffre, who enters the capital at the head of a formidable army, reproaches the emir (most unreasonably one should think) for not having avenged the death of that giant, and suggests the alternative of paying a triple tribute or denuding himself of his kingdom.

The emir could find no person at his court who would encounter this champion. After cursing his gods at considerable length, and to no purpose, Esclarmonde embraces this favourable opportunity, to confess that Huon is still in existence. The knight is accordingly brought forth from his dungeon, and the emir promises that if he vanquish Agrapard, he will not only allow his beard

to be plucked, but will patiently submit to a partial extraction of his grinders.

Huon, having overcome the giant, proposes to Gaudisse, that, in lieu of the despoliation of his beard and grinders, he should consent to be baptized. This alteration in the agreement not being relished by the emir, he orders Huon to be seized, who, trusting that his long sufferings had now appeased Oberon, sounds the horn with the requisite vehemence. The surmise of the knight is justified by the event: the fairy king appears with a formidable army, and the head of the emir is struck off by an invisible hand. The beard and teeth thus become an easy prey to the conqueror, and are sewed up by Oberon in the side of Gerasmes, who was in attendance. Huon loads two vessels with the treasures of the emir, and sails for Italy with Esclarmonde, after being threatened by Oberon with the severest punishments, if he should anticipate the delights of matrimony previous to the fulfilment of its graver ceremonies.

In most romances, when a superior being receives a mortal into favour, some test of obedience is required. This is usually violated, and the consequent misfortunes form a series of endless incidents. As to Huon, he seems never to have re-

ceived any injunction from Oberon, without acting in direct opposition to it. Gerasmes, foreseeing the fate of the lovers, sets sail for France in one of the ships, carrying in his side the precious deposit of beard and grinders. Scarcely had he left the vessel in which Huon and Esclarmonde are conveyed, when their conduct gives rise to a tempest more boisterous than the description of the youngest poet. The ship goes to pieces on a desert island, where the lovers wander about for some time, and renew the offence that had given rise to the late hurricane; but, though on shore, they are not permitted to violate the injunctions of Oberon with impunity. A band of corsairs arriving on the island, one of their number, who had been a subject of the emir Gaudisse, immediately recognises Esclarmonde. Those pirates leave Huon in the island, bound to a tree, and, in hopes of a great recompense, sail with the princess for the capital of Yvoirin, emir of Montbrant, and uncle of Esclarmonde. Though Huon was not in the vessel, a tempest drives it to the coast of Anfalerne. The captain having entered one of the ports of that kingdom, Galafre, the ruler of the country, comes on board, and on their refusal to deliver up the princess, puts the whole crew to death, with the exception of one pirate, who es-

capes to Montbrant. Esclarmonde is conducted to the seraglio, and informed that she must prepare to accept the hand of her new master; but she pretends that she had lately made a vow of chastity for two years, which the emir promises to respect.

Oberon, meanwhile, being touched with pity for the misfortunes of Huon, permits Malebron, one of his spirits, to go to his assistance. This emissary, taking Huon on his back, lands him in the territory of King Yvoirin. As the mercy of the fairy king had not extended so far as to provide the delinquent with victuals or raiment, he wanders naked through the country in quest of provisions. In a meadow he falls in with an old man eating heartily, who had formerly been a minstrel at the court of Gaudisse, and engages Huon to carry his harp and his wallet for food and clothing. On the same evening they arrive at the court of Yvoirin. The minstrel performs in such a manner as to obtain rewards from all the courtiers: his attendant also attracts much notice, and by command of Yvoirin, plays at chess with his daughter, on conditions which show that this emir possessed the greatest confidence in the skill of the princess, or had very little regard to the honour of his family. The lady, who fell in love

with Huon during the game, purposely allows herself to be check-mated. But the knight being resolved to preserve his fidelity to Esclarmonde, commutes the stake he had gained for a sum of money,—" Et la pucelle sen alla moult dolente et courroucée, et dist en elle mesmes, ha maulvais cueur, failly de Mahom soys confondu, car si J' eusse sceu que autre chose n' eusses voulu faire Je te eusse matté, si en eusses eu le chief tranché."

Yvoirin, long before this time, had been informed of the detention of his niece by Galafre. He had accordingly sent to demand the restitution of Esclarmonde, which being refused, hostilities had commenced between these neighbouring sultans. The day after the arrival of Huon at the court of Yvoirin had been fixed for an invasion of the enemy's territories. Huon having learned the cause of the war, feels every motive for exertion: he procures some rusty arms, mounts an old hackney, and, though thus accoutred, his valour chiefly contributes to the defeat of Galafre.

A new resource, however, presents itself to the vanquished monarch. It will be recollected that Gerasmes had left Huon at a most momentous crisis, and the lover had rendered himself culpable so soon after the departure of his friend, that the ship in which Gerasmes was embarked, had experienced

the full force of the tempest which wrecked the vessel of Huon and Esclarmonde. He had, in consequence, been driven out of his course, and, after being long tempest-tost, had sought shelter in the port of Anfalerne. To Gerasmes the king communicates the situation of his affairs, and proposes that he should defy a champion of the army of Yvoirin. Gerasmes having consented to this, goes out from Anfalerne with a few Christian friends, and, in a short time, finds himself engaged with Huon of Bourdeaux. Having recognised each other in the course of the combat, Gerasmes, with great presence of mind, proposes that they should unite their arms, and defeat the miscreants. The small band of Christians makes a prodigious slaughter in the Saracen army, and pushing on at full speed, gets possession of the capital of Galafre.

That prince, who seems to have been no less remarkable for rapidity of conception than the Christians, joins the remains of his forces to those of Yvoirin, and begs him to lead them on against Huon, to recover his capital. Galafre is as unsuccessful in the coalition as he was singly. The allied army is totally repulsed in an attack upon the city, and Esclarmonde being now delivered from her captivity in the seraglio, the Christians possess themselves of the treasure of Galafre, and

embark on board a vessel in which the mayor of Bourdeaux, with more good fortune than probability, had arrived during the siege. Huon is landed safe in Italy, and is formally united to Esclarmonde at Rome: but, on his road to the court of Charlemagne, he is way-laid by his brother Girard, who had possessed himself of his dukedom, and was ruling over it with unexampled tyranny. The usurper pays his brother an apparently kind visit at the abbey of St Maurice, where he lodged a few days on his journey to Paris. Having learned from Huon the secret of the treasure contained in the side of Gerasmes, he attacks the bearer on his way from the monastery, opens his side, takes out the beard and grinders, and sends him along with his master and Esclarmonde in chains to Bourdeaux. The traitor then proceeds to Paris, informs Charlemagne that his brother has not accomplished the object of his mission, and asks a gift of his dukedom. Charlemagne repairs to Bourdeaux, where Huon is tried by the peers, and after much deliberation he is finally condemned by the voice of the emperor. Huon and Gerasmes are sentenced to be drawn and quartered, and Esclarmonde to be led to the stake. Charlemagne defers the execution till mid-day, that while seated at dinner he may feast his eyes with the punishment of the

destroyer of his son. The spectacle is about to commence, when suddenly the gates of the hall in which the emperor was seated, are seized by a formidable army. A splendid table is prepared, and elevated above the sovereign's. Oberon enters the hall to the sound of trumpets and cymbals. The chains drop from the prisoners, and they are arrayed in splendid vestments. Oberon reproaches Charlemagne with injustice, and threatens him with the disclosure of his most secret crimes. He concludes with producing the spoils of the emir, and delivering up Girard to the punishment that had been destined for Huon. The fairy then retires with the same solemnity with which he had entered, after inviting Huon and Esclarmonde to pay him their respects in his enchanted dominions.

The story of Huon of Bourdeaux is here completely finished, but there is a long continuation which seems to be by a different hand, and is apparently of a much later date than the work of which an abstract has been given. In the original romance, Huon begins his exploits by slaying the son of Charlemagne. He recommences his career in this second production by cutting off the head of the son of Thiery, emperor of Germany. That monarch in revenge carries war into the states of

Guienne. Huon defends himself successfully for some time, but at length sets out for the east, to beg assistance from the brother of Esclarmonde, to whom, though he had slain his father and seduced his sister, he thought himself entitled to apply.

During his absence Bourdeaux is taken, Gerasmes killed, and Esclarmonde conducted captive to the German court, where she is persecuted with love propositions by the emperor.

While on his voyage to Asia, Huon experiences a tremendous storm. When the tempest has abated, the vessel is carried away by a rapid and irresistible current, which draws it into a dangerous whirlpool. Huon perceiving a man swimming in the midst of the waters, and hearing him utter deep lamentations, orders the seamen to slack sails in order to gratify his curiosity. The swimmer proclaims himself to be Judas Iscariot, and declares that he was doomed to be tossed in this gulf to all eternity, with no protection from the fury of the elements but a small piece of cloth, which, while on earth, he had bestowed in charity. Judas also recommends to Huon to use every exertion to get out of the whirlpool. At his suggestion, all the sails being set, the vessel is carried before a favourable wind, and the master of the

vessel makes for a distant shore, on which he descries what appears to him a small house, surrounded by a wood. After four days sail these objects prove to be a palace of miraculous magnitude and splendour, and the masts of innumerable vessels which had been wrecked on the rock of adamant on which this magnificent structure was situated. The pilot having now no longer power over the holm, the ship strikes on the rock, to which it was irresistibly attracted. Huon alone gets safe on shore, and after wandering for some time among tremendous precipices and sterile vallies, he climbs to the enchanted palace, which is beautifully described.[1] Here he enjoys no society for a long while but that of a hideous serpent, which he has the pleasure of despatching; but at length, in a remote apartment, he discovers five fairies performing the office of pastry cooks, who explain to him that this building had been constructed by the Lady of the Hidden Isle to protect her lover Julius Cæsar from the fury of three kings of Egypt, whose vessels, while in pursuit, had struck on the rock of adamant, and from whose treasures the palace had been so splendidly furnished. After a long stay in this island Huon is at length

[1] See Appendix, No. 17.

carried off by a griffin, which occasionally haunted the shore; and at the end of a long aërial voyage, is set down on the top of a high mountain, which seems to have been a place of rendezvous for these animals. Our hero kills four of their number, which was rather an ungrateful return for the safe conduct which he had received from their fellow monster. Soon after his arrival on this spot he discovers the Fountain of Youth, in which he has no sooner bathed than he feels recruited from the effects of his late perils and labours, and recovers his pristine vigour. This fiction of the fountain of youth has been almost as universal as the desire of health and longevity. There is a fountain of this nature in the Greek romance of Ismene and Ismenias, in the German Book of Heroes, and the French Fabliau of Coquaigne,—

——— La Fontaine de Jovent
Qui fit rajovenir le gent.

By the margin of this fountain, in which Huon had immersed himself, grew a tree, of which the apples partook of the resuscitating properties of the waters by which its roots were nourished. Huon is permitted by a celestial voice to gather three of these apples, and is also directed to the path by which he is to proceed. Having there-

fore descended the hill, he reaches the banks of a river, and embarks in a pinnace decked with gold and precious stones. This boat is carried down a stream with surprising velocity, and enters a subterraneous canal lighted by the radiance of gems, which formed the channel of the water, and of which Huon gathers a handful. The roar of the waves and tempest above is distinctly heard, but after a few days voyage the bark emerges into a tranquil sea, which he recognises to be the Persian Gulf. He lands in safety at the port of Tauris, where a skilful lapidary having inspected the precious stones which he had picked up during his subterraneous voyage, declares that one preserved from fire and poison, a second cured all diseases, a third repressed hunger and thirst, and a fourth rendered the wearer invisible. The possession of these very valuable articles procures for Huon a favourable reception from the old sultan of that district, on whom our hero bestows one of the apples of youth, which he had no sooner tasted than he receives the strength and appearance of a man of thirty. From motives of gratitude the sultan permits himself to be baptized, and places a fleet and army under the command of Huon, with which he now proceeds to the assistance of Esclarmonde. On his way he lands at the

desart island of Abillant in quest of adventures, and his fleet being instantly dispersed by a storm, he is forced to remain. After wandering about for some time he ascends a mountain, whose summit formed a plain, round which a cask was rolling with wonderful noise and velocity. Huon arrests its progress with a hammer, and the inhabitant proclaims himself to be Cain, adding, that the cask is full of serpents and sharp spikes, and that he is doomed to loll in it till the day of judgment. The knight accordingly refuses to interfere in his punishment, and leaves him to prosecute his career in this uncomfortable conveyance.

In the course of his conversation with Cain, Huon was informed that a demon, who had been the contractor for this machine, was waiting for the fratricide in a boat near the shore. Availing himself of this hint he proceeds to the beach, and the evil spirit mistaking him for Cain, whom he personates, receives him into the bark and lands him on the opposite coast,—a contrivance which shows that the knight had not altogether forgotten the practices by which, in his youth, he gained admission to the hall of the emir of Babylon, and by which he first forfeited the favour of Oberon. In the present instance, however, his departure from truth is not followed by any punishment or disas-

ter: on the contrary, he rejoins his fleet on the coast to which he had been transported by the fiend, and thence sets sail for France.

Huon does not seem to have been in any great haste to bring assistance to Esclarmonde. He visits Jerusalem on his way, and enters most gratuitously into a war with the sultan of Egypt.

On arriving at Marseilles he dismisses the Asiatic fleet, and proceeds to pay a visit to his uncle, the abbot of Clugny, whom he presents with one of the apples of youth. In the habit of a pilgrim he next comes to the court of Thiery, emperor of Germany, who at length agrees to restore his wife, and receives the third apple as his reward. Huon and Esclarmonde pay a short visit to their dominions, and then set out, according to invitation, for the enchanted forest of Oberon, who installs his favourite knight in the empire of Faëry, and expires shortly after. The remainder of the romance, or rather fairy tale, contains an account of the reign of Huon, and his disputes with Arthur (who had hoped for the appointment,) as to the sovereignty of Fairy-land; and also the adventures of the Duchess Clairette, the daughter of Huon and Esclarmonde, from whom was descended the illustrious family of Capet.

There are few romances of chivalry which possess more beauty and interest than Huon of Bourdeaux;—the story, however, is too long protracted, and the first part seems to have exhausted the author's stores of imagination. Huon is a more interesting character than most of the knights of Charlemagne. Even his weaknesses and disobedience of Oberon arise from excess of love or the ardour of military enterprise; and our prepossession in his favour is much enhanced by a mildness of nature and tenderness of heart, superior to that of other heroes of chivalry. The subordinate characters in the work are also happily drawn: nothing can be better represented than the honest fidelity and zeal of Gerasmes, the struggles in the breast of the mother of Huon between maternal tenderness and devoted loyalty to Charlemagne, and the mixed character of that monarch, in which equity and moderation predominate, but are ever warped by an excess of blind paternal affection.

The early part of the romance of Huon bears a striking resemblance to the adventures of Otnit, king of Lombardy, related near the commencement of the Teutonic metrical romance of The Book of Heroes, which was written by the knight

Wolfram of Bavaria early in the 13th century, and of which an entertaining analysis has been given in the Illustrations of Northern Antiquities. Otnit, we are told, before setting out for Syria in order to gain the hand of its princess, met the dwarf Elberich, who was clothed in armour dighted with gold and diamonds. This dwarf presented Otnit with various gifts which possessed a magic power, and which prove of infinite service on his arrival in Syria. Elberich afterwards gave him personal assistance in his contest with the heathen father of his destined mistress; and on one occasion, having rendered himself invisible, he tore a handful of hair from the beard of the pagan, and pulled out several of the teeth of his queen. The princess becomes enamoured of the knight, and is at last willingly delivered into his hands by the dwarf, who warns him, however, not to be guilty of any amorous indiscretions till his bride should be baptized.

Some analogy also subsists between the second part of Huon and the second and sixth voyages of Sindbad; but its resemblance to the voyages of Aboulfaouaris, in the Persian Tales, is much more striking. Judas swimming in the gulf corresponds with the story of the man whom the Persian ad-

venturer fished up on his first voyage, and who had whirled about for three years, as a penance, in the sea near Java. This renowned mariner also escapes from an island, on which he had been wrecked, by a subterraneous passage which the sea had formed through one of its mountains; and by the assistance of a neighbouring king he is enabled to succour his wife, of whose danger he had been apprized in a dream. The story of Cain and the attendant fiend in Huon, is the model or imitation of the Brazen Island, to which the ship of Aboulfaouaris is carried by an irresistible current, and in which he beholds the punishment of the Afrite or Rebel Genius. Indeed the works of eastern fable are full of traditions concerning the punishments of Cain, one of which, it is somewhere said, was, that he could not be killed by spikes piercing his body. The author of the Arabic *Catena*, a collection of oriental commentaries on scripture, makes him proof against all the elements; a sword could not hurt him, fire could not burn, water could not drown, nor lightning strike him (c. 8), a curse resembling that which was imposed by Kehama.

The next romance relating to knights, contemporary with Charlemagne, is that of

GUERIN DE MONTGLAVE.[1]

" A l' issue de l' yver que le joly temps d' esté commence, et qu' on voit les arbres florir et leurs fleurs espanyr, les oysillons chanter en toute joye et doulceur tant que leurs tons et doulx chants retentissent si melodieusement que toute joye et lyesse est de les escouter et ouyr ; tant que oueurs tristes pensifs et dolens s' en esjouissent et esmeuvent a delaisser dueil et toute tristesse, et se perforcent de valoir mieux—en celuy temps estoit a Montglave, le noble Duc Guerin, qui tant fut en son temps preux et vaillant chevalier." This Guerin, who was brother of the duke of Aquitaine, and ruled in Montglave (Lyons), a city he had acquired by his own prowess, had four sons. After reproaching them at a high festival for indolence and gluttony, he dismisses them from his palace in order to push their fortunes in the world. Arnaud, the eldest, is sent to his uncle Girard, duke

[1] Histoire du tres preux et vaillant Guerin de Montglave, lequel fit en son temps plusieurs nobles et illustres faits en armes ; et aussi parle des terribles et merveilleux faits de Robastre et Perdicon pour secourir le dit Guerin et ses enfants.—*Paris, sans date*, 4to.

of Aquitaine; Millon, the second, proceeds to Pavia, and Girard and Regnier to the court of Charlemagne. The romance contains the separate adventures of the four knights, of which those of Arnaud alone are in any degree interesting.

Arnaud on his arrival at the capital of Aquitaine finds that Girard was dead, and that Hunault, his natural brother, had seized on the dukedom; but, though attended only by a single squire, so completely was the usurper detested, that the principal inhabitants immediately invest Arnaud with the sovereignty. Hunault, unable openly to withstand this general disaffection, has recourse to stratagem. He pretends that he had only meant to preserve the dukedom for his brother, gradually insinuates himself into the confidence of Arnaud, and becomes his chief adviser. In a short while he proposes to him an union with the Saracen princess Fregonda, the daughter of a sultan, called Florant, who reigned in Lombardy; and further, persuades him to pay a visit to the court of that monarch. Hoping to obtain a beautiful princess, and convert an infidel, Arnaud sets out for Lombardy, accompanied by Hunault, who had previously informed the sultan that his brother was coming to solicit his daughter in marriage, and to abjure the Christian religion. The sultan and

Arnaud are thus put at cross purposes. The former leaves the work of conversion to his daughter, but this princess had no sooner begun to love Arnaud, than she found that she could not endure Mahomet. Hunault is informed of the sentiments of the princess by his brother Arnaud, and immediately acquaints the sultan. In communicating this intelligence, he proposes that Arnaud should be confined in a dungeon, and at the same time offers on his own part to assume the turban, should Florant agree to assist him in recovering possession of Aquitaine. These proposals being accepted, Arnaud is thrown into confinement, and Hunault sets out by a retired road for the duchy. On his way he is suddenly seized with remorse for his apostacy and treason. Hearing a clock strike while in the midst of a forest, he turns towards the place whence the sound proceeded, and arrives at the gate of a hermitage, which is opened by a giant of horrible aspect. The singular recluse was Robastre, who had been the companion in arms of Guerin of Montglave, and had retired to this forest to perform penance. Hunault insists on confessing his sins, and the catalogue being finished, Robastre immediately knocks out his brains. The ground of this commentary on the confession is, that he would thus die penitent; but that if he lived, he would

infallibly relapse into iniquity; a train of reasoning certainly more gigantic than theological.

Robastre next turns his attention to the best means of delivering Arnaud from prison. He first goes to consult with Perdigon, who had been formerly a companion of Guerin, and was once tolerably versed in the black art, but had for some time renounced all his evil practices, and retired to a cell in the same forest with Robastre. This enchanter is at first scrupulous about renewing his intercourse with the devil, but at length satisfies his conscience on the score of good intentions.

The giant arms himself with an old cuirass, which was buried below his hermitage, and throwing over it a robe, gains admittance to the court of the sultan Florant in the character of a mendicant dervis. He soon obtains a private interview with the princess, and introduces himself as a Christian, and the friend of Arnaud. In return he is informed by her that she pays frequent visits in secret to Arnaud, to whom she promises to procure him access. With this view she acquaints her father that Robastre is the most learned Mollah she had ever conversed with, and that if admitted to the prisoner he could not fail to convert him. Robastre is thus introduced into the dungeon, and privately concerts with Arnaud the means of escape. In

the course of the ensuing night the princess arrives with provisions, with which the Mahometan ladies in romance are always careful abundantly to supply their lovers. Robastre taking a goblet of water, baptizes the princess, and unites her to Arnaud. Having then knocked out the brains of the jailor, he breaks open the trap-door of the prison, and thus gets possession of the tower, of which the dungeon formed the foundation.

Arnaud escapes to Aquitaine, that he may assert his sovereignty, and afterwards return to the assistance of Robastre and the princess, who remain together in the tower. In that hold they are besieged by the sultan and his forces, but Robastre makes different *sorties*, in which he is always successful, being aided by the enchantments of his friend Perdigon, who at one time pelts the Saracens with incessant hail, and at others cuts them up by means of fantastic knights in black armour Robastre, availing himself of the confusion into which the Saracens were thrown by one of these attacks, escapes with the princess, and arrives safe in Aquitaine. Here they have the mortification to find that Arnaud had been imprisoned by the maternal uncles of Hunault. They are vanquished, however, in single combat by Robastre. Arnaud is then restored to his dukedom, and soon

after succeeds to the Lombard principality, by the conversion and abdication of his father-in-law. His subjects also become Christians, for in those days they implicitly conformed to the religion of their prince, instead of forcing him to adopt the faith of his people.

During these interesting transactions, Millon, the second son of Guerin of Montglave, had married his cousin, the daughter and heiress of the duke of Pavia. Regnier had been united to the duchess of Genoa, after defeating a ponderous giant, who was an unwelcome suitor, and Girard had espoused the countess of Thoulouse by the interest of Charlemagne, who conceived himself obliged to provide for the children of Guerin of Montglave, as he had, on one occasion, lost his whole kingdom to him at a game of chess.

To these provisions, however, there seems to have been no end, for Aimery, Arnaud's son, having grown up, came to demand a settlement on the plea of the game at chess. During one of his audiences, at which the queen was present, he seizes her majesty by the foot and overthrows her. Charlemagne thinks it necessary to avenge this insult by besieging Viennes, the capital of Girard's territories, who is assisted in his defence by his three brothers and Robastre. After a good deal

of general and promiscuous fighting, it is agreed that the quarrel should be decided by single combat. Roland is chosen on the part of Charlemagne, and Olivier, son of Regnier duke of Genoa, on the side of Girard.[1] These two champions had become acquainted during a truce, and recognising each other in the heat of combat, they drop their arms and embrace with much cordiality. By their means a reconciliation is effected, and the paladins of France resolve to turn their united arms against the Saracens.

During the combat with Olivier, Roland had been at one time in imminent danger, and Charlemagne had vowed a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The account of that expedition is detailed in the commencement of the romance of

GALYEN RHETORÉ,[2]

which was first printed at Paris in the year 1500. In that work Charlemagne and his paladins, among whom was Olivier, son of the duke of Genoa, pro-

[1] See Appendix, No. 18.

[2] Nobles prouesses et vaillances de Galyen Rhetoré, fils du noble Olivier le Marquis et de la belle Jacqueline fille du Roi Hugues, qui fut Empereur de Constantinople.

ceed incognito to Jerusalem. Having betrayed themselves at that place by their eagerness in search of relics, the patriarch of Jerusalem considers it indispensable that they should pay a visit of ceremony to King Hugues. They find this monarch encamped on a vast plain with his grandees, who were all neat-herds or drovers, and his majesty a waggoner. Roland looked into court, where he counted 100,000 hogs, who were feeding on wheat. The paladins enquired if there was lodging for them, and were told by the porter that he had room for four thousand. On the day of their arrival the French peers were very kindly entertained at table, but, notwithstanding the ample accommodation, they were lodged in the same apartment at night. King Hugues, though a very good man, was extremely curious to learn what strangers said of his hospitality, and accordingly concealed an interpreter in a corner of the chamber allotted to his guests. The peers being unable to sleep, began to brag (*gaber*). Roland boasted that he could sound his horn with such force that it would bring down the palace: Ogier, the Dane, averred that he would crumble to dust one of the chief pillars of the edifice: the boasts of Olivier, the youngest of the peers, related to the beautiful Princess Jacquelina, the daughter of Hugues. The king is

informed of this conversation before retiring to rest, and being much disappointed at hearing nothing but improbable lies, instead of the expected praises of his hospitality, he treats his guests with much less civility, next morning, than he had formerly used. Having learned the cause of his resentment, the paladins depute Orlando to acquaint him that their boasts were mere pleasantries. King Hugues, however, informs him that he thought they were in very bad taste, and that the paladins must consent to remain his prisoners, or perform what they had undertaken. Nothing but a very bitter aversion to liars could have driven the good king to this hasty measure, since he was obliged in its execution to expose the honour of his family in a very delicate point. The French peers accept the latter alternative proposed to them; and from the fulfilment of the boast of Olivier, sprung Galyen, the hero of the romance, surnamed Rhetoré, or Restauré, by the fairy who presided at his birth, because by his means there was to be revived in France the high spirit of chivalry, which was in danger of being lost by the death of the paladins, who perished at Roncesvalles.

This young prince having grown up, set out for Europe in quest of his father. Having arrived at Genoa, he learned that Charlemagne and his

peers were engaged in an expedition against the Saracens of Spain. To Spain he accordingly directed his course, but met with many adventures, and performed a variety of exploits, before reaching the camp of Charlemagne. Thence he departed for a division of the army, in which he understood his father was brigaded. He arrived after the defeat of Roncesvalles, and was only recognised by Olivier in his expiring moments.[1] Galyen having performed the last duties to his father, was of great service in the subsequent war with Marsilius, and also detected the treason, and insisted on the punishment, of Gano; the account of which nearly corresponds with the detail in the chronicle of Turpin. He was soon, however, obliged to depart on hearing of the death of Hugues, and the usurpation of the crown by the brothers of that prince; he vanquishes them in single combat, rescues his mother, whom they had condemned to death, and afterwards, in her right, ascends the throne.

The two following romances are believed to have been written in the beginning of the fifteenth century, but the first edition of both is without date. In the prologue to

[1] See Appendix, No. 19.

MILLES ET AMYS,[1]

which shall be first mentioned, the work is said to be extracted from ancient chronicles. " J' ay voulu extraire leurs faicts et gestes, et les fortunes a eux advenues ainsi comme Je les ay trouvées en histoires anciennes jadis trouvées et enregistrées en plusieurs livres faisant mention d' eux par maniere de croniques," and in the 58th chapter, " il est assavoir que ceste hystoire icy a este extraicte de l' une des trois gestes du royaume de France, et ne furent que trois gestes au dit pays qui ont eu honneur et renomme, dequoy le premier a este Doolin de Mayence, l' autre Guerin, la tierce si a este de Pepin dequoy est issu le Roy Charlemagne." This detail about the ancient histories, and the three Gestes, is probably feigned to give the stamp of authority. Milles and Amys, however, are mentioned in the Chronicle of Alberic de Troisfontaines, an author of the 13th century, who says they perished in the year 774, in an expedition undertaken by Charlemagne against Di-

[1] Le Roman des vaillans chevaliers Milles et Amys, lesquels en leur vivant firent de grandes proueses.

dier, king of the Lombards. Their story is besides related in the Speculum Historiale of Vincent de Beauvais, and is there said to have occurred in the reign of Pepin. The early part of the romance, particularly that which relates to the leprosy of Amys, and his cure by sacrifice of the children of Milles, is the subject of the English metrical Amys and Amylion, of which an account has been given by Mr Ellis, in his Specimens of Metrical Romances.

Milles was the son of Anceaume, count of Clermont, and Amys of his seneschal. The former came into the world with the mark of a sword on his right hand, to the utter amazement of the pope, who held him at the baptismal font. His parents, in gratitude for his birth, set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The count was taken captive by the sultan of Acre, and banished to an island which for forty years had been governed by a griffin. But instead of being devoured by this monster, as was intended, he contrived to despatch him by favour of St George, who descended from heaven on horseback, clad in white armour bright as the sun.

During the absence of Anceaume, however, the Count de Limoges seizes on Clermont. The nurse of Milles is in consequence forced to fly

with her charge, and beg alms from province to province. Amys, son of the seneschal, is meanwhile brought up as a foundling by his uncle Regnier of Langres, who durst not educate him as his nephew, being a vassal of the duke of Burgundy, who was an ally of the Count de Limoges.

Milles commences his career in chivalry by purloining his nurse's hoard, which she had amassed while flying with him from Clermont. With this treasure he repairs to the province of Burgundy, where he forms an intimate friendship with Amys. Their perfect resemblance in appearance is the amusement of every one, and gives rise to many comical mistakes.

At length Milles being discovered to be the son of the rightful count of Clermont, is forced to leave Burgundy, and escapes with his friend Amys to Constantinople. Here Milles meets with his mother, the countess of Clermont, who had escaped from the power of the sultan of Acre, and was acting as governess to the Greek princess Sidoina. The city was at that time besieged by the sultan, but he is totally defeated, and the father of Milles, who was still detained prisoner by the Saracen monarch, is freed from captivity; Milles marries Sidoina, and soon after ascends in her right the throne of Constantinople.

After some time spent in the cares of empire, Milles departs with Amys for France, recovers his paternal inheritance, and bestows a dukedom on his friend. In his absence the Saracens burn his capital, his empress, and her mother; and Milles, in consequence of this conflagration, espouses Bellisande, daughter of Charlemagne, while Amys is united to Lubiane, the heiress of the duke of Friezeland.

Some years having passed in unwonted repose, the friends at length set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. When about to return, Amys is unexpectedly smitten with leprosy. On their arrival Milles is joyfully received by Bellisande; but his unfortunate companion is driven from his own castle by his wife, who appears to have been ignorant of the value of a husband of this description. The servants whom she detaches to drown him, being moved with compassion, conduct their master to the castle of Milles, where he is received with the utmost hospitality.

Soon after his arrival it is revealed to Amys in a dream, that he could only be cured of the leprosy with which he was afflicted, if bathed in the blood of the children of Milles. The leper informs his friend of the prescription he had received,

which I suppose was in those days accounted a specific for this disorder, as Gower, in the 2d book of his Confessio Amantis, tells a story of Constantine, when struck with leprosy, ordering a bath of this description. The heads of his two infants are immediately struck off by the father. Amys thus enjoys the benefit of the prescribed bath, and Milles soon after returning to lament over the bodies of his children, finds them in as perfect health as before they had been beheaded, " et se jouoyent dedans le lict, l' un a l' autre, d' une pomme que nostre Seigneur leur avoit donné."

In gratitude for these miraculous cures, the two friends set out on a pilgrimage; but on their return through Lombardy they are treacherously killed by Ogier the Dane, who was at that time in rebellion against Charlemagne.

Milles, when he proceeded on his pilgrimage, left his two children, Anceaume and Florisell, in the cradle. These infants were constantly guarded by an ape, who acted as an assiduous nurse, and was gifted with a most excellent understanding and benevolent disposition.—" Si n' est point de memoire d' homme que, jamais on n' ouyt parler de la condition de tel Cinge: Car Il avoit en luy grant sens et memoire, et mainte

bonne maniere avoit apprise tandis qu' on le nourissoit. Sy aymoit parfaictement ce Cinge les deux petis enfans du Comte, tellement que nuict et jour ne les pouoit laisser ; et ne sceut on oncques garder qu' il ne couchast toutes les nuicts avecques eux sans leur faire nulle mesprision, ny aucun mal : ne pour quelque bature qu' on luy sceust faire jamais ne vouloit laisser les petis enfans, et tout le long du jour leur tenoit compagnie, et estoit toute son intention aux enfans. Et ne faisoit que les baiser et accoller, et jamais ne vouloit ne boire ne menger si ce n' estoit de la propre viande qu' on bailloit aux enfans." This ape had prepared the minds of the household of Milles for the intelligence of his death, by equipping his children in a complete suit of mourning.

Lubiane, the wicked widow of Amys, seeing that the children were now left without the protection of a father, resolves, in concert with her brother, on their destruction. The countess, their mother, is privately put to death, and the children carried off, to the great consternation of the ape, who insists on accompanying them. After three months detention at the residence of Lubiane, they are thrown by her command into the sea. The ape swims after them till two angels of paradise descend in disguise of swans, and bear

away the children safe through the sea; one carries Anceaume to the coast of Provence, where he is picked up and educated by a woodman. The other conducts Florisell to the shores of Genoa, where he is taken under the protection of a lioness, who introduces him to her cubs, with which he is gradually accustomed to hunt. The ape having lost sight of them, continues to swim till he is received on board a merchant vessel, which soon after comes into harbour. Its crew propose to take him home to their own country, but he hastily wishes them good morning.—"Et pour le bien qu' ils luy avoient fait ne leur dist aultre grant mercy, sinon qu' il leur fist la moue."

Our ape spent fifteen days in a forest, searching for the children, for whose sake he subsisted all that time on herbs and water, although habitually he was somewhat addicted to the pleasures of the table. Finding his search in the forest vain, he set out for Clermont, the paternal inheritance of his wards, where he was received with acclamations by the populace; but he declined the honours of a public entertainment, as he felt his spirits depressed on account of the loss of the children: it would also appear that he was in very bad humour, "car il mordoit et esgratignoit tous, qui n' estoit pas sa coustume." He paid his first visit to

Richer, the old seneschal of Milles, whom he persuaded to proceed to the palace of Lubiane, to ascertain the fate of the children. The seneschal is immediately thrown into prison by Lubiane, who sets out, accompanied by her brother, for the court of Charlemagne, to obtain a grant of the county of Clermont, on pretence that the race of Milles is extinct. Meanwhile the ape having insinuated himself into the confidence of the jailer, gains access to the seneschal, and at the very first interview suggests the propriety of writing to Charlemagne, to give him some insight into the character of the claimants. The ape charges himself with the letter, but from the badness of the roads and want of relays, he does not reach Paris till some days after the traitors. He makes his first appearance at court, though still in his travelling dress, during a great festival, and signalizes his arrival by assaulting the Countess Lubiane, rending her garments, and even committing ravages on her person. He then respectfully presents the letter to Charlemagne, who thinks the matter of sufficient importance to consult his peers. The difficulty is to find a champion to maintain the accusation: the ape, however, readily steps forth as opponent to one of the relatives of Lubiane, who offered himself as her

defender. Defiances of this description, singular as they may appear, were not unknown in France about the period of the composition of this work. In Monfauçon (Monumens de la Monarchie Françoise, vol. iii. p. 68,) there is an account of a combat which took place in 1371, between a greyhound and a knight who had treacherously slain the dog's master. This animal attacked the assassin with such violence whenever they happened to meet, that suspicion was at length excited, and Charles the Wise[1] appointed a solemn combat between the parties. The knight was provided with a club: the dog had only his natural arms, but was supplied with an open cask as a place of retreat; the just cause prevailed, the traitor was forced to confess his crime, and the memory of the event was preserved in a painting in the hall of the castle of Montargis. On the present occasion, too, the good cause and our ape are triumphant. The champion of Lubiane is soon obliged to confess himself vanquished, in order to avoid being torn piecemeal: according to the established customs, he is hanged after the

[1] M. de Sainte Foix, however, in his Essais Historiques sur Paris, says this dog flourished in the time of Philip Augustus.

combat, and Lubiane is burned alive. We are informed by the author of the romance, that the history of the ape, and particularly of this judicial combat, were delineated in his time on the walls of the great hall of the palace of Paris, which was burned, I believe, in 1618.

While the ape was thus distinguishing himself at court, and preparing materials for the genius of future artists, Florisell, the son of Milles, having followed his comrades, the young lions, in the course of their field sports as far as the Venetian territory, is caught by Gloriant, the Saracen king of that country, who delighted in the chase of wild beasts. In a few days the lioness and her cubs came to Venice, to reclaim him, but by this time her *eleve* had fallen in love with the king's daughter, "parquoy Florissell ne pensa plus au lion, ne n' entint conte;" and they are accordingly obliged to return without him to their den, after depopulating the neighbourhood.

Anceaume, the other son of Milles, being detected in an intrigue with the daughter of the woodman, is driven from the house, and flies for refuge to an adjacent monastery. To this place Richer, the seneschal, accompanied by the ape, comes to pay his devotions. The animal, by the

fineness of his nose, soon recognises his young master, and persuades the seneschal to take him along with them.

He is accordingly introduced by the ape at the court of Charlemagne, and serves in an expedition undertaken by that monarch against Venice, of which the professed object was to recover the body of St Marc, which had been interred there about five hundred years before. In this campaign Florisell distinguishes himself on the side of the Saracens, and Anceaume on that of the Christians. Anceaume takes Gloriant, king of Venice, prisoner; and Florisell overthrows and sends captive to Venice the bravest peers of Charlemagne. At length the two brothers are sent out against each other, and after a furious contest, being both tired, they sit down to rest. The young warriors are thus led mutually to recount the story of the early part of their lives. From this reciprocal detail they conjecture that they are related, and Florisell in consequence proceeds with Anceaume to the camp of Charlemagne. There the surmises of the brothers are confirmed by the testimony of Richer and of the ape, who embraces them alternately with much sympathy. "Les deux freres s' en alle-

rent coucher ensemble, et le Cinge s' en alla avec eux, et se mussa dessoubz leur lict ainsi qu' il avoit apprins. Et puis, quant ils furent couchez, les vint accoller et baiser tout a son ayse ; tout ne plus ne moins que fait ung amant qui baise s' amye. Si fut ce Cinge celle nuit si surprins d' amour, qu' il se coucha entre les deux enfans, la ou il mourut la nuict de joye. Et quant le roy Charlemagne le sceut si en getta maint soupir, et alla dire—Haa Cinge moult avois le cueur scavant ; Je scay de vray que tu es mort de joye."

The romance of

JOURDAIN DE BLAVES[1]

may in one respect be regarded as a continuation of Milles and Amys ; Jourdain, who gives name to the work, being the son of Girard of Blaves, one of the children of Amys. It is said to be " extraite d' ung viel livre moult ancien qu' estoit en Ryme et viel Picart ;" a form in which it is of-

[1] Les faits et prouesses du noble et vaillant chevalier Jourdain de Blaves, lequel conquesta plusieurs royaumes barbares—les peines qu' il eut a obtenir l' amour de la belle Driabelle fille au fort roi Richard de Gardes.

ten cited by Du Cange in his Glossary. Having been converted into prose, it was printed at Paris in 4to., without date, and at the same place in folio, 1520.

The hero of this romance came into the world with one of his legs white as snow, and the other black as ebony; while the right arm appeared of a rose, and the left of a citrine colour. A clerk explained that these personal peculiarities portended a chequered life—that at one time this party-coloured infant would be seated on a throne, that at another he would be poor and in captivity.

These predictions are verified by the event, for Jourdain in his youth is so much persecuted by a knight who had treacherously slain his father, that he is obliged to abandon his paternal estates. On his voyage from Blaves, being unfortunately shipwrecked, he is preserved, not by a dolphin or a swan, but by a stag which was luckily in waiting, and which carries him to the shore of Gardes. The incidents that occurred on that coast have a strong resemblance to the landing of Ulysses in the kingdom of Alcinous, and his interview with Nausicaa. Jourdain, like the Grecian hero, is discovered by Driabelle, the king's daughter, while he was reposing under a tree, and although

he did not use the modest precaution of Ulysses,[1] he is accosted by the princess, who conducts him to her father's palace, and clothes him in suitable raiment. He is at first mistaken for a person of low degree; but having vanquished an host of pagans and giants, by which the kingdom of Gardes was attacked, he receives the Princess Driabelle in marriage as the reward of his prowess.

Soon after the nuptials, Jourdain sets out with his bride for France, in order to recover his paternal inheritance. During the voyage a storm having arisen, it is proposed that Driabelle, who was by this time pregnant, should be thrown overboard as a victim to appease the tempest. Her husband at first hesitates, but one of his knights removes his scruples by suggesting that if an air-hole were bored in one side, she might be placed in a large cask, fitted up with a comfortable bed, and stocked with gold and silver. On his return to Gardes, Jourdain boasts of this admirable expedient to his father-in-law, who of course could feel no uneasiness as to the fate of a daughter thrown overboard in a cask which contained so

[1] Εκ πυκινης δ'υλης πτοιθων κλασε χειρι παχειη,
Φυλλων ως ευσαιτο πιεζ χροι λαπτεν φωτος.

much gold and silver, and had an air-hole bored in its side.

Some years after, our hero having succeeded to the crown of Gardes, sets out in quest of Driabelle, and, after a long search, finds her residing with a female hermit on the borders of a forest in the territory of Pisa. The wooden cask in which she had been enshrined was picked up on the shore, to which it had miraculously floated, by a miller in the neighbourhood, who received Driabelle in his house, but exposed the daughter to whom she shortly after gave birth. To avoid the amorous solicitations with which she was persecuted by her host, she had sought refuge with the recluse. Soon after this discovery, Jourdain, while hunting one day in the forest, meets his daughter in company with two fawns and a hind, by whom she had been kindly entreated when exposed by the miller. Fortunately the princess had inherited some personal peculiarities from her father, whence the queen is enabled to identify her by certain marks that had been observed on her person shortly after birth; and as she was very beautiful, and of course well educated, she was betrothed to Sadoine, the Saracenic king of Scotland, whom Jourdain had recent-

ly converted along with his people to the true faith.

In this work the leading incident bears a striking resemblance to the history of Appollonius of Tyre, whose queen, to appease a storm; was thrown overboard in a chest, which floated to the coast of Ephesus. (See above, pp. 111, 112.)

The romance of

DOOLIN DE MAYENCE [1]

is supposed to have been written during the reign of Charles VIII. of France, that is about the end of the 15th century. This inference has been drawn partly from the language of the work—partly from the character and actions attributed to Charlemagne. The romancers who wrote a few centuries after his death did justice to his talents and virtues; but their successors have painted him as an unreasonable monarch, and sometimes even as a cowardly knight. At whatever

[1] L'Histoire du preux et vaillant Dolin de Mayence, en son temps la fleur des chevaliers Francais, contenant ses faits, gestes, batailles et aventures admirables; ensemble les prouesses et haut faits d'armes de Charlemagne et autres chevaliers.

period written, the work was first published in 1501, at Paris, by Verard. This edition was followed by a second in 1549, 4to., from the same place; and a third at Lyons, 1604.

Doolin of Mayence, the hero of this tale of chivalry, was the son of Guyon de Mayence, who, while engaged in the chace, had the misfortune to run down a hermit in mistake for a stag. As a suitable penance for this inadvertence, he resolved to occupy the cell of the deceased for the remainder of his days. During his absence the seneschal having seized on Mayence, his countess is condemned to death, on pretence that she had privately procured the assassination of her husband, and all she can obtain is a delay in the execution of the sentence, in hopes that some champion may appear to espouse her quarrel. Her children are also committed to a ruffian, with instructions that they should be murdered: this design is accomplished on the younger children, but Doolin escapes, and is found by his father wandering in the neighbourhood of the hermitage. There he is brought up in perfect seclusion, till, having attained the proper age, he and his father set out to recover Mayence, and to rescue the countess. On their way to the city Guyon is struck with sudden blindness, which was a manifest indication of the

will of Heaven that he should not quit his retirement. Doolin therefore proceeds alone, and after experiencing a singular adventure at a castle which lay on his route,[1] he arrives at Mayence. There, by overthrowing her accuser, who must have been possessed of wonderful patience, he rescues his mother from the death that had so long awaited her. He is now invested with the sovereignty of Mayence, but has soon to sustain a war with Charlemagne, who had been exasperated at Doolin having failed on some occasion to salute him with proper respect. In the course of this war the conduct of Charlemagne is that of a weak and tyrannical prince; but he at length attempts to effect a reconciliation, by offering his enemy the hand of the countess of Nivernois, who was his niece. This proposal is rejected by Doolin, who was fully as unreasonable as Charlemagne, with great contempt. "Vrayment," says Charlemagne, "beau sire Doolin, Je ne me puis assez esbair de vous trouver si dur a appointer." Doolin, however, had placed his affections on the daughter of the lord of Vauclere, a city beyond the Rhine, not on account of her beauty or accomplishments, but because she was beloved by the sultan of Turkey, "lequel est si beau damoyseau que

[1] See Appendix, No. 20.

merveille ;" and he coveted possession of the city, not for its extent or riches, but because it was held by a cruel giant, the lady's father, who had under him thirty thousand Saracens of uncommon stature and ferocity. Charlemagne expresses his astonishment that Doolin should be "si outrecuidé et indiscret, qu' il cuide que Je luy feray don de la chose ou Je n' ay nul droict, non plus que a ce qui est au plus profond des Indes." The refusal of Charlemagne to bestow this territory on Doolin, produces a single combat between them, which is interrupted by an angel, who commands the emperor to acquire it for Doolin by force of arms. Accordingly the remainder of the romance is occupied with the wars against Vauclere and the king of Denmark, who supported the pretensions of the handsome sultan. These campaigns terminate with the capture of Vauclere, the marriage of Doolin with the giant's daughter, and his accession to the throne of Denmark by right of conquest.

The exploits of Doolin are the subject of a German poem, by Alxinger, in the style of Oberon, and which, next to the work of Wieland, is accounted the best in the mixed class of heroic and comic poetry. But whatever may be the merit of the poem, the Histoire de Doolin is not an interesting romance, and its hero is chiefly remark-

able as the ancestor of a long race of Paladins, particularly Ogier the Dane, so frequently mentioned by the Italian poets.

The fabulous history of

OGIER LE DANOIS,[1]

though not printed till about the same period with that of Doolin, was written at a much earlier date, or at least the incidents were earlier imagined. There can be little doubt, that a northern hero, of the name of Ogierus, or Hulgerus, actually existed in the age of Charlemagne. Bartholinus, in his "Dissertatio Historica de Hulgero Dano qui Caroli magni tempore floruit," cites a great mass of old French and German chronicles, as authorities for his existence and martial exploits, his being sent as an hostage to Paris, his flight to Lombardy, and marriage to an English princess. The traditions concerning this hero were probably first communicated to the French nation by the Norman invaders, and were embodied in a number of metrical romances, written in the reign

[1] Romans du preux et vaillant Chevalier Ogier le Danois duc de Danemarcke, &c.

of Philip the Hardy. Of these the longest is Les Enfances d' Ogier le Danois, which was written by Adenez, or Adans, as he is sometimes called, herald to Henry III., duke of Brabant,[1] and surnamed *Roy*, from having been crowned in a poetical contest. He informs us that the materials of his romance were communicated to him by a monk, called Savary, from certain northern legends preserved in the abbey of St Denis. This metrical work of Adenez, and others of a similar description, were the foundation of the prose romance which was formed not long after the appearance of its metrical prototypes. The infamous and traitorous character assigned in the prose romance to the knights templar, makes it probable that it was written in the time of Philip the Fair, in whose reign that order was suppressed, on account of real or alleged enormities.

Doolin of Mayence had by his wife, Flandrina, a son called Geoffrey, who succeeded to him in the kingdom of Denmark, and Ogier the Dane was son to this monarch.

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[1] Icy endroit est cil livre finez,
Qui des Enfances d' Ogier est apelez:
Or vueille Diex qu' il soit parachevez,
En tel maniere qu' estre n' en puisse blamez
Li Roy Adans, par ki il est rimez.

The fairies, who only act a part in the more recent romances of the Round Table, appear in the earliest tales relating to Charlemagne. Not fewer than six of these intermeddling beings presided at the birth of Ogier. Five of the number bestowed on him the most precious gifts and accomplishments, while Morgane, the sister of Arthur, who was the sixth, decreed, that when Ogier had passed a long life of glory, he should come to her palace of Avallon in his old age, and, laying his laurels at her feet, partake with her the enjoyments of love in the finest residence in the universe.

Some disputes having arisen between the king of Denmark and Charlemagne, Ogier, who was now ten years of age, was, at the adjustment of differences, sent as an hostage to Paris, where he was instructed in all the accomplishments of the time. At the end of four years, Charlemagne, irritated by some new transgression of the king of Denmark, banished Ogier to the castle of St Omer. There his confinement and exile were soothed by the kindness of the governor, and still more sweetly solaced by the attentions of his daughter, the beautiful Bellissande. Ogier seems to have been on no occasion disposed to abide the amorous old age reserved him by decree of the fairies; but he was unfortunately withdrawn from a residence which

love had begun to render delightful, and summoned to attend Charlemagne to Italy, on an expedition against the Saracens. In the romance there is a long, but not very interesting account, of the services he performed for Charlemagne, and his narrow escapes from the plots of Charlot, Charlemagne's unworthy son, who was envious of his renown. The emperor having at length triumphed over all his enemies, and re-established Leo in the pontifical throne, returned to France, accompanied by Ogier.

The first intelligence the Danish hero learned on his arrival, was, that Bellissande had made him father of a son, and the next, that he had succeeded to the crown of Denmark by the demise of his parents. He took immediate possession of this sovereignty, but after a reign of some years he resigned it, and returned to France.

Meanwhile the son of Ogier and Bellissande had grown up, and was a deserved favourite at the court of Charlemagne. One day, having unfortunately vanquished Charlot at a game of chess, that prince, who was not remarkable for his forbearance, struck him dead with the chess board. The exasperated father of the victim insulted his sovereign so grossly in consequence of this outrage, that he was forced to fly into Lombardy. Didier,

king of that country, was then at war with Charlemagne; but, spite of the assistance of Ogier, he was worsted by the French monarch. The Danish hero escaped from a castle in which he was besieged, but while asleep by the side of a fountain, he was taken captive by Archbishop Turpin. Ogier refused to be reconciled to his sovereign, unless the guilty Charlot was delivered up to his vengeance. These conditions were complied with, but when Ogier was about to strike off the head of the prince, his arm was arrested by the voice of an angel, commanding him to spare the son of Charlemagne.

After this interposition, Ogier returned to his obedience, and was soon after employed to combat a Saracen giant, who had landed with a great army in France, but was defeated and slain according to the final lot of all pagans and giants. Ogier received as a reward the hand of the princess Clarice of England. This lady had followed her father to France, who came there to do homage for his crown. She had been intercepted, however, and detained by the pagans, from whom she was rescued by the exertions of Ogier, who, soon after his union, passed over to England, and in right of his wife, was there acknowledged as king: but, tired of the enjoyment of an empire

which had been so easily gained, he soon after set out in quest of new adventures, the account of which forms the second part of the romance.

Of this division of the work, a considerable portion is occupied with the wars in Palestine. Our adventurer successively seized on Acres, Jerusalem, and Babylon, of which cities he was declared king, but resigned them in turn to his kinsmen, who had accompanied him on his expedition, and anew set sail for France. For some time he enjoyed a favourable breeze, but at length his vessel was driven by a tempest on a rock, to which it became immoveably fixed. In proportion as provisions failed, the sailors were in turn thrown overboard. When all his crew had been thus disposed of, Ogier landed and directed his steps to a castle of adamant, which, though invisible during day, shone by night with miraculous splendour. His first entrance into this mansion has a striking resemblance to a description in the romance of Partenopex: every thing is magnificently arranged, but no person appears. At length, having entered a saloon, he perceived a repast prepared, and a horse seated at table, who, on the approach of Ogier, instantly rose, presented him with water, and then returned to his chair. The hospitable quadruped next made signs to his guest to

partake of the viands, but Ogier, little accustomed to fellowship with such hosts, and scarce comprehending his imperfect gesticulation, left the whole repast for behoof of the landlord, who, after a plentiful supper, conducted the stranger to a magnificent chamber prepared for his repose. Next morning Ogier went abroad, and followed a path which conducted him to a delightful meadow. 'Welcome,' said the fairy Morgana, who now appeared richly attired, amidst an assemblage of beautiful nymphs—'welcome to the palace of Avallon, where you have been so long expected.' She then re-conducted him to the palace of adamant; but the reader hears no more of the horse, nor any satisfactory reason why he was preferred to the office of *croupier*, and selected to do the honours of the castle, for which he must have been but indifferently qualified, either by his dexterity in carving, or his talents for conversation.

On his arrival at the palace, Morgana placed a ring on the hand of Ogier, who, though at that time upwards of a hundred years of age, immediately assumed the appearance of a man of thirty. She afterwards fixed on his brow a golden crown, adorned with precious stones, which formed leaves of myrtle and of laurel. From this moment the

court of Charlemagne and its glories were effaced from his recollection—the thrones of Denmark and Palestine vanished from his view—Morgana was now the sole object of his devotion. The delights of her garden and palace were ever varied by magic; and, as described in the romance, remind us of the illusions of Alcina. The fairy also introduced her lover to the acquaintance of her brother Arthur, who had resided with her for the last four hundred years. Oberon too, another brother of Morgana, frequently visited his sister, and placed at her disposal a troop of spirits, who assumed a variety of forms, appearing in the shape of Lancelot, Tristan, or some other knight of the Round Table, who came as if to consult their sovereign on the interpretation of the laws of that celebrated institution, and to discourse with him on their former exploits. Sometimes they were pleased to take the figures of giants and monsters, and in these characters attacked the pavilion of the monarch. Ogier and the British king were delighted with each other's society, and were frequently engaged in joust and tournament with these imaginary foes.[1]

[1] See Appendix, No. 21.

Two hundred years having elapsed in these amusements, the moment arrived at which Ogier was destined to be separated for a short while from his mistress. The crown of oblivion having been removed from his brow, the glories of his former life burst on his memory, and he suddenly departed for the court of France, where he was destined to revive, under the first of the Capets, that spirit of chivalry which had sunk under the feeble successors of Charlemagne. The romance describes, in a way amusing enough, the astonishment of the courtiers at the appearance of this celebrated but old-fashioned hero, and his reciprocal surprise at the change that had taken place in manners and customs. France, and even Paris, were at this time threatened by the northern nations who had settled in Normandy. Ogier was appointed to command an expedition against them, and by restoring the genuine spirit of chivalry in his army, entirely defeated the enemy. After his return he assisted at the meetings of the councils; and, in the course of a twelvemonth, revived throughout the kingdom the vigour of the age of Charlemagne.

As Ogier still bore the ring he had received from Morgana, which gave him the appearance of unfaded youth, he was highly favoured by the

ladies of the court. The secret, however, had nearly transpired by means of the old countess of Senlis, who, while making love to Ogier, drew this talisman from his hand and placed it on her own. She instantly blossomed into youth, while Ogier shrunk into decrepitude. The countess was forced to give back the ring, and former appearances were restored; but, as she had discovered its value, she employed thirty champions to regain it, all of whom were successively defeated by the knight.

About this time the king of France having died, the queen wisely resolved to espouse a hero, who, with the bloom and vigour of thirty, possessed the experience of three centuries: but while the marriage ceremony was performing, the bridegroom was suddenly carried away by Morgana, and, to the misfortune of chivalry, has never since been heard of. The fairies of romance are much in the habit of conveying away mortals who possess the qualities that engage their affections. In the Arabian Nights, Ahmed, son of the sultan of the Indies, is transported to the castle of the fairy Pari Banou, who was enamoured of him; and in the fabliau of Lanval, the knight of that name was borne away, like Ogier, to Avallon, whence he has never yet returned.

Ogier le Danois is certainly one of the most interesting stories of the class to which it belongs, and has accordingly gone through a great number of editions, of which the earliest was printed at Paris, in folio, by Verard, without date, and the next at Lyons, in 1525.

The hero of this popular work has been the subject of two romantic poems in Italy, Il Danese Uggieri, and La Morte del Danese. He is also frequently mentioned by Ariosto and Boiardo. Pulci, in his Morgante Maggiore, alludes in a jocular manner to the fiction of his long-protracted existence :—

> " E del Danese che ancor vivo sia
> Dicono alcun, (ma non la Istoria mia),
> E che si truova in certa grotta oscura,
> E spesso armato a caval pur che stia,
> Si che chi il vede gli mette paura."
>
> *Morg. Mag.* c. 28.

There exists a romance which gives an account of the exploits of the son of Ogier and Morgane, called Meurvin, from whom the celebrated Godfrey of Bouillon is feigned to have been descended. This work has gone through many editions, but seems totally uninteresting.

It has already been mentioned, that Ogier the Dane was grandson of Doolin of Mayence. Doolin appears to have been the patriarch of chivalry; for, besides his eldest son Geoffrey, the father of Ogier, he had a child of his own name, who inherited the country of Mayence, and was the ancestor of Gan, who acts so villainous a part in the Italian poems. The exploits of a third son form the subject of the romance Gerard d' Euphrate, which the author says he was employed for thirty years in translating from the Walloon rhyme, and which was published in folio, 1549. The scene of most of the adventures is laid in the east, and the whole work is very freely interspersed with enchantments, and the machinations of magicians and fairies, some of whom were friendly and others hostile to Gerard, the hero of the romance. A fourth son of Doolin was Beuves, count of Aigremont, who was father of Vivian and the Christian enchanter Maugis, the Malagigi of Ariosto. Aymon, count of Dordogne, the youngest son of Doolin, left a posterity still more illustrious, having been the parent of Renaud de Montauban and his three brothers, whose names suggest every thing that is splendid and romantic in poetry or fiction.

There are different French romances, both in prose and verse, concerning the adventures and exploits of the four sons of Aymon. In these the same circumstances are frequently repeated, which renders a separate analysis of each superfluous.

The History of Maugis [1] and his brother Vivian derives considerable interest from the novelty of the character of its hero, and the singular enchantments he employs. In his infancy Maugis was stolen by a Moorish slave, with the intention of carrying him into Paganism. He was rescued, however, by the united efforts of a lion and leopard, and was picked up by a benevolent fairy, who was fortunately traversing the desert at the moment. A dwarf, whom the fairy kept in pay, soon after acquainted her with the lineage of the child. Having received this information, she conferred on him the benefits of baptism, and sent him to her brother to be initiated in magic, the rudiments of which he acquired with wonderful

[1] La tres plaisante histoire de Maugis d' Aigremont et de Vivian son frere, en laquelle est contenu comme le dist Maugis a l' aide de Orlande la Fee s' amie alla en l' isle de Boucault ou il s' habilla en diable, et comment il enchanta le diable Raouart et occist le serpent qui gardoit la roche par laquelle chose il conquist le bon cheval Bayard et aussi conquesta le grant Sorgalant.—*Paris*, 1527, 4*to*.

facility. His first magical experiment was of the boldest description,—he personated the devil, and in that character passed into the island of Boucault, where he subdued and tamed the horse Bayardo, an exploit attributed by Tasso to Rinaldo. This unruly steed inhabited a cavern which was guarded by a horrible dragon, and was in the vicinity of a volcano which formed one of the principal mouths of hell. There is a striking resemblance between this adventure and the eastern story of the Rakshe, a winged horse, which rendered the Dry island uninhabitable till he was subdued by Housheng, king of Persia, who tamed and mounted him in all his wars with the Dives. Maugis having signalized himself by the conquest of Bayardo, was admitted to the necromantic university of Toledo, where he completed his studies, and, according to some accounts, held the professor of magic's chair in that city, which was distinguished as a school for the mysteries of the black art:—

"Questa citta di Tolletto solea,
Tenere studio di Negromanzia,
Quivi di magica arte si leggea
Publicamente, et di Peromanzia;
E molti Geomanti sempre avea
E sperimenti assai de Tetremanzia."

Morg. Mag. c. 25.

Having perfected himself in the mysteries of magic, the enchanter assisted Marsirius, king of Spain, in his wars with the Amiral of Persia, and availed himself of his incantations to forward and conceal his own intrigue with the queen. He also aided Arnaud of Montcler in his contest with Charlemagne, deceiving the enemy by fascinating their eyes, or entering the hostile camp in various disguises, after the manner of Merlin.

The story of the enchantments and amours of Maugis is prosecuted in The Conquest of Trebizond, by Rinaldo.[1] This romance opens with an account of a magnificent tournament proclaimed by Charlemagne, to which Rinaldo comes incognito, and bears away all the honour and prizes. At length the ceremony is interrupted by an embassy from the king of Cappadocia, announcing his intentions of embarking for France in order to joust with all the knights of Charlemagne. Rinaldo, however, anticipates his design, and having landed in Cappadocia, overthrows and deposes its monarch. Maugis, who had accompanied Rinaldo, meanwhile engaged in an intrigue with the daughter of the king of Cyprus. His amour was de-

[1] La Conqueste de tres puissant Empire de Trebissonde, par Renaud de Montauban.—*Paris, sans date, 4to.*

tected by a dwarf, who revealed it to the king. It is true the princess burnt the dwarf, but this could not prevent her father from besieging Maugis in a citadel into which he had thrown himself. The emperor of Trebizond aided the king of Cyprus, and Rinaldo came to the assistance of Maugis. The allied monarchs were defeated and slain in a great battle, after which Rinaldo was elected by the army emperor of Trebizond. This romance is the foundation of the Italian poem entitled "Trabisonda nel quale si tratta nobillissime battaglie con la vita e morte de Rinaldo."

Maugis continues to act a distinguished part in the popular romance of the Four Sons of Aymon,[1] which was taken from a metrical tale written by Huon de Villeneuve as far back as the 13th century. In the prose work there is detailed the events of a war carried on by Charlemagne against the four brothers, in revenge for the loss of his nephew, who had been slain by Rinaldo, a contest in which Maugis renders, by his usual arts, the most powerful assistance to his rebellious kinsmen. There is also an account of the reiterated treasons of Gano, and the victories which Rinaldo gains over the Saracen invaders of the dominions of Yvon, king

[1] Quatre fils Aymon, *Paris*, 1525, *folio*.

of Gascony, who bestows on his champion the castle of Montauban and his sister Clarice, which, it will be recollected, is the name of the heroine in the Rinaldo of Tasso. At length this celebrated paladin retired to a hermitage; but, for the sake of occasional exercise, hired himself out as a mason. His piety drew on him the hatred of his fellow labourers, and one day, while he was praying at the bottom of the wall of a church which they were building, they threw on his head an enormous stone, by which he was slain before he had completed his devotions.

The concluding scenes of the life of Maugis are exhibited in the Chronicle of Mabrian. Like his cousin Rinaldo, this enchanter had retired to a hermitage; he emerges, however, from this seclusion, and repairs to Rome, where he attracts so much notice by his eloquence and the sanctity of his manners, that on the death of Leo he is raised to the pontifical chair. He soon, however, abdicates his new-acquired dignity, and again betakes himself to the hermitage. About this time Richardette, the youngest brother of Rinaldo, was assassinated by the treachery of Gano. Alard and Guichard, his two surviving brothers, suspecting that the crime had been committed by the command, or with the connivance, of Charle-

magne, publicly insult their sovereign, and after this imprudence fly for refuge to the hermitage of Maugis. The emperor having discovered the place of their retreat, kindled faggots at the entrance of the cavern, and smoked the heroes to death.

There also exists a French romance concerning Charlemagne and the family of Aymon, entitled Morgant le Geant, the incidents of which correspond precisely with those of the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci. It is probable, however, that the romance was translated from the poem, as it was not customary with the Italians to versify so closely the lying productions of preceding fablers.[1]

[1] With the class of romances relating to Charlemagne we may range the well-known story of Valentine and Orson, which was written during the reign of Charles VIII. and was first printed in 1495, at Lyons, in folio.

There are a few romances of chivalry concerning French knights, which cannot properly be classed among those connected with Charlemagne and his paladins. Of these the only one worth mentioning is Le Petit Jehan de Saintré, which was composed in the middle of the fifteenth century by Anthony de la Sale, a Burgundian author, and printed in 1517 and 1723. Tressan says, that this work gives a great deal of insight into the manners of the age and customs of the French court; in short, that it may be considered as the most national of all the French romances. "I have not seen," says Warton, "any French romance

The romances of the second class, or those which relate to Charlemagne, so closely resemble the fictions concerning Arthur and his knights of

which has preserved the practices of chivalry more copiously than Saintré. It must have been an absolute masterpiece for the rules of tilting, martial customs, and public ceremonies prevailing in the author's age."—WARTON's *Hist. of Eng. Poet.* vol. I. p. 334.

Baudouin, or Baldwin, count of Flanders, is the hero of another romance, which may be here mentioned. This count is represented as inflamed with such excessive pride, that he refused the daughter of the king of France in marriage. One day, while hunting in a forest, he met a lady of majestic stature, arrayed in magnificent attire, who accosted him, and declared that she was the heiress of a splendid throne in Asia; but that she had fled from the court of her father to avoid a marriage which was disagreeable to her. The count, incited by love and ambition, espoused and carried her to the French court. When a year had elapsed, the Asiatic princess brought him two beautiful daughters; yet Baldwin, though in the enjoyment of great domestic felicity, awaited with much impatience the return of a courier he had despatched to the dominions of his royal father-in-law. Meanwhile a hermit having obtained admittance to the presence of the count, expressed his doubts as to the existence of this Asiatic empire, and concluded with begging leave to dine in company with the princess. The request being complied with, when the other guests are seated at table the hermit enters the apartment, and, without farther exordium, commands the landlady to return to the hell whence she had originally issued. This mode of address, which unfortunately none of the count's visitors had

the Round Table, that the same, or nearly the same, observations apply to both. The foundations of each are laid from supposed histories:

hitherto thought of employing at his board, has the desired effect on the hostess, who vanishes with hideous yells, but not without doing irreparable damage both to the dwelling and the dinner.

The fact is, that Baldwin, as a punishment for his pride, had been unwittingly married to the devil. The remainder of the romance is occupied with a crusade performed by the husband, as an expiation for this unfortunate connection, and with the adventures of his two daughters, who turn out better than could have been anticipated from their diabolical descent.

Unions of the description formed in this romance were not only common fictions, but were credited by the vulgar. It was at one time generally believed that an ancestor of Geoffrey of Plantagenet had espoused a demon, and from this alliance Fordun accounts for the profligacy of King John. Andrew of Wyntoun, in his Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland, attributes a similar origin to Macbeth; and a story founded on this species of connection is related as a fact in the 35th chapter of Luther's Colloquia Mensalia. This superstition, indeed, appears to have existed in all ages and countries, and seems one of the most prevalent to which mankind have been addicted. The Jewish Rabbins believed in an intercourse between the fallen angels and daughters of the children of men; in particular, they believed that Cain was the progeny of the devil, having been the offspring of the woman and the serpent. The marriage, however, of Baldwin, count of Flanders, above related, and other unions of a similar description, seem

Arthur wars against the Saxons, and Charlemagne against the Saracens; both princes are unhappy in their families, and sometimes unsuccessful in

to have been suggested by the story of Menippus, in Philostratus' Life of Appollonius of Tyana. A young man, called Menippus, while travelling in the neighbourhood of Corinth, was accosted by a beautiful woman, who said she was a Phœnician, and avowed she was captivated with his love. She assured him that she was possessed of ample revenues, and was proprietor of a magnificent palace in the vicinity of Corinth, where they might reside in the indulgence of every imaginable luxury and pleasure. Menippus went with her to this abode in the evening, continued for some time to frequent her society, and at length fixed on a day for the celebration of the nuptial ceremony. Meanwhile the philosopher Appollonius remarking some peculiarities in the aspect of Menippus, thus addressed him: "I perceive plainly, O Menippus, that you harbour or are harboured by a serpent." Menippus replied, that serpent or not, he was to espouse her on the morrow. Appollonius invited himself to the nuptial banquet: during the entertainment he positively declared the golden vessels, precious furniture, and delicious viands to be accursed delusion and phantom, and he denounced the lady as a Lamia, who devoured those whom she attracted by her charms. The bride entreated him to change the subject of conversation, but Appollonius persisting in his invective, she in turn began to revile the philosophers and sophists. Meanwhile the furniture was disappearing, and the viands were perceptibly melting away, on which the bride burst into tears, and begged to be excused from revealing her name and lineage. The philosopher, however, whom she had irritated

their undertakings. In each class of compositions the characters of these sovereigns are degraded below their historical level, for the purpose of giving greater dignity and relief to their paladins and chivalry; since otherwise the monarchs would have been the only heroes, and the different warriors would not have appeared in their proper light. But, by lowering as it were the sovereign princes, the writers of romance delineated the manners of their times, and pleased perhaps those haughty barons, who took delight in representations of vassals superior in prowess and in power to their lords. The authors of the romances concerning Charlemagne wrote under considerable disadvantages: the ground had been already occupied by their predecessors, and they could do little more than copy their pictures of tented fields, and their method of dissecting knights

by her rash attack on the sophists, was inexorable, and would not be satisfied till she explicitly confessed that she was, in truth, a confirmed Lamia, who had inveigled Menippus merely for the pleasure of devouring him, a privilege she would have enjoyed as soon as the nuptial ceremony was completed. She farther admitted, that she was much in the use of this practice, which gave her special delight. Menippus was a good deal surprised, thanked Appollonius for this deliverance, and became in future more circumspect in his amours.

and giants. On the other hand, circumstances were in some degree more favourable to them than to the authors of the fictions concerning Arthur and the companions of the Round Table. The Saracens were a more romantic people than the Saxons; and tales of eastern fairies and eastern magnificence offered new pictures to delight and astonish the mind. "The knights of Charlemagne," says Sismondi, "no longer wandered, like those of the Round Table, through gloomy forests, in a country half civilized, and which seemed always covered with storms and snow. All the softness and perfumes of regions most favoured by nature were now at the disposal of romancers; and an acquisition still more precious was the imagination of the east,—that imagination so brilliant and various, which was employed to give animation to the sombre mythology of the north. Magnificent palaces now arose in the desert: enchanted gardens or groves, perfumed with orange trees and myrtles, bloomed amidst burning sands, or barren rocks surrounded by the sea." All these are much less agreeable than genuine pictures of life and nature; but they are better, at least, than descriptions of continual havoc, and the unprovoked slaughter of giants. Of all kinds of warfare the *gigantomachia* is, in truth, the least interesting,

as we invariably anticipate what will be the final lot of the giant, who, from the unlucky precedent of the Titans and Goliah, has constantly fallen under the arm of his adversary. Indeed, in proportion to his bulk and stature, his destruction appears always the more easy and his fate more certain. Butler pronounces it to be a heavy case, that a man should have his brains knocked out for no other reason than because he is tall and has large bones; but the case seems still harder, that strength and stature, while they provoked aggression, should have been of no service in repelling it, and that a giant's power and prowess should have proved of no avail except to his antagonist. In this respect, however, it must be confessed, that the book of nature differs little from the volumes of chivalry, since, while the race of mites and moths remain, the mammoth and *megatherion* are swept away.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. 1.—p. 13.

JAMBLICHUS

Was born of Syrian parents. In his youth he was placed under the care of a learned Babylonian, who instructed him in the manners and customs of his country, and particularly in its language, which by this time must have been somewhat simplified. His Babylonish preceptor, however, was taken prisoner, and sold as a slave at the time of Trajan's Syrian conquest. After this Jamblichus applied himself chiefly to Greek literature, but he informs us that he did not forget his magic, for, when Antoninus sent his colleague Verus against Vologesus, king of the Parthians, he predicted the progress and issue of that contest.

Photius has given a pretty full account of the Sinon and Rhodanes of Jamblichus, in his Myriabibla. A MS. of the romance was formerly extant in the library of the Escurial, which was burnt in 1670. Another copy was

in possession of Jungerman, who died in the beginning of the seventeenth century, but it has since disappeared. Some fragments originally transcribed by Vossius, from the Florentine library, were published in 1641, by Leo Allatius, in his excerpts from the Greek Rhetoricians (Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions, vol. xxxiv. p. 57).

Jamblichus, the author of this romance, must not be confounded with either of the Platonic philosophers of that name, both of whom lived in the reign of the Emperor Julian, and were great favourites of the Apostate.

No. 2.—p. 21.

HELIODORUS,

towards the close of his romance, informs us, that he was of the race of the Sun, and indeed his name seems expressive of some alliance with that luminary. Though of this high mythological extraction, he accepted of the bishopric of Tricca, in Thessaly, under the Christian emperors Arcadius and Honorius, who reigned in the beginning of the fifth century. It has been said, that a synod having given him the choice either to burn his romance, or renounce his bishopric, the author preferred the latter alternative. This deposition, however, seems nearly as questionable as the solar origin of the family of Heliodorus.

The earliest Greek impression of the Æthiopics was edited at Basle, in 1535, in 4to, by Vincent Obsopoeus,

who purchased the MS. from a soldier who had pillaged the library of Matthias Corvinus at Buda. This edition was followed by that of Commelinus, 1596, 8vo., and of Bourdelotius, printed at Paris in 1619. The last and best Greek edition is that of Corny, Paris, 1804, 2 vols., 8vo. Soon after the Romance was first published in Greek, it appeared in almost all the modern languages of Europe. The whole work was turned into English prose by Thomas Underdown, and printed 1577: part of it was also versified in English hexameters, by Abraham Fraunce, and published in this form, 1591, 8vo. There have been at least four French translations, the earliest of which was by Amyot, whose version is said to have so pleased Francis I., that he presented him to the abbacy of Bellozane. Strange, that ecclesiastical preferment should have been obtained by the translation of a work, of which the original composition is said to have cost its author deposition from a bishopric!

Theagenes and Chariclea soon became a favourite work in France. We are told in particular, that the preceptor of a monastery, at which Racine was educated, having found his pupil engaged in its perusal, took the book from him. The young poet, having procured another copy, was again detected at the same employment by his pedagogue, whom he now told that he was welcome to burn it, as he had got the whole by heart.

No. 3.—p. 43.

ACHILLES TATIUS

is supposed by some to have lived in the fourth century, but Boden thinks he must have been later, because, in some of his descriptions he has obviously imitated the poet Musaeus, whom he thinks posterior to that time. He was a rhetorician, and is said to have composed various treatises connected with astronomy and history. There is an epigram in praise of him, particularly of the chastity of his romance, by the emperor Leo Philosophus. The lines have also been attributed to Photius, but it is not probable he was the author, if we consider the opinion he gives of the work of Tatius in his *Myriabibla*. Jerome Commelinus first undertook an edition of this romance; but, as he died before it was completed, it was published by his nephews in 1601. About forty years afterwards, a more perfect edition was given by Salmasius, at Leyden, and the work was illustrated by a number of notes, which have been generally added to the more recent impressions, of which the last was in 1792, forming the first volume of an intended Bipontine edition of the *Scriptores erotici*. Clitophon and Leucippe was translated into French by the Abbe Desfontaines. There is also a German version by Seybold, with a criticism prefixed, and an English one printed at Oxford in the seventeenth century.

No. 4.—p. 56.

LONGUS.

It seems to be very uncertain who LONGUS was, or at what time he lived. Photius says nothing of him in his *Myriabibla*, nor is he mentioned by any of the authors with whom he is supposed to have been contemporary. It has been conjectured, however, that he was born in Lesbos, and, it is supposed from his style, that he did not live later than the fourth or fifth century. But, in fact, this is a very uncertain mode of coming to any result, for I cannot see why, by an assiduous study of the ancient Greek authors, he might not have written as purely in the tenth as in the fifth century. Those writers who lived during the latter ages of the Greek empire, particularly the Sophists, (an appellation generally added to the name of Longus,) applied themselves to some ancient writer, as Plato, Demosthenes, &c., whose style they tried to emulate, and to this imitation alone they trusted for excellence. The first Greek edition of the pastoral of Longus was by Columbanus, Florence, 1598. The editor informs us, it was printed from a MS. which he procured from the library of Luigi Alamanni, and which was compared by one of the editor's friends, Fulvius Ursinus, with a MS. at Rome, and the various readings transmitted to him. This impression was followed by that of Junger-

man, in 1601, and a great variety of others, most of which have been used by Villoison, who boasts in the preface to his edition of 1778, that he had studied Greek twelve hours daily from his infancy. His labours have formed the basis of the latest and best edition of this romance, printed at Leipsic in 1803. Previous to its publication in Greek, Gambara translated this pastoral romance from the MS. into Latin verse, and this work was printed 1569. In 1559 it was rendered into French by Amyot, and of his version there have been a great number of impressions, one of which was published with figures designed by the regent duke of Orleans. It has also been exhibited in an Italian form by Annibal Caro, the celebrated translator of Virgil.

No. 5.—p. 76.

CHARITON APHRODISIENSIS

is as little known as the other writers of Greek romance. Indeed, it has been suspected by some, that his graceful name is entirely fictitious; by others it has been conjectured that he was born at Aphrodisia, a city in Caria, and it is supposed, from the imperfection of his style, that the author, whoever he was, existed posterior to the age of Heliodorus or Tatius. His romance was published at Amsterdam, 1750, by D'Orville, from a copy, taken by his friend Antonio Cocchi, of a MS. found in a monastery at Florence. The Latin translation by Reiskius is executed with uncommon spirit and fidelity. The ro-

mance itself consists of 144 pages, and the notes added by D'Orville, occupy 788. "Charitonis contextum," says he, "*paucis* ubi opus videbatur illustrandum duxi." The trouble the commentator has taken is the more extraordinary, as he seems to have entertained but an indifferent opinion of the merit of the romance, "et vere dicere licet, Charitonem potius insignibus vitiis carere, quam magnis virtutibus esse commendabilem." In 1753, there appeared an Italian translation, through the medium of which the English one has been formed.

No. 6.—p. 83.

JOANNES DAMASCENUS

was born in the seventh or eighth century, in Syria, and his spiritual romance is said to have been originally written in the language of that country, but it was translated into Greek at an early period. His youth was spent in the service of a Mahometan calif, but he afterwards retired into the monastery of St Sabas, in Syria, where he became a monk, and died at the age of eighty-four. Besides his Lives of Josaphat and Barlaam, he is the author of many theological and controversial writings, particularly several works in favour of images against the Iconoclastes, which subjected him to much persecution. His hand, indeed, was cut off on account of the tenets he professed, but was afterwards miraculously restored to him by the Virgin.

Little is known with regard to the remaining writers of Greek romance. EUSTATHIUS, the author of Ismene and Ismenias, is called Eumathius in the manuscripts of that production; and it has been suspected that Gualminus, who published the work with a Latin translation in 1618, adopted the name of Eustathius, in order to make the public believe that the romance was written by the commentator on Homer of that name. Gualminus was also editor of the Dosicles and Rhodantes of Theodorus Prodromus, a MS. copy of which was transmitted to him by Salmasius, and printed at Paris in 1615. The author of this romance, he informs us, was originally from Russia, but became, soon after his arrival in Greece, a priest, a physician, and a philosopher.

No. 7.—*p.* 209.

MERLIN.

Quand les Chevaliers et Dames et Damoyselles furent arrivez, Dieu sait la joye que le Roy leur fist; et s'en vint a Yguerne et a son Mari, et les fist menger en sa table, et fist seoir le Duc de coste lui. Et fist tant le Roy par ses paroles que Yguerne ne se peut deffendre qu' elle ne print de ses jouyaulx, tant qu' elle sceut bien de vrai, que le Roy l'aimoit; et apres que la feste fut passee, chascun se en voulut retourner, et prinrent congié du Roy. Et le Roy leur pria qu' ils revinssisent tousjours, ainsi qu' il leur avoit commandé; si luy accor-

derent chascun. Si endura le Roy cette peine d' amours jusques a long-temps. Si ne peut plus endurer ce martyre, et luy convint se descouvrir a deux des plus privéz de son conseil, et leur dit l' angoisse qu' il souffroit pour 'amour d' Yguerne ——Et quant le jour de la feste fut venu, chascun se trouva a Cardeuil avecque leurs appareils, tant Dames et Damoyselles, de quoy le Roy fut moult joyeux; et quant le Roy sceut que chascun fut arrivé, et le Duc de Tintaiel, et sa femme Yguerne, si prist sa couronne, et se presenta devant tous les Barons auxqueulx il donna plusieurs riches jouyaulx, et aux dames et Damoyselles aussi. Et quant se vint a la table, que chascun fut assis pour menger, le Roy fut moult joyeux et lye. Si parla a ung sien conseiller, auquel il se fioit, qui fut nommé Ulsius. Et lui dist que l' amour d' Yguerne le tuoit, et le feroit mourir, et qu' il ne povoit durer s' il ne la veoit, et que quant il en perdoit la vue, le cueur lui meurdrissoit, et que s' il n' avoit remede d' elle, qu' il ne povoit longuement vivre. Et Ulsius lui respondit: Sire, cuideriez vous bien mourir pour l' amour d' une dame? Saichez, que Je ne suis que ung povre Gentilhomme; mais Je ne cuiderois point mourir pour l' amour d' une femme Car Je ne ouy parler de femme (pourveu qu' elle fust bien requise) qui, pour ce qu' on luy presente plusieurs dons, ne se consentye a la voulente de celui qui la requiert. Et toy qui es Roy, te esbahis tu comme tu pourras avoir l'amour d' une dame! Il semble que tu ayes le cueur bien couart qui n' oses requirrir une dame d'aymer. Et le Roy luy dist: tu ditz vrai, tu sces qu' il convient a telle chose Si te prie que tu m' aydes en toutes les manieres que tu pourras. Si,

prens en mon tresor, ce que tu vouldras pour lui donner, et a ceulx et a celles qui sont autour d' elle; et pense de faire a chascun son plaisir, et va parler a Yguerne. Et Ulsius respondit: Je sauray bien faire ce que m' avez commandé. Ainsi tint la court huit jours en grant joye, et avoit le Roy tousjours a sa compaignie, et lui donna de moult riches jouyaulx, et a ses compagnons aussi. Et Ulsius s' en alla parler a Yguerne, et luy dist ce qu' il convenoit a parler d' amours, et luy porta plusieurs beaulx jouyaulx, et riches. Et jamais Yguerne n' en voulut riens; tant qu' il advint ung jour que Yguerne tira Ulsius a conseil a une part, et luy dist.—Ulsius, pourquoi me offres tu tant de si beaulx jouyaulx? Et Ulsius respondit; pour le grant sens et belle contenance que Je voy en vous, votre grant beaulté. Et saichez que tout l' avoir de ce Royaume est a vous; et tous les gens aussi sont a faire vostre plaisir et vostre voulente. Et elle respondit: comment sais tu ce? Et il respondit: Dame vous avez le cueur de celuy a qui est le Royaume. Et elle dist; qui est le cueur? C'est le cueur du Roy, dist il. Comment? dist elle; le Roy a le cueur bien felon et bien traître de monstrer a monseigneur si grant semblant qu' il l' aime, si il me veult trahir et deshonnourer; Je te diray, Ulsius, gardes sur ta vie que jamais tu ne me parles de tieulx parolles, que bien saiches que Je le dirois au Duc, et s' il le scavoit, il te conviendroit mourir. Ne ja ne le celeray que ceste foys. Et Ulsius respondit; se Je mouroye pour le Roy, se me seroit grant honneur. Puis il lui dit: Dame, Je me esbahis que vous refusez le Roy pour vostre amy, qui plus vous aime que luy meme; et veuillez savoir qu' il meurt pour vous, et qu' il mourra si n' avez mercy de luy. Et elle respondit: vous vous

gabez. Et il luy respondit: Pour Dieu, Dame, ayez mercy du Roy et de vous-mesmes; car si vous n' en avez mercy, vous en verrez venir grant mal: Ne vous, ne votre seigneur, ne vous saurez deffendre contre sa voulente. Et a donc Yguerne respondit en pleurant tendrement: Si feray; Je m' en deffendrai bien. Car jamais ne me trouveray, la feste passée, en la compaignie du Roy, ny en sa cour ne me trouveray; ne pour quelque mandement qu'il face ne viendray. Ainsi se departirent Ulsius et Yguerne.

No. 8.—p. 221.

SANGREAL.

Au jour que le Sauveur du monde soffri mort fust mort destruite et nostre vie restorée. A cet jour estoient moult poi de gent qui creissent en luy; mais il estoit ung chevalier qui avoit a nom Joseph d' Arrimachie. En cette cite estoit Joseph nés, mais il estoit venus en Jherusalem sept an devant ce que nostre sire fu mis en Crois, et avoit rachaté le creanche Jhesu Crist; mais il n' en osoit faire samblant por les felons Juis: Il estoit plein de sapiencte, il estoit net d'envie et d' orguel, il secouroit les poures, totes bontés estoient en lui et de lui parole le premier salme del sautier. Ce Joseph estoit en Jherusalem, et moult ot grant duel de la mort Jhesu Crist, et se pensa qu' il onnorroit. Enfin Joseph avoit esté dans la maison ou Jhesu-Crist avoit

fait la cene avec ses apotres: Il y trouva l' escuelle ou le fiex Dieu avoit mengié, si s' en sesist; il la porta chez lui, et il s' en servit pour ramasser le sang qui coula des cotés et des autres plaies; et celle escuelle est appellée le Saint Graal.

No. 9.—p. 224.

PERCEVAL.

Premierement, dist la mere de Perceval, si vous trouvez, ne pres, ne loin, Dame qui ait de vous besoing, ou pucelle desconseillé, ou qui de votre ayde ait metier, ne lui veuillez denier votre service. Car Je vous dy que tout honneur est a l' homme perdu, qui honneur a dame ne porte; et quiconque honoré veut etre, lui faut a pucelle et a Dame honneur referer. Ung autre enseignement retiendrez: S' il echiet que pucelle ayez gagnée, ou que pucelle de vous soit amie privée, si le baiser elle ne vous denie, le baiser pouvez prendre; mais le reste, Je vous le deffens: fors que si en doigt elle a anneau, ou aumoniere a sa ceinture, si, par amour, anneau ou aumoniere vous donne, licitement le don vous pouvez, en la remerciant, prendre, et le don d'icelle emporter. Perceval prit congé de sa mere, et s' achemina vers la cour du Roy Artus. Le lendemain aux premiers rayons de soleil il decouvrit un riche pavillon.

Quant pres du pavillon fut arrivé, ouvert le trouva, dedans lequel vit un lict noblement accoutré, sur lequel

etoit une pucelle seule endormie, laquelle avoient laissée ses demoyselles qui etoient allé cueiller des fleurs pour le pavillon jolier et parier, comme de ce faire etoient accoutumées. Lors est Perceval du lict de la Pucelle approché, courrant assez lourdement dessus son cheval : adonc s' est la pucelle assez effrayement eveillée. A laquelle, dit Perceval, " Pucelle, Je vous salue, comme ma mere m' a apprins, laquelle m' a commandé que jamais pucelle ne trouvasse, que humblement ne la saluasse." Aux paroles du jeune Perceval, se print la pucelle a trembler, car bien luy sembloit qu' il n' etoit gueres sage, comme le montroit assez son parler : et bien se reputoit folle, que ainsi seule l' avoit trouvée endormie. Puis elle lui dit : " Amy pense bien-tot d' icy te departir, de peur que mes amis ne t' y trouvent, car si icy te rencontroient, il t' en pourroit mal advenir." " Par ma foi," dit Perceval, " jamais d'icy ne partirai que, premier, baisée ne vous aye." A quoy repond la pucelle que non fasse, mais que bientot pense de departir, que ses amis là ne le treuvent. " Pucelle (fait Perceval) pour votre parler, d' icy ne partirai tant que de vous aye eu ung baiser ; car ma mere m' a à ce faire ainsi enseigné." Tant s' est Perceval de la Pucelle approché, qu' il l' a par force baisée ; car pouvoir n' eut elle d' y resister, combien qu' elle se deffendit bien. Mais tant etoit lors Perceval lafre et lourd, que la defense d' icelle ne luy put profiter, qu' il ne luy prit baiser, voulsit elle ou non, voire, comme dit le conte, plus de vingt fois. Apres que Perceval eult par force prit de la pucelle baiser, advisa qu' en son doigt elle avoit ung anneau d' or, dedans lequel etoit une belle claire esmeraude enchassée, lequel pareillement par force lui ota comme le baiser avoit eu : puis le mit en son doigt oul-

tre le gré de la pucelle, qui fort s' etoit defendue quand cet anneau luy a oté. Lors Perceval prenant l' anneau de la Pucelle, usa de telles parolles, comme il avoit fait au baiser, disant que sa mere l' avoit a ce faire enseigné, mais que plus avant ne ailleurs ne toucheroit, comme par sa mere luy avoit eté commandé. La pucelle se voyant ainsi despouillée et perforcée de son anneau et de son baiser, se print si fort a lamenter et gemir, que le cueur luy cuida partir. Puis dit a Perceval: "Amy, Je te prie, n' emporte point mon anneau; car par trop en serois blamée, et toy, possible, en perdrois la vie." Perceval ne prend a cueur ce que la pucelle luy dit; mais comme depuis qu' il fut de chez sa mere parti, n' avoit mangé ne bu, par quoy ne fut au pavillon de la pucelle sans grand appetit. Et luy, en ce desire de manger, comme tout affamé, advise d' aventure un boucal plein de vin, aupres duquel etoit un hanap d' argent. Puis regarde une touaille, fort blanche et assez fine, qu' il souleve et prend; et dessous icelle trouve trois patés froids, de chair de Chevreuil. Gueres n' arreta, quand les patés en sa main tint, de se mettre en debvoir d' en taster; car, comme ai dit grand faim avoit. Partant, si-tot qu' il les tint, en froissa un entre ses mains, et apres en avoir mangé non sobrement, souvent retournoit visiter le boucal. Puis dit a la pucelle: "Dame, Je vous prie, venez et faites comme moy; quand vous aurez ung pasté mangé, et moy ung autre, encore en restera t-il ung pour les survenants." La Pucelle voyant Perceval ainsi dereglement manger, s' en esbahit, et rien ne luy repond; mais d' autre chose ne se peut alleger, fors que de se prendre a pleurer et a gemir tendrement. Perceval, qui peu garde y prenoit, de la pucelle print congé, apres qu' il eut recouvert le reste des patés dessous la touaille.

No. 10.—p. 240.

LANCELOT DU LAC.

Et quelle part cuydez vous aller beau Sire, dit Girflet. Le ne vous diray Je pas, dist le Roy, car Je ne puis: et quant Girflet veit qu' il n' en scauroit plus, il se partit tantost du Roy Artus. Et si-tost comme il fut departy commenca une pluye a cheoir grande et merveilleuse, qui lui dura jusques a ung tertre qui estoit loing du Roy environ demy lieue; et puis quant il fut venu au dit tertre il descendit, et s' arresta dessoubs ung arbre tant que la pluye fust passée, et commenca a regarder celle part ou il avoit laissé le Roy; si veit venir parmy la mer une Nef qui estoit toute plaine de dames et de damoyselles, et quant elles vindrent a la rive la dame d' elles qui estoit Seur au Roy Artus l' appella, et sitost que le Roy Artus veit Morgain sa seur il se leva incontinent, et Morgain le print par la main et luy dist qu' il entrast dedans la nef; si print son cheval et ses armes et entra dedans la nef.

Et quant Girflet, qui estoit au tertre, eut veu comment le Roy estoit entré en la nef avecques les dames, il retourna vers la riviere tant qu' il peut du cheval courre: et quant il y fut revenu il veit le Roy Artus entre les dames. Si congneut bien Morgain la Face, car plusieures foys l' avoit veue. Et la nef si estoit ja plus eslongnée que une arbalestre neust sceu tirer a deux foys.

No. 11.—p. 251.

MELIADUS DE LEONNOYS.

Brehus encontra ung Chevalier armé de toutes pieces, qui menoit en sa compagnie une damoyselle et deux escuyers tant seullement. Et sachez que la damoyselle estoit bien vestue, et moult noblement, comme ce feust este une Royne; et estoit montee sus ung pallefroy blanc, et chevauchoient plaisamment parmy la forest, elle et le Chevalier errant. Le chevalier estoit sus ung grant cheval, et en faisoit mener ung autre en main. Le Chevalier alloit chantant une chanson nouvelle qu' avoit esté faicte nouvellement en la maison du Roy Artus; et estoit la chanson ainsi:—

En grant joye m' a amour mis,
Et de grant douleur m' a osté,
Maulgré tous mes ennemys—
Je suis si haultement monté,
Que pour son ami m' a compté
Celle qui passe fleur de Lys;
Et quant pour son homme m' a pris,
Bien ay le monde surmonté.

No. 12.—p. ~~228~~ 267

TRISTAN.

Tristan se couche avec Yseult sa femme. Le luminaire ardoit si cler, que Tristan pouvoit bien veoir la beauté d' Yseult; elle avoit la bouche vermeille et tendre, yeux pers rians, les sourcils bruncs et bien assis, la face claire et vermeille comme une rose a l' aube du jour. Sy Tristan la baise et l' acolle; mais quant il lui souvient de Yseult de Cornouailles, sy à toute perdue la voulonté du surplus. Cette Yseult est devant lui, et l' autre est en Cornouailles qui lui defent que à l' autre Yseult ne fasse nul riens que a villenie lui tourne. Ainsi demeure Tristan avec sa femme; et elle qui d' acoller et de baiser ne savoit riens, s' endort entre les bras de Tristan; et Tristan aussi d' autre part s' endort entre les bras d' Yseult, jusques a lendemain que les dames et damoiselles vinrent veoir Yseult et Tristan. Tristan se lieve, puis vient au palais.

No. 13.—p. 208.

YSAIE LE TRISTE

Les chevaliers avoyent tant d'envie sur luy qu' a merveilles. Lors s' appensent comment ils pourront mettre Marc a mort, a leur honneur, et au moins de parolles: Si s' adviserent comment ce seroit fait.

" Bernard mon compaignon fait d' ivoirie a ceste ville a l' hostel d' ung Lombard, et y a une chambre en laquelle nul n' ose habiter qu' il ne sen repente trop grossement, especiallement si par nuyt y repose. Nous nous trairons pres de luy et luy prierons qu' il y voise, et il yra comme celuy qui de riens na paour. Et vous voirres qu' il luy meschera en telle maniere que jamais ce ne luy pourra ayder." A ce se sont tous accordez. Une heure entre les autres estoyent les chevaliers avec Marc, et parloyent de plusieurs besongnes tant qu il advint que messire Bertrand dist a Marc—" Sire en ceste ville a ung hostel qui souloit estre a Isaac le Lombard; mais il n' est nul si hardy qu' en une chambre qui y est osast entrer, ne heberger une nuyt tant soit hardy."

" Par ma foy," fait Marc, " il seroit bien sot que pour telle chose y lairroit a aller. Je y seray en nuyt quoy quil en adviengne." Et vers le vespre il fist faire ung grant feu en la chambre ou ces merveilles estoyent, et fist mettre les tables et allumer environ vingt torches, et y

avoit bien a boire et a menger. Lors s' enferma dedans tout armé, et fist tout yssir hors, fors luy. Ceux et celles de la ville disoyent communement qu' il estoit allé a la mort; mais s' assist a table, et commenca a boire et a menger. Mais guieres neut eté a table quant table et tout versa; et puis ouyt ung si grant bruyt par l' hostel, que c' estoit merveilles a ouyr. Lors que Marc ouyt telle noise sault sus, et tire l' espee, et commence a fuyr comme ung enraigé; mais il ny voit nully. A' tant vient vers le feu, et redresse sa table, et remet tout sus, et se rassiet; mais en l' heure fut tout a bas comme devant. Lors ressault sus si courroucé que plus ne peult.—" Se vous estes de bon pere ou de bonne mere passez avant de par dieu ou de par le dyable." Mais oncques plus tost ne eust dit ce mot que toute la lueur qui leans estoit fut estainte. Et fut Marc prins, et tant mal mené quil ne se peult ayder de membres qu il eust, et demoura tout coy estandu emmy la place.

Le lendemain on vint prendre garde de luy, mais on le trouva en tel estat que mieulx sembloit estre mort que vif. Dela fut emport. Et quant il fut guary feist mander ses armes et s' arma, et fist tant aincois que nul en fust adverty qu il fut en la salle, ou il avoit este si mallement atourné; et y beut et mengea, et y jeut. Vers mynuyt fut tant mal atourné que tous ses membres estoyent sans force, et perdit la parolle et le sens; mais toutesfois il advint que gens vindrent leans pour veoir le lieu, et estoit jour, car de la nuyt ny eussent osé aller, et le trouverent ainsi que mort.

* * * * *

Et quant il fut reguary, ung homme de religion, nommé Annas, alla avec Marc en une chambre. Et quant ils

furent seul a seul: " Bel amy," fait Annas, " Je vous jure sur les saincts, que se voulez faire ce que Je vous conseilleray, vous yrez en la salle, aultrement non:" " Or dictes," fait Marc, " et sans doubte Je feray ce que me conseillerez;" " Certes," fait Annas, " Je le vueil.

" Il est vray," fait Annas, " que Je suis prebstre, et pource vous plaise me dire tous vos pechez." " Voulentiers," fait Marc: lors luy conte, et quant il eut tout dit si luy bailla Annas absolution; et puis luy enchargea, en *penitence*, que jamais, se il n' estoit premier assailly, ne tuast homme, et aidast a son poure amy. " Le feray Je voulentiers," fait Marc. " Or beau sire," fait Annas, " Or pouez hardiment aller ou vous avez entreprins, car tel avoit devant pouoir sur vous, que maintenant n'a nul pouoir de vous mal faire."

Quant ce vit, vers le vespre Marc ne s' oublia mie, aincois s' arma, et vint en la salle ou tant de souffraite avoit eu; mais guieres n' y eut eté quant le dyable vinst a luy, et luy dist, " que quieres tu en ce que est nostre." " Et pourquoy vostre," fait Marc: " pource, fait l' ennemy, que la maison a esté faicté des biens qui estoient nostres, que nous avions preste a celuy qui ce fist faire, lequel est en nostre demaine et nostre subject. Et est en nostre pouoir, et emprisonne, en noz prisons pour plusieurs arretaiges qu' il nous doit, lesquelz il naura jamais payez; et pource veux Je que tu en sortes, car nul ny a droit que nous." " Par sainct Jacques, fait Marc, tu l' auras aincois de ton corps gaingné contre le mien." " Je ne vueil point combatre a toy, fait l' ennemy, car tu es plus fort armé que tu ne souloies." " Fuy d' icy donc," fait Marc. Lors tire l' espée; et sen vient vers luy, et l' ennemy s' en fuit entour la salle. Et Marc lo chasse, l' espee au

poing, longuement, et par loisir. Mais en la fin bouta l' ennemy le feu par l' hostel : et puis s' esvanouyt.

Quant Marc veit que tout ardoit si en fut tout esbahy, et se part. Et quant il en court si conta son adventure, dont plusieurs personnes enfurent esbahys, et en y eu maint qui plus souvent se confesserent que devant. Et especiallement les chevaliers quant ils debvoient entrer en bataille; et disoient qu estoit la plus seure armeure du monde que confession.

No. 14.—p. 313.

GYRON LE COURTOIS.

Ung jour que le temps etoit bel et clair, comme il pouvoit etre en la fin d' Octobre, advint que le chemin que Gyron tenoit, l' amena tout droictement au pié d' un tertre. Ce tertre etoit tout blanc de la niege, car il faisoit hyver; mais la plaine etoit toute verte, comme si ce fut au mois de May. Au pié de cette montagne, en la plaine, tout droictement dessous ung arbre, sourdoit une fontaine moult belle et moult delectable; et dessous celluy arbre, etoit assis un Chevalier armé de haubert et de chasses chevaleresques; et ses autres armes etoient pres de luy, et son cheval etoit attaché a l' arbre. Devant le Chevalier seoit une Damoyselle tant belle, que c' etoit merveilles que sa beauté. Et si quelqu' un me demandoit qui etoit le Chevalier, Je dirois que c' etoit Danayn-le-Roux, le fort Chevalier; comme aussi la Damoyselle

qui etoit assise devant luy, n' etoit autre que la belle Damoyselle Bloye, qui avoit tant aimé Gyron.

No. 15.—p. 323.

PERCEFOREST.

Lors dresse l' espée pour luy coupper la tete, et le prent par les cheveulx, et le voulut ferir: mais il luy fut advis qu' il tenoit la plus belle Damoiselle que oncques veit, par les cheveulx. Lors le regarde, et veoit que c' estoit Ydorus sa femme la Royne. Adonc fut tout esbahy si va dire: ha Doulce amye este vous icy. Adonc luy fut advis qu' elle dist—Ouy vrayement doulx amy; ayez mercy de moi. Et le nayn qui estoit là crioit tousjours comme enragé—Gentil Roy occis le ou tu es mort. Ce ne valut pas maille; car le Roy s' assit, et embrasse Darnant, et le print a accoller comme sa femme, et dist: Belle seur, pardonnez moy mon meffaict, car J' esté deceu. Et Darnant tira ung couteau Galoys et fiert le Roy en la poictrine ung si grant coup qu' il luy fist passer à l' autre lez, mais Dieu le ayda que ce fust au dextre coste ung peu dessoubz l' espaule. Quant le roy sentit le coup il sault sus tout effraié, et le nayn recommença a dire: Roy occis le ou tu es mort. Quant le roy se sentit navré si cruellement il s' apperceut qu' il estoit enchanté. Lors leve l' espee et couppe au chevalier la teste, et le corps s' estend, et l' ame s' en va ou elle devoit aller. Et tantost commenca en la forest une noyse et une tour-

mente si grant de mauvais Esperitz que c' estoit hydeur a ouyr.

No. 16.—p. 337.

ARTUS DE LA BRETAGNE.

Et quant Artus la vit, elle luy pleut plus que quant la vit premierement: si la print par la main et s' assirent a une part entre eux deux; et la Dame et Gouvernau furent d' autre part. Si fut la matinée belle et claire, et la rosée grande; si chantoient les oysellets par la forest: si que les deux enfans s' en esjouissoient en grande liesse pour le doux temps, comme ceux qui estoient jeunes et a qui il ne failloit que jouer et rire, et qui s' entre aymoient de bon cueur sans villenie et sans mal que l' un eust vers l' autre. Lors dist Artus tout en riant—Ma Damoiselle Jeannette avez vous point d' Amy? et elle en souzriant et en regardant Artus doucement luy respondit: Par la foy que Je vous doit ouy, bel et gracieux. Et d' ou est il Jeannette? Sire il est d' un pays dont il est—Et comme est il appellé, dist Artus: la fille dist, vous vous souffrirez; mais pourtant veux bien que maintenant scachez que le Roy Artus fut un bon chevalier et preux et de grand vertu; et vous dis que mon amy est aussi bon, si meilleur n' est, et si resemble a vous mieux qu' a personne qui vive, d' aller, et de venir, de corps, et de toutes les choses que nul peut ressembler a l' autre.

No. 17.—p. 412.

HUON DE BOURDEAUX.

Il entra dedans la salle laquelle il regarda a grant merveilles, car tant estoit bel et riche a le veoir que il n' est clerc au jourdhuy au monde qui la beaulté ne la richesse qui la dedans estoit vous sceust escrire. La eussiez peu veoir autour de la dicte salle les huys des riches chambres qui a la costiete de la salle estoyent, toute la maconnerie de leans, autant qu' elle duroit, estoit faicte et composée du plus beau marbre blanc et poly que oncques peust veoir ; les poustres qui par la salle estoyent furent toutes de cuyure doré de fin or : d' aultrepart au bout de la salle avoit une cheminée, dont les deux pilliers qui le manteau soubstenoyent estoyent de jaspre, et le manteau fut fait et compassé d' ung moult riche cassidoyne, et la listel qui soubstenoit la clere voye estoit faicte toute de fines enneraudes, et la clere voye estoit faicte de une vigne entergectée laquelle estoit de fin or, et les grappes de raisin estoyent faictes des plus fins saphirs du monde. Tant belle et tant riche estoit la cheminee que la pareille on ne trouva en tout le monde ; et tous les pilliers qui en la salle du palays estoyent estoyent fais de ung vermeil cassidoyne, et le pavement qui en la salle estoit, estoit tout d' ambre.

Quant le Duc Huon eust bien advisé la salle il ouvrit une chambre. Quant il fut entré il regarda amont et aval, et veit la chambre tant richement garnye et aournée tendue et encourtinée des plus riches draps que oncques eust veu en sa vie. Les bancs qui la estoyent et les challis des licts et des couches estoyent tous d' ung fin yvoire blanc, tant richement entaillez ouvrez et garnys de pierres preciuses qu' il n' est langue humaine d' homme ne de femme qui dire le vous sceust; et estoit tout ce fait par enchanterie: le palais que Je vous dy estoit moult grant et large et bien garny de riches chambres. Quant Huon eut veu icelle chambre il feust tout esbahy de ce que leans ne veoit homme ne femme; il regarda ung aultre huys sur lesquel estoit escript de lettres d' or, ainsi comme il avoit trouvé a l' huys de la chambre ou il avoit este, et print la clef, si ouvrit l' huys et entra dedans, et choisit tant d' or de richesses de joyaulx de pierres precieuses que grant beaulté estoit a les veoir. Vray Dieu, ce dist Huon, Je cuyde que en tout le monde on ne scauroit ne pourroit trouver la richesse qui est icy amassé; et puis quant la eust eté une espace de temps il regarda et veit une aultre chambre; puis quant dedans fut entré, si grans richesses avoit veues encores, les trouva il plus grans, car la dedans estoyent unes ausmoires moult riches et grandes a merveilles, qui estoyent faictes de fine yvoire tant richement ouvrées et entaillées que beste ne oyseau qui au monde fust on ne avoit laissé que la ne fust entaillé par grant maitrise; dedans les ausmoires y avoit robbes de fin drap d' or et de moult riches manteaulx soubelins et toutes aultres choses qui appartenoyent a vestir a homme; puis estoyent les licts et les couches tant richement couverts et parez que n' est nul qui dire le vous sceust.

Car tant estoit la chambre belle et riche que Huon ne se pouoyt saouller de la voir: Leans avoit fenestres et voirrieres moult riches par lesquelles l' on veoit ung jardin, lequel estoit tant bel et si bien garny de fleurs moult odorans, et de tous arbres chargées de plusieurs fruicts, lesquelz estoyent tant delicieux a manger que il nestoyt que seullement a sentir l' odeur ne feust ressazié et remply. D'aultre part y avoit d' herbes et de fleurs que si tres grant odeur rendoyent que il sembloyt que tout le jardin feust plain de basme.

No. 18.—p. 426

GUERIN DE MONTGLAVE.

Or sont les champions dedans le parc corps a corps pour combatre: si s' eslongnent lung de l' autre; puis brochent leurs chevaulx et vont l' ung contre l' autre comme preux Chevalliers qu' ils estoient, et se donnent trois coups de glaive sans rompre ne entamer haulbers ne sans tumber a terre. La quatrieme fois rompirent leurs lances puis tirerent leurs brands d' acier; Roland avoit Durandal sa bonne espée; et en geta ung coup a Olivier, et Olivier se couvre de son escu; mais l' espee y entra plus d' ung pied et demy. Vassal, dist Roland, vous devez bien aymer l' escu que vous a saulvé ce coup: et ainsi que Roland tiroit son espée Olivier le frapa ung tel coup que Roland n' eust puissance de lever Durandal, et Durandal tombe a terre. Et Olivier suyvit Roland tant

comme il peust, et se combatyrent assez longuement: mais Roland n' osoit approcher d' Olivier, car Olivier avoit bonne espée dont il fiert Roland de toutes pars: si alla tant variant et fuyant Olivier que les destriers furent moult las: et Roland s' est eslongné et broche de l' esperon, et descend a pied vueille Olivier ou non. Et quant Olivier le voit si fust bien courroucé, et voit bien que s' il ne descend qu' il luy occira son destrier. Si est descendu Olivier, et Roland prent Durandal: et quant il la tint il ne' l' eust pas donnée pour tout l' or du monde. Or sont les barons a pied, et tint chascun son blason et chascun sa bonne esp e, et se donnent de grans coups; car chascun est fier et de grant puissance. Olivier le ferit ung coup sur le coeffe d' acier tant que le sercle qui estoit d' or cheut en la prec, et fust de ce coup tout etonné, tant qu' il chancela troys coups la teste contre bas. Et quant Roland revint en force il eut grant honte, et regarda Belleaude qui estoyt sur la Tour. Par mon chef, dist Rolant, or ne vaulx Je riens si Je ne me delivre tantost docire Olivier. Lors fiert Olivier tantost sur sa targe tel coup qu' il emporta la piece jusques a terre: puis courut sus a Olivier tellement qu' ils sont tous deux cheuz. Or sont les deux barons tumbez a terre, et laisserent leurs espées, et se embrassent et estraignent l' ung l' autre; mais ne l' ung ne l' autre ne le peust oncques gaigner ne avoir son compaignon; si frappent des ganteletz d' acier l' ung contre l' auter, par le visaige, si que le sang en coule a terre; si furent tant en ce point lassez et travaillez qu' ils se sont relevez par accord, et revont aux espees comme devant.

No. 19.—p. 429.

GALYEN RHETORÉ.

Sitot que Galyen eut advisé le Pere qui l' engendra, il descendit de dessus son Cheval et l' ala embrasser; et moult courtoisement l' osta hors de l' estour, et le porta decoste le rocher, et le posa a terre sur le bel herbe vert; puis se coucha decost lui, et moult piteusement le regreta en disant—" Helas pere, Je voy qu' il vous convient mourir; mal venistes oncques par deca. Jaqueline ma mere qui m' a long temps nourry en Constantinople ne vous verra jamais." Et Olivier lui respont—" Tu dits vrai, mon tres doulx fils, mais ung jour qui passa lui avoie fait promesse de retourner et de l' epouser: mais nous venismes deca qui men a garde; ne oncques puis ne retournay en France, dont mon cueur est dolent—Je la commande a Dieu qui le Monde forma. Le Duc Regnier mon pere, et ma dame de mere, qui en ses flans me porta, ne ma seur Bellaude jamais ne me verra: Helas Doulx Jesus! quelle douleur aura le Roy Charlemaigne de ceste mort quand il le saura—helas pourquoy ne venez vous cy Charlemaigne! Et vous mon chier enfant, qui souvent me baisez, Dieu vous veuille tousjours avoir en sa saincte protection et garde. Adieu mon tres gracieulx et doulx enfant, qui en vostre giron et sur vos genoulx me tenez —Adieu Jaqueline ma tres-doulce Amye; pardonnez

moi gentil Damoyselle car Je ne vous ay pas tenu promesse : ce a eté par les faulx desloyaulx paiens que Dieu mauldie—Adieu vous dy plaisante Seur Bellande, car moult grant douleur aurez de ma mort quant vous le scaurez : de vos beaulx yeux vers et rians arrouserez souvent votre doulce face. Tres doulce seur plus ne me baiserez, puis qu' a la mort Je dois le corps rendre." Le vaillant Conte Olivier estoit couché sur la terre nue, ou la mort angoisseussement le tourmentoit, et son fils Galyen lui faisoit ombre pour la chaleur de Soleil, qui merveilleusement estoit chault, qui raioit sur sa face ; et Rolant estoit au pres qui moult regretoit sa mort et piteusement plouroit a grosses larmes. Adonc Olivier se commanda a Dieu, et la veue lui alla troubler, et lui partit l' ame du corps. A l' heure, eust eu le cueur bien dur qui n' eust plouré de pitie, du ducil qui demenoit Galyen et Rolant.

No. 20.—p. 447.

DOLIN DE MAYENCE.

Se trouvant ainsi seulet Dolin commenca a cercher par le palais deca et dela, mais il n' y trouva creature vivant. Mais comme il n' eust de ce jour gueres mangé l' appetit luy commenca a venir, parquoy il descendit en la cuisine ou il trouva viandes a foison, chair fresche et salée toutchabillé, et venaison, vollaibles, pain, vin et autres victuailles a planté. Et ainsi qu' il vouloit couvrir la

table, pour prendre sa refection, il ouyt une douce voix qui chantoit fort melodieusement, tellement qu il navoit onc ouyt chose qui fust si plaisant a ouyr, et pensoit assurement que ce fust quelque Ange du ciel, parquoy il jura que il ne mangeroit ne prendroit viande, premier qu' il eust sceu ce que c' estoit. Alors il commenca a cercher d' un costé et d' autre par le palais, tant que finalement il se trouva pres d' une chambre en laquelle il apperceut une belle jeune damoyselle toute seule, assise sur un lict couvert d' un samis verd, laquelle il regarda a travers une fonte de l' huis, et la trouva si belle qu' a son advis il estoit impossible de trouver au monde son parragon; sa robbe estoit d' un fin satin verd, faicte a l' Alemand, bordeé de quatre bords de passement blanc, et avoit ceinte une ceinture qui estoit faicte toute de perles et pierreries montant a la valeur de plus de cent marcs d' argent; elle avoit les yeux clairs et estincellans comme l' estoile de jour, la bouche petite et riante, le couleur vermeille comme la rose, les cheveux longs pendans sur les espaules jaunes comme fil d' or, et avoit sur son chef un chappeau de perles fines. Elle estoit aagée seulement de seize ans et deux mois, mais elle estoit tant sage et bien apprise que merveilles, gracieuse et fort courtoise en son langage: elle s'estoit retir e en ceste chambre pour un peu reposer apres disnee, et s' estoit mise a chanter pour chasser le sommeil. Dolin la contemplant a son aise disoit a part soy, que jamais il n' avoit veu si belle creature; comme aussi il n' en avoit pas beaucoup veu: Je ne scay, dist il si c' est un Ange du ciel, ou quelque autre chose encore plus divine, car Je croy qu' onc il n' en fut telle de mere née: et fut alors si ardemment esprits de l' amour d' elle, qu' il ne pouvoit penser a autre chose qu' a sa divine beaulté. Estant de tout embrasé de l' ardeur que

ce jeune archer aveugle luy faisoit sentir jusques au moelles il ne scavoit en quoy se resoudre, craignant par trop de l' offenser s' il luy rompoit son repos; ce neantmoint apres avoir sur ce longuement discource en son esprit il se print a hurter a l' huis de la chambre tout bellement, et luy dist: Gracieuse Damoyselle, Je vous prie par courtoisie que vueillez m' ouvrir l' huis de ceste chambre. Elle cuidant que ce fust un sien cousin, qui ordinairement hantoit en la maison, luy feit ouverture de la chambre, parquoy Dolin entra dedans, et la salue comme il scavoit bien faire; mais elle voyant que ce n' estoit celuy qu' elle avoit cuidé estre changea de coulenr, parquoy son teinct n' en devint que plus beau, et luy ayant rendu son salut luy dist: Je me donne grand merveille Seigneur, qui vous a donné tant de licence de me venir trouver en ce lieu. A quoy il respondit promptement: Certainement ma Dame, l' amour vehemente que Je vous porte, et non autre respect, m' a acheminé en ce lieu, non point pour vous donner ennuy ou fascherie, mais pour vous presenter mon service, s' il vous plaist l' avoir pour agreable, vous priant me dire pourquoy vous vous tenez ainsi seulette en ce chambre. Sire Chevalier, respondit elle, la courtoisie de voz parolles m' incite a vous declarer chose qui ne m' est de moindre importance que de la vie.—Sçachez que la tristesse et angoisse qui m' afflige le coeur ne me permettent reposer de nuict ni de jour, et ce pourtant que mon pere a deliberé de me bailler pour femme a un ancien chevalier qui de n' agueres m' a demandée en mariage, lequel venant a estre consommé Je n' auray de ma vie un seul jour de soulas, pourtant que Je ne pourray jamais aymer celuy qui est a moy si inegal. Ma dame vous estes maintenant delivré

d' un tel mariage, et pourtant si cest vostre plaisir de prendre ma foy, et me donner la vostre, Je vous emmeneray avec moy en mon palais, ou vous serez servie et honnorée, et la Je vous espouseray solennellement : mais entretant, Je vous prie qu' il vous plaise avoir esgard a l' amour grand que Je vous porte, et le recompenser d' un amour reciproque, en ne me refusant ce point tant desiré que l' on nomme le don de merci. Quand elle l' entendit parler ce langage elle commenca a muer couleur, mais il la print entre ses bras et la baisa. Puis il dressa la table, laquelle il couvrit de plusieurs sortes de mets, et de pain et vin excellent; puis il s' assit tout aupres d' elle, et en la reconfortant, luy dist. Ma dame et maitresse de mon coeur, Je vous prie ne vous melancoliez que le moins que vous pourrez, car, moyennant la grace de Dieu, J' espere vous faire en brief Dame de Mayence la Grande. Ainsi ils soupperent et se repeurent a leur aise, ne prenans propos que d' amour, et durant le soupper ne se pouvoyent saouler de regarder l' un l' autre. Apres le soupper, ils s' en allerent tous deux coucher en un beau lict richement garni, ou les baisers et accolades qu' ils s' entredonnerent furent infinies et sans nombre; s' ils se contenterent de cela seulement Je le laisse penser a ceux qui autres fois se sont trouvez en telles escarmouches : vray est que l' un et l' autre estoit aprentif a tel mestier, mais il ne tarda gueres qu' ils y furent aussi bons maistres que les plus experimentez, et eussent voulu que la nuict eust duré un an entier tant ils estoyent ravis.

No. 21.—p. 456.

OGIER LE DANOIS.

Adonc Morgue la Fae le mena par la main au Chasteau d' Avallon, là ou estoit le Roy Artus son frere, et Auberon, et Mallabron ung Luyton de Mer. Or quant Morgue approcha du dit Chasteau, les Faes vindrent au devant d' Ogier, chantant le plus melodieusement qu' on sçauroit jamais ouyr: si entra dedans la salle pour soy deduire totallement. Adonc vist plusieurs dames Faes aournées, et toutes couronnées de couronnes tres sumptueusement faictes, et moult riches; et toute jour chantoient, dansoient et menoient vie tres joieuse, sans penser a nulle quelcuonque meschante chose, fors prendre leurs mondains plaisirs. Et ainsi qu' Ogier se devisoit avecques les dames, tantost arriva le Roy Artus auquel Morgue la Fae dist—" Approuchez vous, Monseigneur mon Frere, et venez saluer la fleur de toute Chevalerie, l' honneur de toute la noblesse de France; celuy ou bonté, loyaulté, et toute vertu est enclose—c' est Ogier de Dannemarcke, mon loyal amy, et mon seul plaisir, et auquel git toute l' esperance de ma lyesse." Adonc le roy Artus vint embrasser Ogier tres amiablement et luy dit— " Ogier tres noble Chevalier vous serez le tres bien venu, et regracé Je nostre seigneur doulcement de ce qu' il m' envoye ung si notable chevalier." Puis Morgue la Fae

lui mist sur son chief une couronne riche et tres precieuse, que nul vivant ne la scauroit priser, et avecques ce elle avoit une vertu en elle merveilleuse, car tout homme qui la portoit sur son chief il oublioit tout dueil, tristesse et melencholie, ne jamais luy souvenoit des pays, ne de parens qu' il eut * * * * *. Et Ogier et Morgue la Fae s' entraymerent si loyaultement que ce fut merveille, non pensens a chose de monde fors d' escouter les sons de tous les instrumens dont on se puisse corder; sonnans si doulcement qu' il n' estoit si dur cueur qui n' oubliast tout dueil, tristesse et melencolie seulement pour leur prestrer l' oreille; car c' estoit ung lieu si delectable, qu' il n' estoit possible a homme de souhaiter chose qu' il ne trouvast leans. Et penses qu' Ogier, qui tant avoit veu de chose, en estoit si esbay, qu' il ne scavoit qu' il devoit faire, ne dire, si non qu' il cuidoit mieulx estre en Paradis que a nulle autre region.

END OF VOLUME I.

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